Browne (Simon) Dissenting Minister

HYMNS AND Spiritual Songs.

In Three Books.

I. On VARIOUS SUBJECTS.
II. Adapted to the LORD'S SUPPER.
III. In PARTICULAR MEASURES.

Design'd as a Supplement to Dr. WATTS's HYMNS.

By SIMON BROWNE.

Oh, come let us ſing unto the Lord, let us make a joyful noiſe to the Rock of our Salvation. Pſal. xcv. 1.
O ſing unto the Lord a new Song. Pſal. xcviii. 1.

The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON,
S. CROWDER and Co. at the Haſs, on *London-Bridge*. MDCCLX.



THE PREFACE.

THE nobleſt part of divine worſhip, is praiſe. This is the peculiar employment of the celeſtial ſtate; and, the more our minds are engag'd in it on earth, the nearer approach do they make to future bliſs, and the higher they riſe towards the life of heaven. *Poetry* enlivens praiſe. What is written under a kind of inſpiration may be recited in rapture. Lively thoughts, gay images, ſtrong figures, proper and florid diction, and eaſy flowing numbers, naturally ſtrike and enliven the mind: And then is the mind moſt in tune for the work of praiſe, when its powers are in moſt vigorous exerciſe; when the thoughts are bright and intenſe, the paſſions warm, and the whole ſoul awake. Hence thoſe parts of Holy Scripture that were compoſed for the praiſe of God, are moſtly poetical: And the poeſy of them is the

moſt pompous that can be, and as much exceeding the higheſt flights of the *heathen poets*, as the inſpiration under which they were written, was ſuperior to theirs.

Muſick ſtill heightens the power of poetry, and gives it freſh force to engage and affect the mind. There is ſomewhat very moving in the proper variation of ſounds: And when a tune is compos'd according to the rules of harmony, and ſuited to the matter of a Poem, it improves every beauty, adds gaity to every image, and force to every figure; it puts ſpirit into every word, gives a more eaſy flow to all the numbers, and thereby more powerfully draws and fixes the mind, quickens all the powers and paſſions, and quite tranſports the Man. *Muſick* hath many times this force by it ſelf: Thoſe who have no ear to taſte the elegancies of it, have yet an heart open to its impreſſions; have been ſtruck, have been ſeiz'd by it, and loſt all at once in wonder and delight. But when *Muſick* and *Poetry* join their forces, and both together engage and impreſs the mind, it yeilds without reſiſtance, takes in a new recruit of life and power, and under the mighty influence, acts beyond nature, and outdoes itſelf. It is no wonder therefore that the firſt peice of *poetry* upon record in the world, ſhould be praiſe to God utter'd in a ſong: * *Then ſang* Moſes *and the children of* Iſrael *this ſong unto the Lord.* And it is poſſible that both the *Muſick* and the Matter

* Exod. xv. 1.

were

were inſpir'd: The *Poetry* I am ſure is all in the *ſublime*, and if the *Muſick* were by inſpiration too, there is no doubt but it was worthy its divine original, ſuited to the matter of the ſong, and apt to ſtrike the minds of the ſingers, and make the deepeſt impreſſion of what they ſung.

But not only are *Poetry* and *Muſick* apt to elevate and enliven the mind, upon the ſublime ſubject of praiſe; they have power alſo to compoſe, and ſoften, and melt the ſoul; they may be fitted to convey inſtruction, to excite penitential grief, and to aſſwage and calm the turbulent and unruly paſſions, when ſtirred by reſentment or calamity. And therefore in that book of Holy Scripture, which was originally compos'd to be ſung, we find Pſalms upon variety of occaſions, and with great variety in the matter and form: Some breathing praiſe in the higheſt raptures and flights of *Poetry*: Some uttering inſtructions in obvious language, and plain ſong: And ſome bemoaning guilt and affliction in the moſt melting ſtrains, that touch the heart to the quick, and mould it to the temper they deſcribe. And under that diſpenſation, which had much of the gaudy exterior in it, the muſick of the voice was aſſiſted by inſtruments, which doubtleſs were of uſe to the devout worſhippers of th: day: And tho', I think, nothing of this kind ſhould be introduc'd into chriſtian-worſhip without a plain warrant, nor ever was in fact introduc'd for many of the firſt ages after Chriſt, yet will I

not cenſure any who under the Goſpel think fit to uſe inſtrumental, as well as vocal muſick in the worſhip of God, provided they take care this be done, not ſo much to delight the ear, as to warm the heart with ſincere devotion. But all who engage in this part of worſhip, and thoſe eſpecially who are for joining inſtruments with the voice, ſhould take this caution with them, *viz.* that it is but two common and eaſy for the ſenſual delight to drown the ſerioufneſs of the Spirit, and the entertainment of the muſick to extinguiſh devotion; and yet perſons all the while imagine they are in a temper of mind highly pleaſing to God, becauſe they feel an uncommon ſatisfaction, and a ſort of tranſport in themſelves.

It is plain from many paſſages of the New Teſtament, that ſinging is a part of Chriſtian-worſhip. Private perſons are directed when they are * *merry to ſing Pſalms*; and not only ſo, but to † *teach and admoniſh one another, in Pſalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, ſinging with grace in their hearts to the Lord.* And that it was a part of the publick worſhip in the Apoſtolick times, is plain from what St. *Paul* ſaith about it, 1 Cor. xiv. 15. *I will ſing with the Spirit, and I will ſing with the underſtanding alſo:* For being joined with prayer here, it carries a plain hint in it, that the Church of *Corinth* was guilty of like diſorders in one as in the other, which it is the purpoſe of this diſcourſe of the Apoſtle to

* Jam. v. 13. † Col. iii. 16.

rectify.

rectify. From whence it follows, that he muſt be underſtood of ſinging in the publick worſhip, becauſe he is certainly to be underſtood of publick prayer. It is plain that the Pſalms of *David* were given by inſpiration of old, that they might be ſung in the worſhip of God, and the devotion of the heart might be promoted by the harmony of the ſong. And many of them are ſtill fit to be ſung in Chriſtian-worſhip; but this can hardly be ſaid of all: Some have ſuch reference to the jewiſh cuſtoms, that they can hardly be ſung with underſtanding by Chriſtians. Many paſſages in them hardly breathe the Spirit of the Goſpel. And when the veil is taken off from all the other parts of worſhip, there is no reaſon why it ſhould ſtill remain on that part which is the moſt ſublime and delightful; or that we ſhould *ſing and give praiſe*, wrapt up in the miſts and clouds of *Jewiſh* forms.

Indeed there is no book of this kind of divine inſpiration, beſides the *Pſalms* of *David*; nor is any other neceſſary. Tis full as reaſonable to confine our ſelves in our prayers to thoſe forms that were uttered by inſpiration, or are left upon record by inſpir'd men, and never uſe any other, as that we ſhould be confined to the *Jewiſh* forms of praiſe, which were adapted to the ſtate they were under, and to many occaſions and circumſtances of that people peculiar to themſelves. But Mr. *Watts* hath ſo well handled this argument already, and, as I am inform'd, intends to go it over again, that I ſhall add no more. Some Pſalms are in-

deed of general uſe, and fit for any worſhippers of the living God: Some are plainly evangelical in their ſublimeſt ſenſe, and direct reference. It is eaſy to give many more an evangelical turn. Of this Mr. *Watts* has given many excellent *ſpecimens* in his *Pſalms of* David *imitated in the language of the* New Teſtament. The only exception I have againſt that admirable performance, wherein I think he has out-done himſelf, is, leſt he ſhould have carried too much of the Goſpel into the *ſweet ſinger of* Iſrael, and ſhould lead ſome (who will not remember that this is only imitation) to miſtake his ſenſe for the proper meaning of the inſpir'd Writer.

But I ſee no reaſon, why Chriſtians ſhould be ty'd down to the uſe of forms of praiſe, that were peculiarly fitted to a very different ſtate of Religion from their own, and to many peculiar circumſtances of a ſingle nation, ſingularly favour'd of God; or limited to the uſe of thoſe, which, though they ſpeak of evangelical times, and things, do it in the *Jewiſh* language, and in a way of prophecy; or to thoſe general forms that will ſuit any worſhippers of the true God, without having any adapted to their own ſtate and circumſtances as Chriſtian-worſhippers, becauſe they have none ſuch divinely inſpired. Why may not men uninſpir'd help themſelves and fellow Chriſtians to ſing to God, by private compoſures, ſpeaking after the Spirit of God in ſcripture, or according to the common

ſenſe

ſenſe of Mankind about the things of God?

It is certain, that in the firſt ages of Chriſtianity, other compoſures, beſides the Pſalms of *David*, &c. where uſed in this part of worſhip. The Apoſtle tells us plain enough in a paſſage cited above, that Pſalms were ſung in Chriſtian-aſſemblies at firſt by immediate ſuggeſtion of the *Holy Spirit*; for he blames them for giving vent to ſuch ſuggeſtions, in breach of all natural order and decency: * *The Spirits of the Prophets being ſubject to the Prophets.* So that they were under no conſtraint to introduce any indecency or confuſion into the publick aſſembly, tho' they were under a ſupernatural impulſe, which would have been inevitable, if at the ſame time ſeveral had had a diſtinct *Pſalm*, or a diſtinct *doctrine* or *revelation* to have propos'd in the aſſembly; which, I think, was one of the irregularities among them, which the Apoſtle † blames, and would have redreſſed, becauſe it tended to confound all things, and break in upon all the rules of natural order. Indeed, had the Holy Spirit in this part of their worſhip, ſuggeſted to every one in the aſſembly at once, the ſame pſalm and tune, there would have been no confuſion, but the moſt perfect harmony and order throughout. But this was not a gift poured out on an aſſembly, but on ſome particular members for the common benefit; which end could never have been anſwered,

* 2 Cor. xiv. 32. † Ver. 26.

if many ſhould at once utter the ſame words for all to join in the ſong, and much leſs if they ſhould at once propoſe every one a diſtinct Pſalm. For, that ſeveral had gifts of the ſame ſort, and were likely to breed confuſion in the aſſembly, by ſhewing theſe gifts, rather than by interfering with one another in thoſe of a different kind, ſeems obvious to me, not only from the ſcope of the Apoſtle, but from the Nature of the thing: It being more reaſonable to think, that ſeveral of them ſhould break out at once into a ſong, at the proper time for ſinging, than that they ſhould utterly confound all the parts of worſhip, and be uttering pſalms, and doctrines, &c. all at once.

But be that as it will, 'tis plain from this paſſage, that divine Songs were then ſuggeſted to many by the Holy Spirit, and that for publick worſhip: And that theſe were not *David*'s Pſalms, ſeems moſt reaſonable to believe, it being utterly needleſs that they ſhould be delivered to the church again by a new inſpiration. We may as well ſuppoſe, that the *doctrines* and *revelations* here ſpoken of, were ſome of the old *Jewiſh* ſcriptures delivered over again by a new afflatus of the *Holy Ghoſt*. It ſeems to me therefore moſt reaſonable to believe, that theſe were divine ſongs more ſuited to the evangelical worſhip and ſtate.

Such were certainly in uſe after the firſt ages of the Apoſtles. The hymn, which *Pliny* the younger tells his maſter *Trajan*, the Chriſtians

Chriſtians ſung in honour of Chriſt, ſeems to me to have been ſuch, whether it were a private compoſure or an inſpired one. Private compoſures of this kind were certainly uſed by Chriſtians, both in their Families and aſſemblies. *Tertullian*, in the *Apologetick*, hath a paſſage full to this purpoſe; where, in the account he gives of the love-feaſts among Chriſtians he tells us, that after the ſupper was ended, and water to waſh their hands, and the lamps were brought in, * *every one was call'd out to ſing to God according to his ability, either out of the Holy Scripture, or from his own invention.* *Euſebius* alſo gives us a fragment of an antient author, againſt the hereſy of *Artemon* (who denied our Saviour's divinity, and reduc'd him to a mere man) in which we are told that the § *Pſalms and hymns of the brethren, written at the beginning by the faithful, do celebrate the praiſes of Chriſt, and attribute divinity to him.* It was alſo one of the charges againſt *Paul.* of *Samoſata*, who, about ſixty years after, reviv'd the error of *Artemon*, ‡ *that he aboliſhed the Pſalms which were uſually ſung in honour of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, as novel, and the compoſures of modern men.* † *Dionyſius* alſo of *Alexandria* is quoted by the ſame hiſtorian, as

* *Poſt aquam manualem & lumina, ut quiſque de Scripturis ſacris vel proprio ingenio poteſt provocatur in medium* DEO *canere. c.* 39.

§ *Eccl. Hiſt. L. V. c.* 38. ‡ *Ibid. L. VII. c.* 30.

as commending *Nepos*, an *Egyptian* biſhop, tho' otherwiſe a ſchiſmatic, *for the many pſalms and hymns he compoſed, with which many of the brethren were greatly delighted.* From all which paſſages it is plain, that even in the earlieſt ages, hymns were uſed by private perſons, and in publick worſhip, that were compoſed by Chriſtians without divine inſpiration.

I am not ignorant, indeed, nor will I diſſemble, that the Council of *Laodicea* (which ſome make earlier, and ſome later than that of *Nice*) forbad the uſe of hymns compos'd by private hands; but then it muſt be remembred, that the ſame council prohibited private Perſons ſinging in Chriſtian-Aſſembles, reſerving this to the canonical chanters, as they call them: And whatever regard was paid to their Canons in *Phrygia*, and the *eaſt*, it is notorious, that in after-ages many ſuch Hymns, compoſed by *Ambroſe* Biſhop of *Milan*, by *Prudentius*, *Fortunatus*, &c. where introduc'd into the liturgies of the Latin Church and continue in them to this day, as is manifeſt to any, who will be at the pains to compare the hymns in the *Roman Breviary*, with thoſe of the Authors mention'd.

At the Reformation here, or about that time, *David*'s, &c. pſalms were not only turn'd into *Engliſh* metre, but it was alſo thought proper to turn ſome of theſe *Latin* hymns in like manner; ſuch as *Te Deum*,

Veni

Veni creator Spiritus, and to add ſome new ones, ſuch as, *The humble ſuit of a Sinner*, *The complaint of a Sinner*, *The Lamentation*, &c. which were commonly bound up with the verſion of the Pſalms, by *Sternhold*, *Hopkins*, &c. and uſed both in publick aſſemblies, and private families, from the beginning of the Reformation, or at leaſt from its eſtabliſhment under Queen *Elizabeth*.

I do not find that the reformers abroad took the ſame liberty in this Point, as ours did here. The *French* pſalmody, (which, if I miſtake not, is the pattern of moſt of the Churches called reformed) is confined to that of David, with one or two verſions more from Scripture. But the *Lutherans* have taken greater Liberty: And *Comenius* tells us, that the *Bohemian* brethren had above ſeven hundred hymns in uſe amongſt them, beſides the Pſalms of *David*.

Several verſions of the pſalms were attempted among us by Sir *Philip Sidney*, King *James I.* Mr. *Ainſworth*, Mr. *George Sandys*, Mr. *Barton*, Dr. *Roberts*, and perhaps others, beſides ſome particular pſalms by Biſhop Hall, Lord Bacon, &c. before any additional hymns were compoſed. The firſt attempt of this kind, that has fallen under my obſervation, (beſides ſome few Scriptural ſongs, put into metre, and ſet to muſick, by Mr. *Ainſworth* in his Annotations) was made by Mr. *William Barton*, Miniſter of St. *Martin's Leiceſter*, who was firſt led into the

the design, as himself tells us, upon Mr. *Baxter's* desire, that he would translate the *Te Deum* into *English metre*. In the year 1659, he publish'd *a century of Select Hymns*, collected out of Scripture; and having added another century of *Chapter hymns*, he publish'd both together, in the year 1670, and two years after that two centuries of *Psalm Hymns*; and these, with two centuries more which he had left ready for the press, were publish'd again by his son, in the year 1688, under the title of, *Six centuries of select hymns and Spiritual Songs, collected out of the Holy Bible*: And this is said to be a compleat collection of all he design'd for the press.

These hymns of Mr. *Barton* are a mere metrical version of some passages of the psalms, and other places of Scripture: Regard is had in them to the variety of measures in the old psalm translation, and in this respect they may be prefered to most that came after. But the worthy auther seems to have had little of a poetical genius or at least to have taken care to conceal it in his version. Yet doubtless he took good pains in going through so large a work; and I believe has much pleas'd and benifited many serious Christians, both in private and in publick worship, by his labours.

The publick having received these with favour, and some impressions being sold off, others were encourag'd to attempt somewhat in the same way. *The Songs of praise*, com-

compos'd by good Mr. *Maſon*, and the *Penitential cries*, begun by the ſame hand, and carried on by another, paſt through ſeveral impreſſions with good acceptance, and have a very great ſavour of a ſerious and devout Spirit and in many places, at leaſt, riſe much above Mr. *Barton*'s poetry. Theſe are neither verſions nor paraphaſes of Scripture, but the pious ſuggeſtions of the author's own mind upon divers religious ſubjects. And, beſides ſome collections from private hands, and an attempt to turn ſome of Mr. *Herbert*'s poems into common metre, theſe I have mention'd were all the hymns I know to have been in common uſe, either in private families, or Chriſtian-aſſemblies, 'till within a few years paſt.

Others, I know, have been compoſed for the Lord's Table. Thoſe of Mr. *Nathaniel Vincent* I have not ſeen. Thoſe of the very learned and judicious Mr. *Joſeph Boyſe* (now alive in *Dublin*) are well choſen from ſeveral paſſages of Scripture, and put into proper meaſures to be ſung: But as he modeſtly diſclaims a poetical talent, ſo I doubt, he has affected to avoid giving them that beauty he was able, from his care to make them level to the meaneſt underſtanding. This I am apt to think has a ſpice of ſuperſtition; for when many of the Pſalms of *David*, and other paſſages of Scripture, are flights of poetry in the Original, in the perfect

fect ſublime, I ſee no reaſon why we muſt be content with a mere literal verſion, without any attempt to make the ſenſe ſhine and ſtrike into the tranſlation, provided we don't obſcure it, out-ſoar the capacities of thoſe that are to uſe them, and lay them under a neceſſity to ſing without underſtanding.

Mr. *Stennet*, who has given us a collection of ſacramental hymns, had a truely poetical make. His hymns are not only well choſen for the matter, and ſelected from proper paſſages of Scripture; but the chriſtian, the ſerious, the devout Spirit breathes in every line, and the poet ſhines out in many beautiful paſſages. The language is proper and clean, the numbers for the moſt part eaſy and flowing and there is nothing mean throughout the whole performance, though all is level to common underſtandings. Indeed, as himſelf complains, the common meaſures of our pſalms are not very favourable to a vein of poeſy: The lines are two ſhort, and the breakes two frequent, to indulge a poetical fancy, or perform with any elegance. He alſo tells us, he carefully avoided bold flights, and ſome heatheniſh phraſes, that he might not prejudice his deſign, and render his performance leſs grave, and pure, and perſpicuous, than what was to be employ'd in the immediate ſervice of God, and intended to edify common Chriſtians, ought to be. But after all, he has perform'd worthily: The devout Chriſtian, and judicious

Divine

Divine, ſhine throughout the performance; tho' the poet is, it may be, more concealed than he needed, or ought to have been.

But the ingenious Mr. *Watts* has outdone all that went before him, in the variety of his ſubjects, the ſmoothneſs of his verſe, and the richneſs of his fancy. The lively imagination, and the Devout heart, happily mix in his compoſures. And if there be any thing which the critics may think leſs correct, there are not many things which they will be able to mend. The World, I hope, will not do me the injury to think, that I aim at being his rival. Theſe hymns are deſign'd as a SUPPLEMENT to his, not intended to ſupplant them. 'Twill ſatisfy my ambition, if they may aſſiſt the devotion of private Chriſtians, or publick aſſemblies, upon ſuch ſubjects as he hath not touched. I ſhall eaſily yeild him the preference as to poetry. He hath much more of the poetical fire in his make; he has enter'd more into the rules of art, and practis'd much more upon them, than I, who have hardly attempted any thing beyond what I now offer to the publick.

I do not ſet up for a poet. And yet 'tis no vanity to ſay, I aim at being more poetical, than ſome who have gone before me. I have labour'd to make the verſe ſmooth, and the ſenſe obvious and clear; to uſe propriety of expreſſion, and to give as much ornament as I could to the ſubject, without riſing

above

above the level of ordinary underſtandings; and if I may pleaſe the common Readers of divine poetry, and help the devotion of common Chriſtians, I ſhall not be out of humour, tho' the critics deſpiſe me.

I have more ty'd myſelf to *rhyme* than any, of my predeceſſors, Mr. *Barton* excepted; having throughout taking care, either to rhyme in couplets, or in every other line. This, every one who has a taſte of poetry, muſt be ſenſible has been a confinement to fancy. But in the method of ſinging, which generally prevails, and whilſt the clerk gives out the matter to be ſung by pieces of a ſentence, it cannot but be of great advantage; and the more, where there are but few words to ryhme to the preceding cloſe, (this many times ſuggeſting the ſenſe that is to follow) which yet is a great blemiſh to the poetry; the frequent recuring of the ſame ſounds being apt to nauſeate. Indeed, I wiſh this method of ſinging were more generally laid aſide, and that all Congregations did what ſome do, I mean, ſing without reading. I am ſure the Duty would be perform'd with more pleaſure, we ſhould ſing more with underſtanding, and, what is not the leaſt conſideration, ſhould allow more time to this moſt delightful duty of our holy religion. Could this change be made, a ſtrict regard to rhyme would be leſs neceſſary. But it is very uſeful on another conſideration, rhyme being apt to engage the attention of youth, and help their memory, and render

ſuch

ſuch compoſures more eaſy to be got by heart, which I think is of great uſe: For I take poetry to be the pleaſanteſt, and therefore the ſhorteſt way of conveying moral and religious inſtruction.

I have divided the whole into *Three Books*: The Firſt is upon *Various ſubjects*; The Second is more peculiarly adapted to the *Lord's Table*; The Third is fill'd with Hymns in ſome *Uncommon meaſures*. In the two firſt books, I have thrown thoſe hymns together that are of the ſame meaſure; having put thoſe in *common* meaſure at the beginning; thoſe in the meaſure of the old C. *pſalm* next, and cloſed each with a few hymns, to the ſame meaſure with the old CXII. and CXIII. *pſalms*; which laſt I take to be the propereſt for *Engliſh Lyricks*.

I have not diſtributed the hymns ſo exactly under the three heads, but that ſome of the firſt book may be uſed at the Lord's Table, and ſome few of the *Second* may be uſed on other occaſions; but theſe laſt are very few.

The third book is wholly in peculiar meaſures, no line conſiſting of leſs than ten notes, or ſyllables. In theſe compoſures I have given myſelf greater ſcope than in any other parts, tho' not to croſs my main purpoſe, which is, to aſſiſt the devotion of Chriſtians in ſinging the praiſes of God. I hope any common audience may ſing any hymn throughout the whole, with underſtanding. Some particular words

words may, perhaps, be out of their reach, but the reſt of the ſentence, and the connexion, will, in a great meaſure, help them to the general meaning.

I have, for the moſt part, work'd them out of my own fancy, and my materials for the pulpit. Sometimes I have borrowed my *ſtamina* from others. But wherever I have done ſo, I think I have either improv'd the verſe, or elſe have ſo chang'd the form, and meaſures, and phraſe, that the original author will hardly know it for his own. Thus in the firſt part I have taking ſeveral hints from the *Penitential Cries*. In the ſecond from Mr. *Boyſe*, *Stennet*, and *Watts*. In the third I have borrow'd materials from ſome of our more celebrated poets. But if they'll forgive me for ſpoiling the beauty of their peices, to make the materials comply with my rhymes and meaſures, I am ſatisfy'd they will not ſtrip me of my ſtolen plumes. In this part the hymns are fitted to four tunes; one of them is that of the old L. pſalm, the other three are new.

And here I muſt add, that one great intention I had in publiſhing theſe hymns, is, to promote and improve pſalmody. I long to ſee this part of divine worſhip better perform'd in all our congregations. I am far from thinking the Church is to be made a *theatre*. The muſick of the voice ſhould not drown the attention of the mind, or damp the devotion of the heart. But the regular ſinging a few

well choſen tunes in two or three parts would be ſo far from hindering, that it would mightily help both attention and devotion. I mean, if the tunes are carefully adapted to the matter to be ſung, ſo as that hymns of praiſe be ſet to a briſk and ſprightly tune; penitential hymns, to a ſoft and melting tune; and pſalms of inſtruction to a grave and ſolemn one.

I ſhall rejoice, and God, I hope, will have glory, if any Chriſtians, or congregations, be provoked by this attempt to improve in *pſalmody*; and follow it with an earneſt wiſh, that God may be more conſtantly prais'd in private families, and this part of his worſhip may be more laudably perform'd in publick aſſemblies. And let me add, that

I ſhall take it as a peuliar encouragement and teſtimony of reſpect from *that congregation to which I miniſter*, if they would forward this attempt among themſelves, and ſet an example to others. A ſmall number, with a little reſolution, would be ſufficient to get over every difficulty.

A

TABLE

OF

The Scriptures paraphras'd in these Hymns.

	Book	Hymn
GENESIS i.	III.	3
Genesis xxxii. 10.	I.	103
Psalm i.	I.	197
iv. 6, 7, 8.	I.	6
viii.	I.	201
	III.	10
xv.	I.	72
		194
	III.	13
xvi.	I.	195
	III.	9
xvii. 13, 14.	III.	22
xxi.	I.	196
xxiii.	I.	200
xxiv. 3, 4, 5, 6.	I.	73
	III.	18
xxix.	III.	16
xxxvi. 5, 6, *&c.*	I.	202
xlii. 5.	I.	143

Psalm

A TABLE.

	Book	Hymn
Pſalm xlix. 6, 7, 8, &c.	I.	118
lxxiii.	III.	14
		15
Ver. 25.	I.	75
lxxxiv. 1, 10, &c.	I.	121
		153
xc. 2, 3, &c.	I.	69
xcvii. 10	I.	77
cxii.	I.	198
cxxiv.	III.	7
cxxxv.	III.	11
cxxxvi.	III.	19
cxxxix. 1, 2, 3, &c.	I.	199
cxlviii.	III.	2
cxlix. 2.	I.	150
Eccl. xi. 9, 10, &c.	I.	64
Cant. i. 3.	I.	154
		190
Ver. 3, 4, &c.	II.	10
vii. 10.	I.	68
Iſa. xlviii. 22.	I.	45
liii. 5, 6, 7, &c.	II.	23
	III.	23
lv. 1, 2, 3, &c.	I	56
lx.	III.	12IIp
Lament. iii. 22.	I.	105
Micah vi. 6, 7, 8.	I.	36
Matt. xi. 28.	I.	63
Luke ix. 55.	I.	183
xv. 11——25.	I.	67
John i. 12.	I.	78
iii. 16.	I.	49
vi. 22.	II.	22
John xiv. 21.	I.	76
Rom. v. 6—12.	II.	15

Rom

A TABLE.

	Book	Hymn
Rom. v. 11.	I.	32
Ver. 13.	I.	38
viii. 32, &c.	II.	14
xiv 8.	I.	66
1 Cor. i. 30.	II.	35
v. 7.	II.	9
vi. 19, 20.	I.	144
Ver 20.	I.	145
xiii. 4, 5, 6, &c.	I.	184
2 Cor. v. 9.	I.	191
Eph. i. 3——8.	II.	29
ii. 13.	II.	37
iv. 8, 11, &c.	I.	135
v. 20.	I.	151
Phil. ii. 6——12.	II.	11
Col. i. 12, 22.	II.	36
ii. 6.	I.	25
2 Tim. ii. 19.	I.	26
Heb. iii. 15.	I.	19
iv. 13.	I.	107
xii. 22, 23.	II.	12
Ver. 18——24.	II.	33
xiii. 14.	I.	193
1 Pet. i. 4	J.	95
i. 3—10.	II.	27
ii. 7.	II.	8
1 John ii. 1.	II.	7
iii. 1.	I.	174
iii. 1, 2, 3.	II.	28
iv. 19.	I.	86
Rev. iii. 20.	I.	137
xiv. 18.	I.	70
xxi. 11——26 }	I.	157
Chap. vii. 26, 17. }		

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK I.

On various Subjects and Occaſions.

I. *Morning Hymn.*

[Common Metre.

THE veil of night is now withdrawn,
And day ſalutes our eyes:
Fatigu'd and ſpent we laid us down,
Refreſh'd and hail we riſe.

Safe guarded by th' Almighty arm,
Securely we have ſlept:
Whilſt he who never ſleeps, from harm
Our ſenſeleſs bodies kept.

Our buſy thought in languid dream
Juſt liv'd or dy'd in ſleep:
Whilſt ev'ry ſenſe and ev'ry limb,
Lay bound in ſlumbers deep.

Unthinking thus, and impotent,
We paſs'd the night away:
Could nothing reliſh, or reſent,
Nor form one wiſh of day.

But kindling day reviv'd the flame,
And rous'd our ſleeping powers;
Recov'ring thought ſhook off the dream,
And marks the paſſing hours.

Tir'd faculties awake repair'd
Loſt vigour life regains:
Thus we're for daily work prepar'd,
And thus forget our pains.

Come then, let's early thanks repay,
To him who never ſleeps:
He ſhades the night, he gilds the day,
Our ſleeping duſt he keeps.

Lets live to him, whoſe quick'ning voice
A dying life prolongs:
As daily he renews our joys,
Let us repeat our ſongs.

II. *Night* Hymn. [Common Metre.

AND now, my ſoul, the circling ſun
Has all his beams withdrawn:
Once more his daily race is run,
And gloomy night comes on.

Thus one day more of life is gone,
A doubtful few remain:
Come then review what thou haſt done,
Eternal life to gain.

Doſt

Doſt thou get forward in thy race,
As time ſtill poſts away?
And die to ſin, and grow in grace,
With ev'ry paſſing day?

This day what conqueſts haſt thou gain'd?
What luſt is overcome?
What freſh degree of grace obtain'd,
To bring thee nearer home?

Alas! this life will ſoon be paſt,
'Tis dying ev'ry day:
But do thy hopes make equal haſte?
Or negligence betray?

Do they more ſtrong and lively grow
And make more pure from ſin?
Give more contempt of things below,
More peace create within?

O! do not paſs this life in dreams,
To be ſurpriz'd by death:
And ſink unthinking down to flames,
When I reſign my breath.

No: ev'ry day thy courſe review,
Thy real ſtate to learn:
And with renewed zeal purſue,
Thy great and chief concern.

III. *Self-Dedication.* [Common Metre.

TOO long, alas! too long I've liv'd,
From thee, my God, withdrawn:
Lord of myſelf, myſelf believ'd,
And thought me all mine own.

Thus I thy ſacred rights deny'd,
And did thee utmoſt wrong:
And to my uſe thoſe things apply'd,
Which did to thee belong.

But now I ſee, and own my crime,
Mine heinous guilt deplore:
To thee I yield my life, my time,
Myſelf, and all my ſtore.

For *Jeſu*'s ſake accept what's thine,
Tho' long to thee refus'd:
Myſelf ſhall be no longer mine,
Nor ought of me miſus'd.

Thy bus'neſs ſhall my thoughts employ,
My time thy ſervice claim;
Thy laws be my delight and joy,
Thy glory ſtill mine aim.

With me I offer all that's mine,
'Tis ſacred now to thee:
Self I renounce, mine all reſign,
Thine evermore to be.

Command, I'll gladly now obey,
Nor once diſpute thy will:
Diſpoſe of me in thine own way,
I'll be complying ſtill.

'Tis pleaſing, Lord, to yield thy right,
And give myſelf away:
The act affords ſincere delight,
And God commends the joy.

IV. *The Election.* [Common Metre.

THanks to my God, my choice is made,
And by his help ſhall ſtand:
No more ſhall ſenſe my ſoul miſlead,
Nor brutiſh luſt command.

I now look down with vaſt diſdain,
On all inferior things:
In vain wealth ſhews its charms, in vain
Soft pleaſures hide their ſting.

Grandeur

Grandeur and ſtate I now deſpiſe,
In all their pomp array'd:
Whilſt to my glad believing eyes
A brighter ſcene's diſplay'd.

For heav'n mine heart is fully fix'd,
Nor will its hopes forego:
There boundleſs treaſures, joys unmix'd,
And living pleaſures flow.

There ev'ry want ſhall be ſupply'd,
And my whole ſoul be bleſs'd:
And dwell for ever ſatisfy'd,
Of boundleſs good poſſeſs'd.

No length of time the ſtock ſhall waſte,
Or this eſtate impair:
Fruition will improve the taſte,
Of ev'ry pleaſure there.

There wou'd I make my long abode,
Where ſuch a treaſure is:
Lord, guide me thro' the narrow road,
And bring me ſafe to bliſs.

V. *The Renunciation.* [Common Metre.

VAIN world, thy cheating arts give o'er,
Thine offers I deſpiſe:
In vain thou ſpread'ſt thy tempting ſtore,
Before enlighten'd eyes.

Bribe me no more with ſhining duſt,
To caſt myſelf away:
Nor ſeek by ſoft enchanting luſt,
To lead me ſtill aſtray.

Oh! no, my ſoul I'll never ſell
For any earthly gain:
Nor ſwim in pleaſure down to hell,
To fiery woe and pain.

I'll never quit ſubſtantial bliſs
For flat and frothy mirth:
Nor heav'nly mirth contented miſs,
For all the ſtores on earth.

I'll never part with gold for droſs,
With ſolid good for ſhew:
Outlive my bliſs, and mourn the loſs
In everlaſting woe.

I'll never loſe the living God,
For one ſhort dream of joy:
With fond embrace cling to a clod,
And fling all heav'n away.

Vain world, thy vain attempt forbear,
I all thy charms defy;
And rate my precious ſoul to dear,
For all thy wealth to buy.

VI. *The Preference of God's Favour to worldly Enjoyments.* Pſal. iv. 6, 7, 8. [Common Metre.

LET worldlings gilded toys purſue,
With fond and fierce deſires:
My mind hath brighter things in view,
To nobler good aſpires.

Let God his pleaſing face diſplay,
And ſmile upon my ſoul:
Thus let him drive my doubts away,
And all my fears controul:

Let him with friendly ſplendor ſhine,
And feaſt mine hungry eyes;
And with the plentitude divine,
My craving heart ſuffice.

This will immortal joy create,
Joy that will flouriſh ſtill:
Sincere delight, and far too great
For ſenſual minds to feel.

They

They may their ſtores of corn and wine,
Their wealth and honours prize:
To them theſe trifles I reſign,
And their mean joys deſpiſe.

Nay with ſuch high vouchſafements bleſt,
I fear not want nor harm:
They'll give my ſoul delight and reſt,
And ev'ry foe diſarm.

Serenely I can yield my breath,
And lay me in a grave;
Fearleſs can face approaching death,
The king of terrors brave.

Tho' I muſt leave my fleſh behind
To moulder into duſt,
'Twill ſleep a while, but wake refin'd,
When God ſhall raiſe the juſt.

VII. *Satisfaction and Security.* [Common Metre.

YES, 'tis enough. I'm ſafe and bleſt,
If God be truly mine:
To worldlings I can leave the reſt,
Nor at their ſtores repine.

I ſhall not live without my ſhare,
Of all that's good below:
Beneath his providential care,
Shall ſtill ſecurely go.

Or ſhould I ſuffer for his ſake,
He'll needful ſtrength impart:
Peace to my troubled ſoul he'll ſpeak,
And raiſe my ſinking heart.

Ally'd to heav'nly minds above,
I here on earth ſhall live:
Kind viſits from the God of love,
Shall frequently receive.

And when I paſs the vale of death,
With horrors overſpread,
On all my ſoul he'll vigour breathe,
And heav'nly comfort ſhed

Soon as the bonds of life untie,
Will full releaſe be giv'n;
Kind ſeraphs will be ſtanding by,
To bear my ſoul to heav'n.

To heav'n, where boundleſs glories ſhine,
And boundleſs pleaſures flow:
Where bliſs, conſummate and divine,
Will never period know.

Lord, 'tis enough—I'm ſafe and bleſs'd,
If thou be truly mine:
Nor am I of myſelf poſſeſs'd,
'Till I am wholly thine.

VIII. *Peace, Pleaſure, and Safety.*

[Common Metre.

WELL! ſince my gracious God has laid
His juſt reſentments by;
Since he will hear my Saviour plead
For ſuch a wretch as I:

Since my proud heart by grace ſubdu'd,
Now yields him up his throne:
The ancient friendſhip is renew'd,
And I again his own:

I'll baniſh all my guilty fears,
And ſtill my troubled breaſt:
I'll ſtop the torrent of my tears,
And charm my heart to reſt.

'Tis now, *my God*, the very ſound
Spreads pleaſure thro' my ſoul:
With grace he'll compaſs me around,
And all my foes controul.

He'll

He'll be my helper and my hope,
My leader and my guard;
My pow'rful patron and my prop,
My ſure and rich reward.

No weight can make me ſink, whilſt he
Puts underneath his arm:
No dangers make me fear or flee,
Whilſt he defends from harm.

IX. *Sinner's Self-Reflection.* [Common Metre.

WHAT have I done? alas, my God!
Where hath the wanderer been?
What fatal mazes have I trod:
Led by the lure of ſin!

Far off from thee my ſoul hath ſtray'd,
And after idols run:
Thus I the fooliſh wanton play'd,
Ah! Lord! *what have I done?*

The living ſpring of boundleſs joys,
I blindly have forſook:
And in purſuit of very toys,
The road to ruin took.

With lab'ring hands, and plodding brain,
I've hewn the rugged ſtone,
And broken ciſterns form'd with pain:
Alas! *what have I done?*

From off my neck thy gentle yoke,
I with contempt have torn:
Thro' all the bonds of duty broke,
And treated thee with ſcorn.

I have thy property deny'd,
And call'd myſelf mine own,
To humour my rebellious pride:
Ah! Lord! *what have I done?*

With heart unſhaken I have heard
Thy dreadful thunders roar:
When grace in all its charms appear'd,
I only ſinn'd the more.

I've brav'd thy glowing vengeance, Lord,
And ſpurn'd thy bleeding Son;
Have both thy love and laws abhor'd:
Alas! *What have I done?*

A ſlave to *Satan* I have been,
And drudg'd to do his will:
I've freely ſold myſelf to ſin,
And wear my fetter ſtill.

I ne'er on death or danger thought,
But ſtill kept ſinning on,
And thus mine own deſtruction ſought:
Ah! Lord! *What have I done?*

X. *The Sinner's Diſtreſs.* [Common Metre.

BY thy victorious hand ſtruck down,
Here proſtrate, Lord, I lie:
And ſhake to ſee my Maker frown,
Whom once I did defy.

Thoſe ſins which once with boundleſs ſpite,
I pointed at thy throne,
Driv'n back by thy reſiſtleſs might,
Cut thro' an heart of ſtone.

'Tis wounded, Lord! I feel the pain,
The anguiſh makes me roar:
The richeſt balſams all are vain,
Nor can they eaſe the ſore.

I breathe in groans and diſmal ſighs,
My drink is briny tears;
My language lamentable cries,
Forc'd from me by my fears.

My

My kindeſt friends, attempt, in vain,
To mitigate my grief:
Their efforts but increaſe my pain,
And yield me no relief.

To ſhun the hated light of day,
I cloſe my guilty eyes:
The ſun with ev'ry cheering ray,
Adds ſtill to my ſurprize.

Life is a load too heavy grown,
And yet I fear to die:
I hate to ſtay, nor dare be gone:
Ah! *what a wretch am I?*

I feel a very hell within,
Nor can myſelf endure:
I'm ſick, ſick to the death of ſin,
Where ſhall I get a cure?

XI. *Self-Abaſement.* [Common Metre.

LORD, what a loathſome wretch am I?
How brutiſh have I been?
Here bluſhing at thy feet I lie,
For all mine heinous ſin.

So vile a wretch was never bred,
On this vile earth before:
My ſoul with filth is overſpread,
'Tis leproſy all o'er.

My reaſon hath a pander been,
To brutal appetite:
My heart's the very ſink of ſin,
The ſeat of vain delight.

My thoughts are all impure or vain,
My breath pollutes the air:
Defilements of the deepeſt ſtain,
On my whole life appear.

Lord,

Lord, to thy pure and holy eyes,
I'm all offenſive grown:
One whom thou ſhould'ſt abhor, deſpiſe,
And utterly diſown.

My glory is departed quite,
My beauty all decay'd:
To ſhun the ſharp reproach of light,
I hid myſelf in ſhade.

Confounded, Lord, I wrap my face,
And hang my guilty head:
Aſham'd of all my wicked ways,
The hateful life I've led.

A fool, a wretch, a baſe ingrate,
A monſter I have been:
But now I loath, abhor, and hate
Myſelf, and ev'ry ſin.

XII. *The Sinner's Hope.* [Common Metre.

AND muſt I ſink beneath my load,
By weighty guilt born down?
How ſhould I 'ſcape an angry God;
Or bear his killing frown?

No, 'tis in vain, I know, to fly,
Nor can I bear my load:
But may not ſuch a wretch as I
Find mercy with my God?

He might (who can his pow'r withſtand?)
Drive me to fiery pain:
But he reſtrains his lifted hand,
And lets me here remain.

Why ſhould he thus forbear to ſlay,
If not inclin'd to ſpare?
And ſhall I fling all hope away,
And yield to wild deſpair?

This

This were my ſad account to ſwell,
Too big to be forgiv'n:
All ſins lead down to death and hell,
But this ſhuts out of heav'n.

No, I will hope for grace divine,
And pard'ning mercy ſtill:
Others, with guilt as great as mine,
Have gained his good will.

Peter deny'd his bleſſed Lord,
Thrice almoſt in a breath;
Paul rag'd againſt his heav'nly word,
And hunted ſaints to death;

Mary of *Magdala* had been
By ſeven foul fiends poſſeſs'd:
Yet *Peter*, *Paul*, and *Magdalen*,
Were with forgiveneſs bleſs'd.

Why may not I like grace obtain;
Did not my Saviour die?
Or did he ſhed his blood in vain,
To ranſom ſuch as I?

What tho' my guilt be great, 'tis not
Too great to be forgiv'n;
When Jeſus' blood this favour bought,
Who pleads the price in heav'n.

With gentle voice I hear him call,
"Come thou with guilt oppreſs'd?
"On me let all thy burden fall,
"I give the weary reſt."

The door I find is open ſtill,
Whate'er my guilt has been:
And ſince 'tis my Redeemer's will,
I'll humbly venture in.

XIII. *The Sinner's Confeſſion and Prayer.*
[Common Metre.

DEploring my offences, Lord,
Here at thy feet I lie:
By thee condemn'd, by thee abhorr'd,
Ah! *what a wretch am I?*

Oft have I with contemptuous pride
Tranſgreſs'd thy holy law;
And that almighty pow'r defy'd,
That keeps the world in awe.

With impious hands from off thy head
I've ſought to pluck the crown;
And inſolently dar'd to tread,
Thy royal honour down.

Tho' heav'nly hoſts thy pow'r revere,
And ſtoop to thy command:
Tho' earthly kings thy ſubjects are,
Nor can thy pow'r withſtand:

With haughty air I've bid thee lay,
Thine uſeleſs ſceptre by;
Have ſaid, thy will I'll ne'er obey,
And thy revenge defy.

Prodigious guilt! alas, my God,
How faulty have I been!
Who can ſupport the heavy load
Of ſo much ſinful ſin?

Moſt humbly at thy feet I fall,
Thy mercy to implore:
For *Jeſus*'s ſake forgive me all,
Wipe out my guilty ſcore.

On mine hard heart thy pow'r diſplay,
And melt away the ſtone:
Then ſhall I readily obey,
And yield thee up thy throne.

XIV. *The Sinner's Confeſſion.* [Long Metre.

JUST, dreadful God! what have I done!
How injur'd and affronted heav'n!
Thanks to thy name that, thro' thy ſon,
So vile a wretch may be forgiv'n.

At thy command I now am come,
With grief my follies to recount:
But ah! to what a monſtrous ſum
Do my tranſgreſſions, Lord, amount?

Much ſooner might I number all
The glittering ſtars that deck the ſky;
The drops in mighty ſhow'rs that fall,
Or thoſe in driving miſts that fly.

Alas! how often have I broke
Thy good and juſt, and holy laws?
And from my neck ſhook off thy yoke,
Without remorſe; with ſelf-applauſe?

How oft have I withſtood the light,
To favour my beloved ſin?
How oft tranſgreſs'd thy laws in ſpite
Of all the checks I felt within?

How oft my ſins have acted o'er,
When mine own conſcience did diſſuade:
And run afreſh upon the ſcore,
Spite of the promiſes I made?

How oft thy patience have abus'd,
And dar'd thee boldly to thy face?
How oft thy heav'nly call refus'd,
And ſlighted all thine offer'd grace?

How oft have ſcorn'd the greateſt good,
And endleſs life and bliſs deſpis'd?
Have trampled on redeeming blood,
And pour'd contempt upon thy Chriſt?

Dread

Dread Lord! to what a frightful ſum,
Do my foul faults and follies riſe!
They break my heart, they ſtrike me dumb
With heavy grief, and huge ſurprize.
As clouds, thick clouds they now aſcend,
Riſe up to thine eternal throne:
With their loud cry the heav'ns they rend,
And urge thy flaming vengeance on.
But, Lord, let thy juſt vengeance ſtay,
A while the proſtrate wretch forbear:
Attend to my Redeemer's plea,
And for his ſake to mine give ear.
I have thy word; thoſe who confeſs
With heart contrite their ſins to thee,
Thou wilt accept, forgive and bleſs;
Theſe favours now vouchſafe to me.

XV. *The Sinner ſuing for Mercy.* [Common Metre.

LORD, at thy feet a ſinner lies,
And knocks at mercy's door,
With heavy heart and down-caſt eyes,
Thy favour to implore.
On me the vaſt extent diſplay,
Of thy forgiving love:
Take all mine heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.
I ſink with all this weight oppreſs'd,
Sink down to death and hell:
Oh give my labouring ſoul ſome reſt,
My numerous fears diſpel.
'Tis mercy, mercy I implore;
I wou'd thy bowels move:
Thy grace is an exhauſtleſs ſtore,
And *thou thyſelf art love.*

Oh!

Oh! for thine own, for Jeſus' ſake,
My many ſins forgive:
This grace my rocky heart will break,
My breaking heart relieve.

Thus melt me down, thus make me bend,
And thy dominion own:
Nor let a rival more pretend,
To repoſſeſs thy throne.

XVI. *The Sinner complying with the Goſpel Call.*

[Common Metre.

GReat God, with vaſt, but glad ſurprize,
I hear thy kind command:
Thou bid'ſt the *grov'ling ſinner* riſe,
And reacheſt him thine hand.

Thou bid'ſt the *wandring wretch* return,
To his forſaken bliſs:
The *ſtupid fool* no longer ſpurn,
At ſuch rich grace as this.

Thou bid'ſt the *ſtubborn rebel* bow,
And fiery vengeance ſhun;
Accept thy gracious pardon now,
And no more hazards run.

Thou bid'ſt the *fierceſt foe* lay down
His enmity and arms:
Thus to avoid thy fatal frown,
And 'ſcape all future harms.

Thou bid'ſt the *trembling wretch* draw near,
And meet a ſmiling God:
And waſh his guilt, and drown his fear,
In reconciling blood.

Great God! with great, but glad ſurprize,
I hear thy kind command:
Nor will I more ſuch grace deſpiſe,
Or mine own bliſs withſtand. I yield

I yield, by mighty love ſubdu'd,
Who can reſiſt its charms?
And throw myſelf by wrath purſu'd,
Into my Saviour's arms.

My wandrings, Lord, are at an end,
I'm now return'd to thee:
Be thou my father, and my friend,
Be *all in all to me.*

XVII. *The Repenting Sinner's Reſolves.*

[Common Metre.

I'M now reſolv'd: the monſter ſin
Shall lord it here no more:
Too long I have its vaſſal been,
Now I the ſtate abhor.

With wrath and juſt diſdain I now
Bid ev'ry luſt begone:
I'll gladly to my Saviour bow,
And yield him up his throne.

He ſhall my conquer'd heart poſſeſs,
And reign o'er all my ſoul:
I'll every riſing thought ſuppreſs,
That would his pow'r controul.

I'll take his Spirit's influence in,
To form anew my heart:
From all, ev'n from my fav'rite ſin,
I'll utterly depart.

I'll ſhun each ſnare that heretofore
Has led my ſoul aſtray:
To wicked inclinations more
I never will give way.

Each old companion I'll forſake,
Who tempted me to ill;
But them my dear familiars make,
Who God's commands fulfil.

His

His word and Spirit ſtill ſhall lead,
In ev'ry thing I do:
By their direction I'll proceed,
And their advice purſue.

What is his will, with utmoſt care,
I'll from his word enquire:
I'll live devoted to his fear,
And to his love aſpire.

On heav'n I'll fix my longing eyes,
And there expect my reſt:
The only way to prove me wiſe,
Or make me truly bleſs'd.

Thus 'tis my purpoſe to proceed,
But I thine help expect:
Lord, give the ſuccour I ſhall need,
To bring it to effect.

XVIII. *The Sinner applying by Faith to a Saviour.*

[Common Metre.

LORD, at thy call I now am come,
With guilt and want oppreſs'd:
Oh! take the fooliſh vagrant home,
And give the weary reſt.

I thirſt for thy forgiving grace,
Free pardon I implore:
Oh! let thy blood my crimes efface,
And clear my guilty ſcore.

I long to ſee an angry God
Look merciful and mild:
Oh! quench his vengeance with thy blood,
And ſhew him reconcil'd.

Nor will a pardon, Lord, ſuffice,
Or my high thirſt allay:
I'd have my grov'ling ſpirit riſe,
And caſt her clogs away.

Oh!

Oh! by thy Spirit's influence,
Each heavy paſſion move:
On all my ſoul ſhed light and ſenſe,
Shed life and holy love.

Let her indeed become divine,
From droſs and filth refin'd:
With heav'nly luſtre make her ſhine,
For heav'nly life deſign'd.

Theſe are the goods I covet, Lord!
Nor can I be deny'd:
But truſt thy never failing word,
And hope to be ſupply'd.

XIX. *To Day, while it is called to Day, harden not your Hearts.* [Common Metre.

WAKE, drowzy ſoul, from ſin awake,
And run the chriſtian race:
To this great work thyſelf betake,
Whilſt 'tis *a day of grace.*

The goſpel ſounds, the Spirit moves,
God courts thee to be bleſs'd:
He kindly thy delays reproves,
And prompts to wiſer haſte.

What means this ſloth? what, wilt thou ſtill
Fold up thy ſluggiſh arms?
Slight thy Redeemer's great good will?
And diſregard his charms?

Wilt thou again God's patience try?
Again new hazards run?
Nor to a Saviour's boſom fly,
And fiery vengeance ſhun?

What! on the brink of boundleſs woe,
Wilt thou keep dreaming on?
Nor heed the ſhrieks and flames below,
'Till ev'ry hope is gone?

Up, to thy Saviour haſte away,
His needful help implore:
Beg he would bleſs thy ſoul with day,
Thy better mind reſtore.

Lay ev'ry other bus'neſs by,
And this great bus'neſs mind:
Swift thy uncertain moments fly,
And few remain behind.

Oh! let th'important work be done,
Done *whilſt 'tis call'd to day:*
Leſt thou the time of hope outrun,
And rue the mad delay.

XX. *Thankful Improvement of a Day of Grace.*

[Common Metre

ALL thanks to thine indulgence, Lord!
Yet 'tis a day of grace:
I hear the reconciling word,
The word of life and peace.

Yet thine embaſſadors entreat,
And court me to be bleſs'd.
My falſe and fickle mind is yet
With truths divine impreſs'd.

With me my ſtrong convictions ſtay,
My fears ſtill urge me on:
Thy Spirit, griev'd with my delay,
Is not provok'd and gone.

But will this day for ever laſt,
Nor night nor period know?
The time of patience ne'er be paſt,
Nor God reſentment ſhow?

Alas! I ſtand upon the brink
Of everlaſting death:
At once to boundleſs woes I ſink,
If he ſhould ſtop my breath.

Yield

Yield now, my ſoul, without delay,
Bid ev'ry luſt farewell:
To thy Redeemer haſte away,
And 'ſcape from death and hell.

Yet 'tis indeed a day of grace;
But God hath long forborn:
And ſhould'ſt thou let this ſeaſon paſs,
The like may ne'er return.

XXI. *Divine Condeſcenſion admir'd.*

[Common Metre.

LORD, 'tis a ſtoop in thee to view,
What ſhining ſeraphs do:
Though they in conſtant raptures ſing
The glories of their King.

But oh! how doſt thou condeſcend,
When man is made thy friend?
When deſpicable duſt may be,
With its own Maker free!

When thoſe who were by ſin undone,
Are ranſom'd by thy Son!
And from his death may hope derive,
To keep their ſouls alive!

When rebels to thy laws and crown,
May lay their weapons down:
Again may ſee thy ſmiling face,
And triumph in thy grace!

When humbled ſinners may draw near,
Nor thy juſt vengeance fear!
May at thy footſtool gladly bend,
And find thee yet their friend!

May hear thy kind forgiving voice,
And in thy love rejoice!
May to thy holy houſe repair,
And meet a welcome there!

May

May on proviſions all divine,
At thine own table dine!
Nay to thine heav'n at length may riſe,
And dwell in paradice.

Lord, what a ſtoop is this in thee!
What grace to ſuch as we!
To thee ſo let it bind my heart,
That we may never part.

XXII. *Divine Patience, Grace, and Condeſcenſion, ſubduing the Sinner's Heart.* [Common Metre.

AND wilt thou ſtill a wretch purſue,
With freſh intreaties, Lord!
And court this ſtubborn heart anew,
And melt it by thy word!

Will God a very worm intreat,
To be his Maker's friend!
And oft refus'd his ſuit repeat,
And its ſucceſs attend!

Will he, at whoſe tremendous bar
I ſhortly muſt appear,
And from his mouth, with trembling heart,
My final ſentence hear:

Will he, with long endearment try
My wilful heart to win?
To ſave ſo vile a wretch as I,
From miſery and ſin!

Surprizing ſtoop! and ſhall I ſtill
Thy glorious friendſhip ſhun?
Still ſlight thy grace, reſiſt thy will?
Reſolve to be undone!

Is it, my ſoul, an eaſy ſtate,
In endleſs flames to dwell?
Wilt thou not ſink with double weight,
Down to the loweſt hell?

Whilſt,

Whilſt, gracious God, thy tender heart,
Shall quite relentleſs prove?
Nor all my cries, nor all my ſmart,
One thought of pity move?

Prevent this frightful ruin, Lord,
Make my hard heart comply:
Once utter the commanding word,
And ev'ry bar ſhall fly.

XXIII. *The Sinner's Reflection on his loſt Condition.*
[Common Metre.

LOST! who the dreadful ſound can bear,
Or its full import know!
'Tis charg'd with horror and deſpair,
With death and boundleſs woe.

What! muſt I part with thee, my God,
The ſource of all my bliſs!
Be baniſh'd from thy bleſt abode!
How ſad a doom is this!

When God is gone, what can remain!
All elſe is dung and droſs:
Yet muſt I part with this poor gain!
To aggravate my loſs!

Muſt I e'er long ſink down to hell,
To darkneſs and deſpair!
With raging fiends forever dwell,
And thy full vengeance bear!

No, gracious God, ſome pity take,
Stretch out thy ſaving hand:
And, for my dear Redeemer's ſake,
Deliv'rance now command.

Thanks to amazing patience, Lord,
Some reſpite yet is giv'n:
Thro' grace this wretch may be reſtor'd,
And made an heir of heav'n.

Spare

Spare me, dear God, my ſin forgive,
My ſinful heart renew:
Speak thou the word, I yet ſhall live,
And ſing thy praiſes too.

XXIV. *The loſt Sinner's Hope, and Application unto God for Relief.* [Common Metre.

HOW is my ſoul with terror toſt,
And overwhelm'd with grief!
Sad ſound to hear! what, am I loſt!
And loſt beyond relief!

No: thanks to rich redeeming grace,
Thanks to a dying Lord;
Yet have I room to make my peace,
And hope to be reſtor'd.

Thou God of wiſdom, make me wiſe,
The way of life to know:
Thy Chriſt, to my enlighten'd eyes,
In all his glories ſhow.

Oh! let his love enkindle mine,
And all my ſoul ſubdue:
Make me to him myſelf reſign,
And form me all anew.

Make me the ſin of ſin to know,
And part with ev'ry luſt:
In its own form the monſter ſhow,
To give me full diſguſt.

And whilſt I bear a Saviour's name,
Let me obey his laws:
Nor ever my profeſſion ſhame,
Or once deſert his cauſe.

Thus may I hope, though now undone,
To be reſtor'd again;
Thy juſt and dreadful wrath to ſhun,
And heav'nly life obtain.

XXV. *Receiving Chriſt, and walking in Him.*
[Common Metre.

LORD, I confeſs thy rightful claim,
And yield to thy command:
To own thy dear, thy pow'rful name,
I here rejoicing ſtand.

To thee, my Saviour and my Lord,
I my whole ſelf reſign:
By thee to hope and life reſtor'd,
I will be ever thine.

Thy merit ſhall my ſhelter be,
From God's avenging hand:
Thy Spirit ſhall my ſpirit free,
From ſin's impure command.

Here to his influence and ſway,
I offer up my mind:
Thence let him purge the filth away,
Nor leave a ſpot behind.

Let him each dull affection move,
And melt my frozen heart:
Through all my ſoul diffuſe thy love,
And life divine impart.

Then with unweary'd zeal ſhall I
The beſt deſign purſue:
Shall ſtand reſolv'd for heav'n and thee,
And ev'ry foe ſubdue.

Then ſhall I worldly charms deſpiſe,
And tread the tempter down:
Shall mount triumphing to the ſkies,
And wear a glorious crown.

Thus

Thus I a dying life would ſpend,
Obedient to thy will:
And then the heav'nly hills aſcend,
To ſerve thee better ſtill.

XXVI. *The Redeemer's Name obliges to depart from Sin.* [Common Metre.

DEAR Jeſus, I thy name adore,
The *Saviour* and the *King:*
At once I own thy ſov'reign pow'r,
And thy ſalvation ſing.

Thou haſt my gaſping hopes reſtor'd,
Who for my ſins waſt ſlain:
By thee redeem'd, to thee, my Lord,
I wholly now pertain.

And ſhall I ſtill in ſin proceed,
And ſtill rebellious prove?
Make all thy wounds afreſh to bleed,
And thus requite thy love?

Forbid it, Lord: no, I abhor
The very form of vice:
No more ſhall luſt command, no more
Shall treacherous ſin entice.

Here to thy gracious influence,
I offer all my ſoul:
Take each vile inclination thence,
And make it clean and whole.

Fain would I feel within my breaſt
The force of heav'nly love:
Fain would to God, my *life* and *reſt*,
With ſtrong affection move.

Pour out thy mighty love, dear Lord,
On all mine inner frame:
And daily freſh ſupplies afford,
To keep alive the flame.

XXVII. *The Condeſcenſion and Grace of a Redeemer, conquering the Sinner's Heart.* [Common Metre.

WILT thou with ſuch endearments treat
Complying ſinners, Lord!
Vouchſafe thyſelf with them to eat,
And feaſt them at thy board?

Wilt thou their crimſon guilt remove,
And for their crimes atone?
Commend them to thy Father's love,
And bleſs them with thine own?

Wilt thou thy ſtores of grace diſplay,
Before their raviſh'd eyes?
And bear their riſing ſouls away,
To their own native ſkies?

Wilt thou the fearful pilgrims guard,
The howling deſert through?
And their perſiſting zeal reward,
With heav'nly glory too?

Lord, what hard heart can ſtill withſtand,
And ſtill rebellious prove?
Refuſe to bow to thy command,
Or to accept thy love?

O'ercome by glorious grace, I now
My former war give o'er:
To thy command I gladly bow,
And will rebel no more.

XXVIII. *The complying Sinner's Purpoſes as to his future Conduct.* [Common Metre.

YES, gracious Lord, ſince thou haſt ſtill
The kind deſign purſu'd,
And to the dictates of thy will,
My heart at laſt ſubdu'd:

With

With full conſent to thee I bow,
Reſume thine antient throne:
I'll not a ſingle thought allow,
That would thy rights diſown.

On all the wonders of thy love
I'll my glad thoughts employ,
And thus my dull affections move,
And animate my joy.

With chearful truſt, whilſt here I ſtay,
My ſoul ſhall lean on thee:
My life and ſtrength, my guide and way,
Thou, deareſt Lord, ſhalt be.

And oft I'll lift believing eyes,
Up to thy throne above:
And oft on wings of hope I'll riſe,
Towards thoſe ſeats of love.

Thus would I evermore proceed,
With what I have begun:
Help, Lord, thy conſtant help I need,
That this great work be done.

XXIX. *The Duties of thoſe who have devoted themſelves to God by Chriſt.* [Common Metre.

LORD, by profeſſion we are thine,
Devoted to thy will:
Oh! may we ev'ry law divine,
With conſtant zeal fulfil.

From common and inferior things,
We now divided ſtand:
Domeſticks to the *King of kings*,
And all at his command.

Oh! may we always live and act,
Above the common rate!
And never more commit a fact,
That miſbecomes our ſtate!

Sacred to thee, we would no more
Thine holy things profane:
We would the form of ſin abhor,
And ſhun the ſlighteſt ſtain.

No ſecret luſt allow'd ſhall be,
In bar to thy command:
No outward object more, with thee,
In competition ſtand.

We'll think ourſelves our own no more,
Nor any thing that's ours:
What's thine we will to thee reſtore,
Our life, and time, and pow'rs.

Nay, we would ſtill in zeal improve,
Grow more devoted ſtill:
Feel more the force of holy love,
And better do thy will.

Lord, we are ſafe, and rich, and bleſt,
Whilſt we belong to thee:
Contented here we fix our reſt,
Thine let us ever be.

XXX. *The converted Sinner rejoicing with God.*
[Common Metre.

BLEST God, art thou rejoic'd to ſee
The ſtraying ſheep brought home?
A wretch ſo long eſtrang'd from thee,
A penitent become?

To ſee my ſtubborn heart ſubmit,
Thy ſov'reign rights to own?
Imploring mercy at thy feet,
And yielding thee thy throne?

To ſee my ſoul obtain releaſe,
From all its guilt and chains:
And my Redeemer's blood give eaſe,
To all my inward pains?

To ſee me ſnatch'd from hell and woe,
And made an heir of bliſs?
Whilſt angels their glad wonder ſhow,
At ſuch a change as this?
And ſhall I not with thee rejoice,
And all thine hoſts on high?
Oh! tune my tongue, and fit my voice,
To this ſweet melody.
Let my glad heart its tribute pay,
Of higheſt thanks to thee,
Who doſt ſuch matchleſs love diſplay,
In kind concern for me.

XXXI. *Falſe and true Faith.* [Common Metre.

'TIS groſs miſtake to dream of heav'n,
And make a fooliſh boaſt,
Of ſaving faith, and ſin forgiv'n,
Whilſt we are ſlaves to luſt.
Faith muſt with glad ſubjection bow,
To all its ſov'reign's laws:
God will his holineſs avow,
Whilſt pardons he beſtows.
When from our guilt he ſets us free,
He makes us clean within:
Nor could he ſend his Son, to be
The Miniſter of ſin.
Vain are our hopes or high delights,
If faith itſelf be dead:
A vital power alone unites,
To Chriſt our living head.
'Tis faith that purifies the heart,
And kindles holy love:
That to the ſoul will life impart,
And fix its hopes above.

A faith that with prevailing pow'r
Will earth and hell withſtand,
That in the great deciſive hour,
The Saviour will commend.

XXXII. *We have receiv'd the Atonement.*
[Common Metre.

THE *Jewiſh* ſhades are all withdrawn,
And vaniſh'd quite away:
Like pitchy night, or kindling dawn,
Before the blaze of day.

No more devoted beaſts muſt die,
On flaming altars laid:
No more muſt coſtly incenſe fry,
Or blood of bulls be ſhed.

The prieſtly robes are uſeleſs grown,
The office laid aſide:
Since Chriſt to act the prieſt came down,
And for tranſgreſſion dy'd.

And harmleſs beaſts in vain had bled,
And altars ſmoak'd in vain:
Had he not in the ſinner's ſtead
Conſented to be ſlain.

But his rich blood atones for ſin,
And full remiſſion buys:
Our gaſping hopes revive again,
At this great ſacrifice.

Thus by the ſhine of goſpel day,
The former night's diſpell'd:
The antient miſts are clear'd away,
And all the types fulfill'd.

That great atonement we receive,
Which prophets did foretel:
That will from ſenſe of guilt relieve,
Redeem from wrath and hell.

Jeſu

Jeſus, to thee our thanks we owe,
For all this light and love:
Thou ſource of all our hopes below,
And all our bliſs above.

XXXIII. *The* Jewiſh *and* Chriſtian *Prieſthood.*

[Common Metre.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold,
Superior glories far,
Than all the glittering gems of gold,
The *Jewiſh* prieſts did wear.

Bullocks and goats by *them* were ſlain,
To purge from guilt of ſin:
But all ſuch ſacrifice was vain,
To make the conſcience clean.

Thou, by thine own moſt precious blood,
The enmity didſt ſlay;
And from thine heart pour'd out a flood,
To waſh all guilt away.

They for *themſelves* their off'rings brought,
For they were all unclean:
Thou, as a lamb, without a ſpot,
For *our* offence was ſlain.

They on their ſmoaking altars laid,
Each day a ſacrifice:
But that one off'ring *thou* haſt made,
Our utmoſt needs ſupplies.

Thro' many hands *their* prieſthood paſt,
One went, another came:
Thy prieſthood ſhall for ever laſt,
For thou art ſtill the ſame.

Once ev'ry year *their* high-prieſt ſtood
Before the mercy-ſeat,
Not with his own, but others blood,
God's favour to intreat:

But *our* High-prieſt, within the ſkies,
In God's own preſence ſtands,
There ſhews his blood and ſacrifice,
And our diſcharge demands.

Let *Jews* their conſtitution boaſt,
And *their* high-prieſt eſteem:
On *Jeſus* we will fix *our* truſt,
We know no prieſt like him.

XXXIV. *New-Year's Day.* [Common Metre.

AND now, my ſoul, another year
Of my ſhort life is paſt:
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my laſt.

Much of my dubious life is done,
Nor will return again:
And ſwift my paſſing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

Lord, what a fool, a wretch am I,
If one more year is loſt:
If yet beneath thy curſe I lie,
And to thy wrath expos'd!

If I get deeper in arrear,
As life ſtill ſhorter grows!
More diſtant from my God, more near,
To never dying woes!

Awake, my ſoul, with utmoſt care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes, how ſure, how fair?
And what thy chief concern?

Rouſe all the man, thy work is great,
And all the man demands:
Thine head, thine heart, thy breath, thy ſweat,
Thy ſtrength, and both thine hands.

Now

Now a new ſcene of time begins,
Set out therewith for heav'n:
Seek pardon for thy former ſins,
In Chriſt ſo freely giv'n.

Devoutly yield thyſelf to God,
And to his care commend:
And ſtill purſue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt an happy end.

XXXV. *Chriſt a Light to the* Gentiles.

[Common Metre.

OH! 'twas the dawn of heav'nly day,
When Chriſt, the Lord, appear'd:
He chas'd the former night away,
And all the ſhadows clear'd.

We who were once wrapt up in night,
Without a glimpſe of day;
Now ſee the ſource of ſaving light,
His brighteſt beams diſplay.

The goſpel ſhines, and God appears
Great on his throne of grace:
With pitying eyes, attentive ears,
And with a ſmiling face.

To purge our guilt, and ſtop our ſighs,
He ſhews his bleeding ſon:
With humble hope he bids us riſe,
Up to his heav'nly throne.

He points the way which we muſt tread,
To ſhun eternal pains:
And mount where Chriſt, our living head,
In boundleſs glory reigns.

Chriſt! 'tis a name of ſweeteſt ſound,
Diffuſing life and grace:
We'll gladly ſpread his fame around,
And loudly ſing his praiſe.

XXXVI. *The true Way to pleaſe God.* From *Mich.* vi. 6, 7, 8. [Common Metre.

WHerewith ſhall I approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne?
Or how procure his kind regard,
And for my guilt atone?
Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And ſpicy fumes aſcend?
Will theſe my earneſt wiſh ſucceed,
And make my God my friend?
Should thouſand rams in flame expire,
Would theſe his favour buy?
Or oil that ſhould, for holy fire,
Ten thouſand ſtreams ſupply?
With trembling hands, and bleeding heart,
Should I mine offspring ſlay:
Would this atone for my deſert,
And purge my guilt away.
Oh! no, my ſoul, 'twere fruitleſs all,
Such victims bleed in vain:
No fatlings from the field or ſtall,
Such favour can obtain.
None but a dying Saviour's blood,
Will take away my ſin:
And God hath ſhew'd me what is good;
How his good will to win.
To men their rights I muſt allow,
And proofs of kindneſs give:
To him with humble rev'rence bow,
And to his glory live.
Hands that are clean, and hearts ſincere,
He never will deſpiſe:
And cheerful duty he'll prefer
To coſtly ſacrifice.

XXXVII.

XXXVII. *The Erection, Ruin, and Reſtitution of God's Temple in Man.*

[Common Metre.

PRoduc'd at firſt by pow'r divine,
The human nature ſtood:
A ſacred building in deſign,
A dwelling-place for God.

With finiſh'd art the pile was rear'd,
And fitted for its uſe:
Juſt ſymmetry throughout appear'd,
And glory fill'd the houſe.

God ſmil'd in friendly viſits there,
And thus his dwelling bleſt:
And ſolemn acts of praiſe and prayer,
The creature's love expreſt.

But ſin defac'd its form, and broke,
This ſtately ſtructure down:
His ruin'd temple God forſook,
And left it with a frown.

Polluted thus, and thus abhorr'd,
The place in ruins lay:
'Till 'twas again by Chriſt reſtor'd,
His glories to diſplay.

Laid deep in love his building ſtands,
Cemented with his blood:
Work'd all with unpolluted hands,
And fitted up for God.

Here his transforming Spirit dwells,
To beautify the place:
With kindly influence ſin expels,
And ſheds forth life and grace.

Come,

Come, let us to this proper uſe,
Ourſelves devoutly yield:
With us thine habitation chuſe,
Thy temple, Lord, rebuild.
Here let thy Spirit ſtill reſide,
And ſtill diffuſe thy love:
Nor luſt, nor ſin, nor ought beſide,
Provoke thee to remove.

XXXVIII. *Dead to Sin, and alive to God, thro' Chriſt.* [Common Metre.

TOO long, my ſoul, the tyrant ſin,
In me hath kept the throne:
Too long have I a vaſſal been,
To what I now diſown.
With grief and ſhame I now review,
Each former wicked deed:
And ſhall I then my faults renew?
Or in my crimes proceed?
Forbid it, Lord: and thou, my ſoul,
The ſecret thought diſdain;
No, I abjure, and hate them all,
Nor will offend again.
Objects that once gave chief delight,
Are now offenſive grown:
In vain forbidden joys invite,
The vicious taſte is gone.
From luſt withdrawn, and dead to ſin,
My better hopes revive:
Th' immortal pulſe beats high within,
I feel myſelf alive.
Beams of celeſtial light deſcend,
And quite transform my mind:
With wings full ſtretch'd to God I tend,
And leave the world behind.

In

In free ſubmiſſions, low I fall,
Before my Maker's throne:
To him with joy devote my all,
And live for him alone.

Thanks to a *Jeſus*, by his death
Theſe bleſſings I obtain:
And by his Spirit's quick'ning breath,
Die and yet live again.

XXXIX. *All things made for God.*

[Common Metre.

GREAT firſt of Beings! mighty Lord!
Of all this mighty frame!
Produc'd by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.

Soon as thou gav'ſt the high command,
'Twas inſtantly obey'd:
And for thy pleaſure all things ſtand,
Which by thy pow'r were made.

Thy glories ſhine throughout the whole,
Each part reflects thy light:
For thee in courſe the planets roll,
And day ſucceeds to night.

For thee the earth its product yields,
For thee the waters flow:
And various plants adorn the fields,
And trees aſpiring grow.

Unthinking brutes, and ſenſeleſs things,
To thee their homage pay:
Beaſts roar, each bird thy praiſes ſings,
The ſkies thy pow'rs diſplay.

For thee the ſun diſpenſes heat,
And beams of cheering light:
Far diſtant ſtars in order ſet,
Break thro' the ſhades of night.

Whilſt,

Whilſt, in ſuperior glories dreſt,
The angels touch their ſtrings:
Each *ſeraph* with thy favour bleſt,
For thee both lives and ſings.

Let us too, Lord, with zeal purſue
This wiſe and noble end:
That all we think, and all we do,
May to thine honour tend.

XL. *The beſt Remedy againſt the Evils of Life.*

[Common Metre.

OH frail eſtate of human good!
How ſoon the blaze expires?
Our joys are ſhort, our griefs corrode
With fierce and laſting fires.

Perplex'd and pin'd with frequent woes,
We drag our heavy chain:
A blaſt of life thus tireſome grows,
By quick returns of pain.

Fatigu'd with life, we turn our eyes
To death for ſure relief:
But greater horrors there ſurprize,
And urge to ſharper grief.

Nature's too weak the weight to bear;
It ſinks beneath our load:
'Tis faith that muſt our ſtate repair,
And fetch relief from God.

He from the worſt of ills can ſave,
Or under them ſuſtain:
He will our ſaddeſt ſuff'rings wave,
Or bleſs our ſharpeſt pain.

To heav'n he bids us lift our eyes,
The world of living joy·
Freſh pleaſures there for ever riſe,
And pure without alloy.

From

From thence in times of great diſtreſs,
Faith may ſupports derive:
In ſhades of death, the hopes of bliſs
Will keep our ſouls alive.

There faſten, Lord, our hearts and eyes,
By faith and fervent love:
No ills ſhall then our ſouls ſurprize,
And death ſhall harmleſs prove.

XLI. *Patience under the Rebukes of God for Sin.*

[Common Metre.

PEACE, oh my guilty ſoul, forbear:
Complain of God no more:
No more pronounce his ways ſevere,
But rev'rently adore.

Tho' ſmarting fleſh diſlike the rod,
And pains muſt needs diſguſt:
Yet he is ſtill the righteous God;
He cannot be unjuſt.

Haſt thou not broke his holy laws?
And his command refus'd?
Of all thy grief guilt is the cauſe:
'Tis ſin ſhould be accus'd.

Alas! his heavieſt ſtrokes are kind,
With my deſert compar'd:
Ceaſe then complaining, froward mind,
Nor call his treatment hard.

In ſilence his rebukes ſuſtain,
They are thine own deſert:
Thou haſt no reaſon to complain,
And this will eaſe thy ſmart.

XLII. *The delaying Sinner quickened.*

[Common Metre.

AWake, my drowzy ſoul, give ear,
God offers friendſhip ſtill:
Yet may'ſt thou in his favour ſhare,
His fatherly good will.

He bids thee to his ſcepter bend,
And fling thine arms away:
Bids thee in Chriſt become his friend,
And *hear his voice to day.*

Whence is't, my ſoul, that thou ſhould'ſt be
Unwilling to be bleſt!
Get up, for thy ſalvation flee:
This is no time for reſt.

Vengeance hangs o'er my guilty head,
The flaming ſword is drawn:
In law I am already dead,
And doom'd to woes unknown.

And ſhall I trifle on the brink
Of everlaſting woe?
Still loiter, 'till at once I ſink
To pains and fire below?

Now hearken to the call divine,
And ſhun this hov'ring fate:
To morrow may be never mine,
Or it may come too late.

XLIII. *Our Obligations to Chriſt make us Debtors to his Servants.* [Common Metre.

JESUS, my Saviour, and my judge,
Great all in all to me:
Shall I to thine their portion grudge,
Who owe mine all to thee?

Thine

Thine is my all, and yet, dear Lord,
What I expend on thine,
Shall be with large increaſe reſtor'd,
And richly add to mine.

Thou wilt accept as done to thee,
What for thy ſaints is done:
And at the great deciſive day,
Each hearty kindneſs own.

Lord! what a faithleſs wretch were I!
This honour to refuſe!
And to thy ſaints their ſhare deny,
And my great truſt abuſe?

How ſhall I then, my ſentence bear,
Should'ſt thou pronounce, "*Depart?*
But ſhould I, "*Come, thou bleſſed,* hear,
How would it glad mine heart?

Now, gracious Lord, mine heart enlarge,
And open wide mine hand,
That here I may my truſt diſcharge,
And there triumphing ſtand.

XLIV. *A thought of our future Account.*

[Common Metre.

AND muſt we, Lord, both great and ſmall,
Before thy bar appear;
And give a ſtrict account of all
Our truſts and talents here?

Then here let's act the faithful part,
And thy commands fulfill;
With cheerful and with upright heart,
Search and perform thy will.

From thine own word let's gladly learn,
What we ſhould do and be:
And act with juſt, with great concern,
As ſtewards, Lord, to thee.

Oh

Oh may we well our time employ,
And well improve our health:
Well uſe the means that we enjoy,
And well lay out our wealth.
That when we ſhall be call'd upon,
Our laſt account to give:
Thou may'ſt pronounce aloud "*Well done*,
"*Come*, and *for ever live*.

XLV. *No Peace to the Wicked.*

[Common Metre.

IN vain the wicked climb on high,
In vain their heaps increaſe:
No wealth will ſatisfaction buy,
No pow'r procure them peace.
Beſet with guilt they trembling ſtand,
'Midſt all their ſtores and ſtate:
In dread of God's avenging hand,
And their impending fate.
Their names with mighty titles ſwell,
And plenty crowns their board:
But what relief to heirs of hell,
Can ſwelling ſounds afford?
Debauch'd with riotous delight,
Their anguiſh they may drown;
Their doom a while keep out of ſight,
Nor heed their Maker's frown.
But noiſy mirth dethrones the man,
And ruffles all the mind:
Soon the tumultuous blaſt is gone,
But leaves a ſting behind.
And ſhould it laſt the whole extent,
Of life's uncertain leaſe,
Soon will their ſtock of joy be ſpent,
Their anguiſh never ceaſe.

At death their mirth will all expire,
And death comes on apace:
When they muſt ſink to woe and fire,
Beyond the reach of grace.
Sad ſtate! of all on earth the worſt!
And moſt to be abhorr'd!
That I may ne'er be thus accurſt,
Grant me thy peace, O Lord.

XLVI. *Death and its Conſequences.*

[Common Metre.

ROUSE up, my ſoul, the awful day
Is coming ſwiftly on,
When thou muſt leave this houſe of clay,
And fly to worlds unknown.
When thou muſt riſe to realms of light,
Where all the holy dwell:
Or ſink, with all the ſons of night,
To miſery and hell.
Oh! to what region muſt thou go,
Where will thy lot be caſt?
In heav'nly bliſs, or helliſh woe?
When this ſhort life is paſt?
Is Chriſt thy Saviour, God thy God,
And heav'n thy choſen reſt?
Would'ſt thou with them make thine abode,
And there be ever bleſt?
Where all in prompt obedience move,
Glad to perform their parts:
Whilſt holy joy, and heav'nly love,
Tune all their tongues and hearts.
Would ſuch delights, my ſoul, as theſe,
Yield happineſs to thee?
Such work, and ſuch companions pleaſe,
Thro' all eternity?

Or

Or, art thou not bent fully ſtill
  Inferior things to mind?
A rebel to thy Saviour's will,
  And to his beauties blind?
'Tis thy concern thy ſtate to know,
  And that without delay:
And to what regions thou muſt go,
  When thou haſt dropt thy clay.

XLVII. *Duties owing to God.*

[Common Metre.

MY Soul, from all created things
  Withdraw thy weary eyes:
A while ſtretch thine aſpiring wings,
  And paſs the utmoſt ſkies.

Leave far behind each ſhining ſtar,
  And to their Maker ſoar:
Thou'lt meet with boundleſs beauty there,
  There gaze, and there adore.

In him conſummate fulneſs dwells,
  The utmoſt glories ſhine:
Glories that ſhade all beings elſe,
  With ſplendor all divine.

Forget thyſelf, and bowing low,
  His height immenſe admire:
'Till *rev'rence* and *religious awe*
  The *pureſt* thoughts inſpire.

With humble *truſt* diſmiſs thy cares,
  And on his love depend:
To him *commit* all thine affairs,
  To him thyſelf *commend*.

Let high eſteem affection raiſe,
  Devotion warm thy breaſt;
Let *thankful love* excite thy praiſe:
  In him alone be bleſt.

In ſolemn *worſhip* homage pay,
His conſtant help *implore*:
Give thanks for mercies ev'ry day,
And thus ſolicit more.

Without reſerve to him *ſubmit*,
All his *commands* fulfil:
Leave him to judge and do what's fit,
Nor once oppoſe his will.

XLVIII. *Duties owing to Man.*

[Common Metre.

COME now, my ſoul, and kindred own
With ev'ry other man:
Tho' num'rous now the race are grown,
All in one pair began.

Thus near, by birth and blood ally'd,
Is all the human kind:
In ſtricteſt bonds thus cloſely ty'd,
For mutual help deſign'd.

To this deſign ſee thou attend,
Thy Maker's will approve:
To *ev'ry other* act the friend,
And ſhew the pow'r of love.

Let *kind affections* ſooth my heart,
Kind actions ſpeak good will,
Free *help* to all let me impart,
And be *obliging* ſtill.

Let me my paſſions all ſubdue,
Nor *provocation* give:
But *peace* with conſtant zeal purſue,
And inoffenſive live.

To all men let me yield *their right*,
Nor offer any *wrong*:
And render with *ſincere delight*,
What doth to them belong.

Reſpect

Reſpect and *free obedience* ſhew,
Wherever they are due:
With friendly *condeſcenſion* bow
To mine inferiors too.

Thus would I near relation own,
To all the human race:
Love I'll exalt, and ſelf keep down,
By God's aſſiſting grace.

XLIX. *God ſo loved the World, as to give his only-begotten Son,* &c. John iii. 16.
[Common Metre.

'TIS true, my ſoul, however ſtrange!
Doubt this event no more:
The ſaints believe the wondrous change,
The matchleſs love adore.

The *love of God!* how great's the ſound!
His love to ſinful men!
A world in hateful vices drown'd,
Condemn'd to endleſs pain!

Yet lov'd of God! ſurpriſing grace!
And yet there's more behind;
For this condemn'd, revolted race,
Eternal life's deſign'd.

Nor was this wond'rous purchaſe made,
At any vulgar price:
But God the Son our ranſom paid,
And dy'd our ſacrifice.

His death our guilty lives repriev'd,
His blood aton'd for ſin:
Thus were our captive ſouls reliev'd,
Here all our hopes begin.

Thus are we ſav'd from death and hell,
  Thus life and bliſs obtain:
On earth with God our Father dwell,
  And hope in heav'n to reign.

Below like inſtance can't be brought,
  Or thro' the worlds above:
It paſſes all the bounds of thought:
  Thus God alone could love.

And thus he lov'd, my ſoul, 'tis true;
  Doubt thou its truth no more:
But at this flame thy flame renew,
  Believe, approve, adore.

L. *The Sinner yielding at the Conſideration of divine Grace and Patience.*

[Common Metre.

LORD, ſhall ſo vile a wretch as I,
  Continue to rebel?
Slight all thy grace, thy pow'r defy,
  Juſt at the brink of hell?

Too long have I my bliſs withſtood,
  And ſhun'd my Saviour's arms:
Too long have trampled on his blood,
  And ſlighted all his charms.

To all the offers of my Lord
  I've turn'd a ſcornful ear:
His melting calls, his quick'ning word,
  I have refus'd to hear.

And yet his kindled vengeance ſtays,
  Nor do his thunders roar:
He kindly chides my long delays,
  But won't his ſuit give o'er.

And ſhall I ſtill a rebel prove?
And ſtill my bliſs withſtand?
Still ſpurn my Saviour's wondrous love,
And ſcorn his high command.

No, my proud heart, reſiſt no more,
Let ev'ry bar give way:
Thy Saviour to his rights reſtore,
And *hear his voice to day.*

Let ev'ry door be open thrown,
And bid him welcome in:
Bid ev'ry tempter now be gone,
And part with ev'ry ſin.

LI. *God's ſovereign Dominion own'd and ſubmitted to.* [Common Metre.

ALmighty God! thy pow'rful word
From nothing all things brought:
Earth, ſeas, and ſkies, by thee their Lord,
With ſkill divine were wrought.

By thee preſerv'd, the whole remains
A proof of pow'r divine:
And all that this great all contains,
By ſov'reign right is thine.

Thy pleaſure heav'nly hoſts fulfil;
For thee each planet rolls:
Earth, ſun, and ſtars perform thy will;
Thy nod the world controuls.

Thou over all art Lord ſupreme,
All elſe from thee derive:
No being can diſpute this claim,
Or independent live.

To thee, our Lord, we therefore bow,
To thee our all reſign:
Entire to thee ourſelves we vow;
For we are wholly thine.

To thee, and thee alone we'll live,
From other lords withdrawn:
No more to idols homage give,
Nor think ourſelves our own.

Accept what now without reſerve,
We to thy will reſign:
And let thy mighty grace preſerve,
And perfect what is thine.

LII. *Duties of Miniſters, from ſeveral Scriptures. For an Ordination.*

[Common Metre.

AND now all you who have obtain'd
This office from the Lord,
And are by his command ordain'd,
To ſpread his ſaving word:

With faithful and unfainting zeal,
Your ſacred truſt fulfil;
And with integrity reveal
Your maſter's mind and will.

Act under his obſerving eye,
To him yourſelves commend:
Nor utter in his name a lie,
For any ſordid end

Preach not for worldly wealth or gain,
For honour or for fame:
But let his love your ſouls conſtrain,
And raiſe your Saviour's name.

With firm aſſent to truth divine,
The chriſtian doctrines ſpread:
God's wrath to fear and to decline,
A ſtupid world perſuade.

Perſuade the trembling wretch, who lies
Juſt at the brink of hell,
With humble truſt in Chriſt to riſe,
And all his fears diſpel.

The weak confirm, with patience teach
All who the truth would learn:
In ſeaſon, out of ſeaſon preach,
Exhort, reprove, and warn.

To all your flock juſt patterns prove,
And fair examples give,
Of faith, of holineſs and love,
How they muſt ſpeak and live.

Thus when th' Arch-Paſtor ſhall appear,
The laſt important day,
You ſhall a crown of glory wear,
That never fades away.

LIII. *The ſinful Heart overcome by divine Forbearance and Grace.*

[Common Metre.

LORD, 'tis enough, I can withſtand
This mighty love no more:
I bow at laſt to thy command,
And all thy rights reſtore.

Long thou haſt ev'ry various art
Of ſoft endearment try'd,
To melt my hard and ſtony heart,
And cure my ſtubborn pride.

And long have I been blind to all
Thy majeſty and charms:
And deaf to ev'ry heavenly call,
Have ſhun'd my Saviour's arms.

Too long, ah! much too long, dear Lord!
Have I thy rights deny'd:
Thy pure and righteous laws abhorr'd,
And all thy wrath defy'd.

Too long have I thy grace withſtood,
In all its forms diſplay'd:
Too long deſpis'd redeeming blood,
By my vile luſts betray'd.

My fatal folly now I own,
Ah! what a wretch I've been!
At length I fling my weapons down,
And bid farewel to ſin.

Convinc'd, aſham'd, amaz'd, I now
Obey thy gracious call:
To thy command I freely bow,
And offer thee my all.

At laſt, dear lord, my ſtubborn heart,
Is by thy grace ſubdu'd:
Tho' long, in vain, with ev'ry art
Of ſoft endearment woo'd.

LIV. *Prayer for the Britiſh Church and Nation.*
[Common Metre.

SHALL I the *Britiſh* church forget,
And God's own holy hill:
Where he hath fixt his royal ſeat,
And makes his dews diſtil!

No, I'll prefer the bleſt abode,
To ev'ry other place:
Here *Jeſus* ſheds his love abroad,
And ſhews his glorious grace.

Here he his holy will declares,
In ſoft and melting ſounds:
And ſov'reign balſam here prepares,
To all our bleeding wounds.

Here frequent viſits he affords,
To poor and contrite hearts:
Admits them often to his board,
And life to them imparts.

Whilſt by his kind protecting care,
We live exempt from fear:
Nor foreign nor inteſtine war,
Make deſolations here.

Here ever may the goſpel ſhine,
And God vouchſafe to dwell:
Whilſt mighty proofs of love divine,
Both foes and fears diſpel.

Here may his Spirit grace diſpenſe,
And holy life inſpire:
May ſin and ſtrife far off from hence,
With all their train retire.

May peace on balmy wings deſcend,
And bleſs the fav'rite iſle:
May God from threat'ning ills defend,
And on his people ſmile.

In warm requeſts I'll breathe my love,
Nor ſupplication ceaſe:
'Till *Britain*'s God propitious prove,
And grant us laſting peace.

LV. *The Prodigal wandering from his Father's Houſe.* [Common Metre.

HOW proud a thing is ſinful man,
How fooliſh and how vain?
How apt to ſtretch beyond his ſpan?
And all controul diſdain?

Thus did the *Prodigal* of old,
His father's rule deſpiſe:
Reſolv'd he would not be controul'd,
Nor live on his ſupplies.

With

With ſottiſh heart, but haughty air,
His portion he demands:
And ſoon as he obtains his ſhare,
He hies to foreign lands.

Far from his father's check and eye,
The fooliſh wretch retires:
Lays all his wholeſome counſels by,
And feeds his own deſires.

He flings from him with huge diſdain,
Nor would he bear controul:
Yet there gives ev'ry luſt the rein,
And yields them up his ſoul.

He thought it hard to live at eaſe,
Beneath his father's care:
Enough would not the wanton pleaſe,
Nor other children's fare.

He muſt a proper ſtock obtain,
And independent live:
This would alone remove his pain,
And full contentment give.

But ſoon the valu'd ſtock was gone,
In ſottiſh pleaſures ſpent:
His dream of bliſs was ſoon withdrawn,
And he reduc'd to want.

Thus he who ſcorn'd the bread and wine
His father's houſe did yield:
Was forc'd to feed on huſks with ſwine,
Nor could he thus be fill'd.

Thus all who leave the houſe of God,
And hope their ſtate to mend,
Meet want and woe upon the road,
And ruin in the end.

LVI. *The Prodigal making ſerious Reflections on his ſad Condition.* [Common Metre.

LORD! 'tis a wretched ſtate indeed,
A *Prodigal* to be!
In vicious courſes to proceed,
And wander on from thee.

Thoſe who thy family forſake,
From their own bleſſings run:
Themſelves the vileſt vaſſals make,
True liberty to ſhun.

They drudge each lordly luſt to pleaſe,
And its commands fulfil:
Satan their captive minds with eaſe
Bends to his curſed will.

On huſks they feed, or empty air,
Inſtead of wholſome food:
For ſhew, they can ſubmit to bear,
The loſs of ſolid good.

On ruin bent, for endleſs woe
They ev'ry day prepare:
On the pit's brink they thoughtleſs go,
Nor death nor danger fear.

Lord! 'tis a frightful ſtate indeed;
Mine error now I ſee:
Let me no more this way proceed,
But bring me back to thee.

LVI. *The Prodigal humbling himſelf, and making Confeſſion.* [Common Metre.

FAther, the prodigal at laſt
Has ſounded his retreat;
And owning all his follies paſt,
Lies proſtrate at thy feet.

Fa-

Father! how tender is the name!
How ſoft, how ſweet it ſounds!
And yet it covers me with ſhame,
And opens all my wounds.

Father! wilt thou relation own,
To ſuch a wretch as I?
Who have refus'd to be thy ſon,
And left thy family!

Ah! what a monſter have I been?
To turn my back on thee!
And for the low delights of ſin,
From love itſelf to flee!

Nor have I only ſpurn'd thy grace,
I have thy pow'r defy'd:
And broke thy laws before thy face,
With moſt contemptuous pride.

Can I have any room to hope
For any good from thee?
Lord! ſhould'ſt thou give thy vengeance ſcope,
Hell muſt my portion be.

Yet will I hope. Should I deſpair
I cannot live abroad:
My Saviour's merits boundleſs are,
Thou art a pitying God.

If 'tis too much to be a ſon,
Let me a ſervant be:
I wou'd, on any terms, be one
That appertains to thee.

LVII. *The Prodigal reſolving on a Return to his Father's Houſe.* [Common Metre.

MY God! my Father, ſhall I ſtill
In this ſad ſtate remain?
A rebel to thy righteous will,
And doom'd to endleſs pain!

Shall I for ever wander on!
Nor to thine houſe return!
Or till all time and hope are gone,
This needful work adjourn!

Can I be fond of want and woe,
And ſtarve among the ſwine?
When to thy table I might go,
And feaſt on food divine!

Ah! no, at laſt my heart relents:
How ſtupid have I been!
With bitter grief my ſoul laments,
For all my former ſin.

With ev'ry luſt I'll freely part,
Nor will the fav'rite ſpare:
I'll tear each *idol* from my heart,
No ſin ſhall harbour there.

Submiſs I'll throw me at thy feet,
And all thy rights will own:
I'll to thy full command ſubmit,
And place thee on thy throne.

Thou ſhalt my God and guardian be,
My father and my friend:
Myſelf entire I'll yield to thee,
Thy bus'neſs now attend.

This is my ſettled purpoſe, Lord,
And in thy ſtrength ſhall ſtand:
To make it good, thy grace afford,
And lend thine helping hand.

LVIII. *Mock Repentance, and real.*

[Common Metre.

'TIS groſs deceit to think of heav'n,
Or in a Saviour truſt,
And hope thro' him to be forgiv'n,
Whilſt we are ſlaves to luſt.

Should we our wicked deeds repeat,
And ſtill keep ſinning on,
Tho' with *reluctance* and *regret*,
Our luſts ſtill keep the throne.

With bittter cries, and briny tears
Should we our ſins *lament*,
Whilſt yet no change of life appears,
This is not to repent.

We may *confeſs*, and yet retain
Affection for our ſin:
Reſolve to caſt away our chain,
And ſtill be held therein.

Some flagrant faults we may forſake,
And leave the common road:
And yet no thorough converts make,
Nor be brought home to God.

Then we repent, and then alone,
When ev'ry ſin's abhor'd:
When Chriſt's command we gladly own,
And take him for our Lord.

When we forſake each fav'rite luſt,
And each forbidden road:
And with true faith and humble truſt
Give up ourſelves to God.

LIX. *Service of Heaven imitated.*

[Common Metre.

GReat Lord of all, by right ſupreme,
The univerſal King!
Thine empire is the dazzling theme,
That heav'nly people ſing.

Seraphs in low proſtrations lie,
Before thy ſhining throne:
And all the potentates on high,
Thee for their ſov'reign own.

With liſt'ning ear and willing mind,
They hear thy dread commands:
Each, to perform the taſk aſſign'd,
In ready poſture ſtands.

Soon as th' expected charge is giv'n
With winged haſte they fly:
Paſs to the utmoſt bounds of heav'n,
Or leave their native ſky.

Down to our earth they quick deſcend,
Charg'd with mankind's affairs:
With utmoſt care they here attend,
And ſerve ſalvation's heirs.

They think themſelves compleatly bleſt,
If God approves their pains:
No rebel thoughts heaves in one breaſt,
Or in a ſigh complains.

Theſe are the great examples, Lord!
We would with zeal purſue:
Like them we would regard thy word,
And what thou bid'ſt would do.

Breathe heav'nly life on all our ſouls,
And heav'nly love inſpire;
That each rebellious thought controuls,
And warms with holy fire.

We

We too ſhall then, with liſt'ning ear,
Attend thy ſacred will:
With pleaſure each command ſhall hear,
And with delight fulfil.

LX. *God's ſovereign Empire acknowledg'd and ſubmitted to.* [Common Metre.

GReat God, the glorious *King of kings*,
Of *lords* the ſov'reign *Lord*:
Supreme o'er all created things,
By all heaven's hoſt ador'd.

Thrones and dominions humbly wait,
And worſhip round thy throne:
The mighty'ſt earthly potentate
Thine higher pow'r ſhould own.

Thou doſt preſcribe without controul,
Whate'r thou judgeſt fit:
Each heav'nly mind and human ſoul,
Muſt to thy will ſubmit.

Lord, what ſhould limit thy command,
When *nothing* heard thy call?
Or who thy ſov'reign rule withſtand,
Who form'dſt this *mighty all*.

Ah! what a rebel have I been!
How oft thy laws tranſgreſs'd?
My grief, for my provoking ſin,
Is not to be expreſs'd.

Forgive me, Lord! I'll never more,
As I have done, offend:
I'll all thy ſacred rights reſtore,
And all thy laws commend.

In glad ſubjection now I fall,
Before thine awful throne:
My heart, my mouth, my life, my all,
Thy ſov'reign rule ſhall own.

I'll

I'll not a ſingle thought allow,
That contradicts thy will:
In all I ſpeak, in all I do,
I'll be obedient ſtill.

Thus would I act; but, Lord, from thee
The pow'r to act muſt flow:
Breathe life celeſtial into me,
And all the wheels will go.

LXI. *The Power of Grace above the Law.*

[Common Metre.

'TIS not the terror of the law,
Will drive the ſinner home:
Till grace with mightier charms ſhall draw,
The wretch will never come.

Vengeance denounc'd, the heart may ſhake,
But can't the ſtone remove:
But grace will deep impreſſions make,
And ſoften it to love.

Lord, I would feel my heavy load,
Of guilt, and want, and woe:
I ſhake to think the Almighty God
Should be mine angry foe.

But oh! how would it eaſe my ſmart,
If God would be my friend!
Such grace would quite ſubdue my heart,
And make the rebel bend,

This grace, my God, in all its charms,
Before mine eyes diſplay:
Open to me the Father's arms,
And ſmile my fears away.

Shew thou art ready to forgive,
And own me for a ſon:
This will my breaking heart relieve,
And quite diſſolve the ſtone.

LXII. *Inconſiſtency of Sin with a Chriſtian Profeſſion.* [Common Metre.

JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
My life and ſacrifice:
My hopes, deep founded in thy blood,
Reach far above the ſkies.

Up to the higheſt heav'ns they ſoar,
Where round thy dazling throne,
Seraphs lie proſtrate, and adore,
And thee their Sovereign own,

Thou haſt thoſe happy ſeats poſſeſs'd,
Both for thyſelf and thine:
There all thy follow'rs ſhall be bleſs'd,
And in thy glory ſhine.

Amongſt theſe follow'rs, Lord, am I,
Thy glorious name I bear:
My hopes lift up my ſoul on high,
And fix my manſion there.

But ſhall I own thine awful name,
And yet oppoſe thy will?
A ſubject's higheſt priv'lege claim,
Yet act the rebel ſtill?

Forbid it, Lord! no, I abhor
The baſe and trait'rous thought:
I own thine ancient right and pow'r,
And what thy blood hath bought.

To thee I'll ever ſubject live,
And all thy laws approve:
The fulleſt homage freely give,
And proofs of loyal love.

Thus ſhall my heav'nly hopes begin,
Thus I'll my hopes maintain:
Nor once expect in ways of ſin,
Eternal life to gain.

LXIII. *Chriſt's Call.* Matth. xi. 28, &c.

[Common Metre.

HARK how a gracious Saviour calls,
To all with guilt oppreſt;
" Come, heavy laden, weary ſouls,
" And I will give you reſt.

" Lay all your ſinking load on me,
" I can the burden bear:
" My blood your guilty ſouls ſhall free,
" Your drooping minds ſhall chear.

" This will the wrath of God appeaſe,
" All his demands 'twill pay:
" 'Twill all your inward anguiſh eaſe,
" And waſh your guilt away.

" But you muſt my diſciples be,
" And take my doctrine in:
" With humble mind muſt learn of me,
" And loath and leave your ſin.

" Like me you lowly muſt become,
" And all your paſſions tame:
" If you would reach the heav'nly home,
" And not reproach my name.

" Your necks you freely muſt ſubmit,
" And patient bear my yoke:
" Think all my laws and meaſures fit,
" Nor once the choice revoke.

" Nor are my terms, believe me, hard,
" I call you to be bleſt:
" Come, but with lowly minds prepar'd,
" And here you'll meet with reſt.

" My yoke will neither gaul nor pain,
" But ſoft and eaſy prove:
" The hardeſt laws that I enjoin,
" Are all fulfill'd by love.

" You

" You ſhall with no ſuch load be try'd,
" As will ſurpaſs your might:
" Or needful ſtrength ſhall be ſupply'd,
" To make your burden light."

LXIV. *Future Judgment a Reſtraint on youthful Luſts*, Eccl. xi. 9, 10. [Common Metre.

YE thoughtleſs ſinners, vain and young,
Indulge your youthful fire:
Your wanton eyes, unbridled tongue,
And every looſe deſire.

Taſte all the pleaſures you approve,
And act without controul:
Range all the paths of lawleſs love,
To feaſt a ſenſual ſoul.

In trifling mirth conſume the day,
All ſerious thoughts decline:
And melt the tedious night away,
In wantonneſs or wine.

Shake off each intermedling fear,
That would your luſt reſtrain:
Laugh at the thought of dangers near,
And count the terror vain.

But know, your judge with piercing eye
Marks all your ſins and faults:
E'er long he'll all your actions try,
And ſearch your ſecret thoughts.

What deeds you have in darkneſs done,
To ſhun reproach and ſhame,
He will expoſe before the ſun,
And to the world proclaim.

How will you bear his wrathful frown,
Or your ſad ſentence hear?
Oh let the thought now melt you down;
To good advice give ear. Renounce

Renounce each dear and pleaſing vice,
Each looſer air lay by:
Grow ſerious, ſober, chaſte and wiſe,
And mind the things on high:
Then when your righteous judge ſhall come,
In all his glories dreſt,
You may ſerenely wait your doom,
And hear him call you bleſt.

LXV. *The Goſpel Invitation from* Iſai. lv. 1, 2, 3.
[Common Metre.

LET ev'ry mortal man give ear,
To mercy's melting voice:
Whilſt *Jeſus* calls, attentive hear,
And let your hearts rejoice.
" Come hither, ev'ry ſtarving mind,
The pitying Saviour cries:
" All who have fed on empty wind,
" Or ſurfeited on vice.
" Come ev'ry ſoul that pants for bliſs,
" But wants wherewith to buy:
" Come hither, you can never miſs
" A free and full ſupply.
" Why ſhould you waſte your ſtrength in vain,
" Work on, and hunger ſtill?
" Will ſenſual mirth or worldly gain,
" A mind immortal fill?
" Oh from the fruitleſs chace retire,
" Come hither and be bleſt:
" Here you may fully ſate deſire,
" And at free coſt may feaſt.
" Hearken to me, you'll be ſupply'd
" With ev'ry thing that's good:
" Your ſouls be fully ſatisfy'd,
" With moſt delicious food.

" Here

" Here milky currents, mixt with wine,
" For ever riſing, flow:
" 'Till (fed by ſprings of grace divine,)
" They to an ocean grow.

" Come, without money you may buy;
" Incline your ear to me:
" Hear, and your ſouls ſhall never die,
" But ever bleſt ſhall be."

My ſtreaming blood ſhall waſh away,
The guilt of former ſin:
My Spirit, with enliv'ning ray,
Shall kindle life within.

I'll be your life, your food, your hope,
Your covert and your guard:
Your guide, your pattern, and your prop,
And then your rich reward.

LXVI. *The Prodigal's Admiration and Praiſe, upon his being taken again into the Family of God.*

[Common Metre.

LORD! what an happy change is this!
What! all my ſins forgiven!
Am I a candidate for bliſs!
A joyful heir of heav'n!

Will God the hateful rebel own!
And meet me with a ſmile!
With tender love embrace his ſon!
And treat me as a child!

[How far doth this my merit paſs!
My higheſt hopes exceed:
'Tis all the pure effect of grace,
Of glorious grace indeed.

I had renounc'd thy favour, Lord,
And caſt away thy fear:
My heart thy kind command abhorr'd,
Nor would I truſt thy care:
And ſhouldſt thou entertain me now,
With frowns or with diſdain;
When want and woe have made me bow,
And brought me home again,
It were but juſt. I muſt approve
This conduct, Lord, in thee:
But 'tis a glorious ſcene of love,
Lies open now to me.
No frowns prohibit my acceſs,
And ſcare my trembling ſoul:
But friendly ſmiles my heart refreſh,
And every fear controul.]
Delight, and love, and glad ſurprize,
Bear my whole ſoul away:
To thee, her God fain would ſhe riſe,
Her joyful thanks to pay.
Thy grace ſhall be the deareſt theme,
That e'er my thoughts employs:
This my devotion ſhall inflame,
And feed my fav'rite joys.
Here would I breathe in humble ſtrains,
My gratitude and praiſe:
Till on the vaſt celeſtial plains
I higher notes ſhall raiſe.

LXVI. *Living and dying to the Lord, from* Rom. xiv. 8. [Common Metre.

TO whom, dear *Jeſus*, ſhould I live?
To whom but thee alone?
Thou didſt at firſt my being give,
And I am all thine own.

When

When ſin had made my ſtate far worſe,
Than if I ne'er had been:
Thou didſt for me become a curſe,
And ſuffer for my ſin.

To whom ſhould I, dear Lord, but thee,
Yield up my parting breath?
Who haſt by dying ranſom'd me,
And triumph'd over death.

To thee I'll then myſelf devote,
My life and all my pow'rs;
Each warm affection, buſy thought,
And all my paſſing hours.

I'll yield myſelf to thy command;
Thy work I'll gladly do:
Thy foes with hearty zeal withſtand:
Thy glory ſtill purſue.

Thus, Lord! to live, is life indeed,
To boundleſs life the road:
It will my choiceſt pleaſures feed,
And lighten ev'ry load.

Thus would I live, that I may taſte
Celeſtial joys below:
Live here, that I may live at laſt,
Where riches boundleſs flow.

Thus would I live, that I might dare
To die at thy command:
Paſs death's dark vale exempt from fear,
And reach the promis'd land.

Lord, all my life I would be thine,
Thine till my lateſt breath,
Then leave mortality behind,
And find true life by death.

LXVII. *The penitent Prodigal, and the forgiving Father.* [Common Metre.

LOOK on, my ſoul, with glad ſurpriſe,
This moving ſcene ſurvey:
From all things elſe call off thine eyes,
Here let them fix and ſtay.

Lo there that wretch the wand'ring ſon,
Forc'd home by ſore diſtreſs:
Hear him his diſmal ſtate bemoan,
His horrid faults confeſs.

Low at his father's feet he lies,
Oppreſt with ſhame and fears:
With breaking heart, and downcaſt eyes,
And cheeks bedew'd with tears.

Scarce any dawn of hope breaks in,
To chear his gloomy mind:
Charg'd with the guilt of ſo much ſin,
How ſhould he favour find!

But now in all its pow'rful charms,
See grace divine appear:
His father takes him to his arms,
And ſcatters ev'ry fear.

With melting ſpeech, and ſmiling face,
He bids him welcome home:
Then graſps him in a dear embrace,
Glad he at laſt was come.

"Go let the fatted calf be kill'd,
He in a tranſport cries:
"Let all the houſe with mirth be fill'd,
"With feaſting and with joys.

"For my dead ſon now lives anew,
"Behold him ſafe and ſound:
"He that was loſt to me and you,
"Again you ſee is found."

LXVIII. *I am my Beloved's.* Cant. vii. 10.
[Common Metre.

JESUS, to thee I yield my all:
Thou my Redeemer art;
The beſt lov'd object of my ſoul,
And ſov'reign of my heart.

I can't withſtand, thy love conſtrains,
And ſeizes all my ſoul:
Within the mighty paſſion reigns,
Nor will it bear controul.

'Tis love to ſtrong devotion grown,
Affection all divine:
Myſelf no longer is mine own,
Nor any thing that's mine.

The whole is to thy will reſign'd:
Thou art my love and Lord:
My life, my ſtrength, my heart, my mind,
Mine's all to thee reſtor'd.

Command, on wings of love I'll fly
To do thy holy will:
With ev'ry precept I'll comply,
And ev'ry charge fulfil.

For thee I'll all I have poſſeſs,
And all I have employ:
What beſt will my beloved pleaſe,
Will moſt improve my joy.

For thee I'll every thing forego,
And count my loſs a gain:
For thee I'll ſuffer want or woe,
And pleaſure find in pain.

For thee I'll any danger dare,
And ruſh on any harm;
The power of love will conquer fear,
And ev'ry foe diſarm.

For

For thee I'll fearleſs meet my death,
And lay me in a grave:
And with my laſt expiring breath,
The *King of terrors* brave.

Yes, love can act this glorious part,
So vig'rous is its fire:
Lord, ſhed abundance on my heart,
And, what thou wilt, require.

LXIX. *The Frailty of human Life, from* Pſal. xc. 2, 3, 5, 6, 9, 12. [Common Metre.

E'RE earth was form'd, or hills were ſeen,
Or heav'n was ſtretch'd abroad:
From everlaſting thou haſt been,
And art for ever God.

But, Lord, how ſhort a life is ours!
How languid is its flame?
How feeble all our boaſted pow'rs!
And frail our mortal frame?

To an entail of ſorrow born,
We leave at firſt the womb:
And quickly muſt to duſt return,
Nor can we 'ſcape the doom.

Swift as the ruſh of ſudden ſtreams,
Our time is hurry'd on:
Or like the airy forms in dreams,
Which e're we think are gone.

Like flow'rs which verdant meadows crown,
'Man in the morning blooms:
But withers, dies, and is cut down
Before the evening comes.

Juſt like a thought, a breath, a ſigh,
Or an unheeded tale,
Away our haſty minutes fly,
Nor can we them recall.

So

So teach us, Lord, to count our days,
And know how faſt they fly,
That we to learn true wiſdom's ways,
May all our minds apply:
That we may fix our hopes above,
And for our change prepare;
Quick towards thee our reſt may move,
And mind our grand affair.
Then let our minutes mend their pace:
We ſooner ſhall be bleſt:
The ſooner end our weary race,
And mount to heav'nly reſt.

LXX. *Bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord.*
Rev. xiv. 18. [Common Metre.

HARK! from on high a chearing voice!
Lend all a liſt'ning ear:
'Twill make each pious heart rejoice,
And vanquiſh ev'ry fear.
" Write, henceforth, bleſſed are the dead
" That in the Lord ſhall die:
" Their weary fleſh, as on a bed,
" Soft in the grave ſhall lie.
" Whilſt their glad ſouls, at laſt releaſt,
" To heav'n ſhall take their flight;
" There to enjoy eternal reſt,
" And infinite delight.
" They'll drop each load as they aſcend,
" And bid farewel to woe:
" Their labours with their lives ſhall end,
" Their reſt no period know.
" They'll drudge no more for daily bread,
" No more of ſin complain,
" No more be pinch'd with any need,
" Nor griev'd with any pain:

" Their conflicts there with buſy foes,
" For evermore ſhall ceaſe:
" None ſhall their pleaſing work oppoſe,
" Or once diſturb their peace.

" But vaſt rewards ſhall recompence,
" Their hearty ſervice here:
" And perfect love ſhall baniſh thence
" All diffidence and fear.

" Nay there their very work ſhall pleaſe,
" And duty yield them joy:
" Their ſervice feed their bliſs and eaſe,
" And never tire nor cloy.

LXXI. *Joy in Heaven and on Earth at the Converſion of a Sinner.* [Common Metre.

OH! 'tis a dear delightful ſight!
'Twill glad both earth and heav'n,
To ſee the ſinful heart contrite,
And meet to be forgiv'n.

God ſmiles to ſee a wretch, undone,
To happy ſtate reſtor'd:
Meets gladly his returning ſon,
And takes him to his board.

Pleas'd he reſumes paternal right,
To gentle rule inclin'd;
Blots out all paſt offences quite,
Nor bears one fault in mind.

Whilſt Jeſus with delighted eyes,
Beholds his promis'd ſeed;
Sees from his death new triumphs riſe
His future hopes to feed.

The ſpirit too, with joy ſurveys
The conqueſt he hath won:
Beholds, by his victorious grace,
The rebel made a ſon.

And all the heavenly hoſts on high,
Applaud the joy divine:
Strike up in chearful harmony,
And in the pleaſure join.

Saints too below, with ſweet accord,
Join here with them above:
Speak true devotion to their Lord,
And right fraternal love.

Oh! 'tis a ſcene of ſpreading mirth,
When ſinners are forgiven:
It glads the hearts of ſaints on earth,
And tunes the harps of heav'n.

LXXII. *The Inhabitant of* Zion *deſcribed*; *or*, Pſalm xv. [Common Metre.

WHAT man ſhall be a welcome gueſt,
Within thy courts, O God?
Who on the hill by thee poſſeſt,
Shall fix his bleſt abode?

'Tis he whoſe acts are fair and juſt,
As well as his pretence;
Whoſe words one may ſecurely truſt,
They ſpeak his real ſenſe.

Who never, with miſchievous ſpite,
Will wound his neighbour's fame:
Nor with reproaches take delight
To blot another's name.

Who honours all who fear the Lord,
But treats the vile with ſcorn:
To his own damage keeps his word,
Nor once will be forſworn.

Who never will his wealth augment,
By griping uſury;
Be brib'd to hurt the innocent,
Or ſet the guilty free.

Whoever thus ſhall perſevere,
God's favour will inſure;
May welcome to his houſe repair,
And there remain ſecure.

LXXIII. *Who welcome at God's Houſe.* Pſal. xxiv. 3, 4, 5, 6. [Common Metre.

WHO ſhall aſcend God's holy mount,
And to his houſe repair,
Or who be thought, in his account,
Fit to inhabit there?
Such as from wicked facts abſtain,
And guilty thoughts abjure:
Whoſe hands no foul tranſgreſſions ſtain,
Whoſe very hearts are pure:
Who never did by oaths betray,
Or hurt the innocent:
Whoſe truſty tongues abhor to ſay
The thing they never meant.
Such may the fav'rite hill aſcend,
And enter this abode;
With conſtant welcome there attend,
And meet a ſmiling God.
Such ſeek the God of *Jacob*'s face,
Before him glad appear:
Whilſt minds impure avoid the place,
Or find no pleaſure there.
Lord, I would be a welcome gueſt,
At this thine holy place:
There would I ſeek for joy and reſt,
And ſee thy ſmiling face.
Oh cleanſe my heart, my tongue, my hands,
From guilt and ev'ry ſtain:
Bow my whole ſoul to thy commands,
Make me all pure and clean.

Then

Then lead me to thine holy hill,
To taſte the pleaſures there:
That I may heav'nly raptures feel,
And feaſt on heav'nly fare.

LXXIV. *The Offices of our Redeemer.*

[Common Metre.

DEAR Jeſus, we thy name adore,
Our *Prophet*, *Prieſt*, and *King:*
We own thy truth, revere thy pow'r,
And thy ſalvation ſing.

Thou, the great *Prophet* of the Lord,
Doſt heav'nly doctrines preach:
And by thy ſpirit and thy word,
All needful wiſdom teach.

Thou art both *Prieſt* and ſacrifice,
To wath us with thy blood,
To ſtand for us within the ſkies,
And urge this plea with God.

Thou art our *King*, we own thy right,
To rule us by thy laws:
Subdue our hearts by ſaving might,
And guard us from our foes.

[To thine inſtruction, gracious Lord,
We now ourſelves reſign:
And from thy pure and heav'nly word,
Would learn the will divine.

To that rich blood which thou haſt ſhed
We for redemption fly:
On our behalf thy merit plead,
And juſtice will comply.

Nor would we pardon, Lord, expect,
Or heav'n e'er hope to win,
Whilſt we thy rightful rule reject,
And ſtill perſiſt in ſin.

Oh! no, we own thy ſov'reign ſway,
And bow to thy command:
We'll all thy holy laws obey,
And all thy foes withſtand.

We will (but thou muſt ſtrength impart)
This purpoſe cloſe purſue:
Oh! by thy Spirit in each heart
Work thou to will and do.

Thus, Lord, our ſtreighten'd ſouls enlarge,
And we ſhall ready ſtand,
With pleaſure to receive thy charge,
And run at thy command.]

By thee we ever would be taught,
And learn thy doctrine well:
And be to glad ſubjection brought,
As well as ſav'd from hell.

Thus would we honour thee our Lord,
Our *Prophet*, *Prieſt*, and *King*:
Obey thy laws, conſult thy word,
And thy ſalvation ſing.

LXXV. *Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? And there is none upon Earth I deſire beſides Thee.* Pſal. lxxiii. 25. [Common Metre.

MY God, my glory, and my love,
Of all my bliſs the ſpring;
For thee I'd part with all above,
And every earthly thing.

Heav'n were a waſte deſerted place,
If God ſhould diſappear:
Or ſhould'ſt thou hide thy glorious face,
'Twould be thick darkneſs there.

In

In vain the *ſeraphim* would try
My paſſion to excite:
Their borrow'd ſplendors fade and die,
As God withdraws his light.

But as for meaner things below,
I all their charms diſdain:
In vain their brighteſt form they ſhew,
And tempt mine heart in vain.

Should I this ſpacious earth poſſeſs,
And all the ſpreading ſkies,
They never would my thirſt appeaſe,
Or yield me full ſupplies.

Without my God with all this ſtore,
I ſhould be pining ſtill:
With thirſt inſatiate crave for more,
And never have my fill.

But when my ſoul's of God poſſeſt,
What can I wiſh for more!
Here it will ever fix its reſt,
And give all wand'ring o'er.

I'd part with heav'n, and earth, and ſeas,
Were all at my command,
For the dear viſion of his face,
And joys at his right hand.

LXXVI. *He that loveth Me, ſhall be loved of my Father, and I will love Him.* John xiv. 21.

[Common Metre:

AND can I, Lord, forbear to love,
And ſtill avoid thine arms?
Will my dull heart ſtill ſtupid prove,
And blind to all thy charms!

What! if I love thee, wilt thou, Lord,
The worthleſs flame approve!
Nay more, a kind return afford,
And give me love for love!

Wilt thou, before whoſe awful throne
Th' archangels proſtrate lie,
A worm for thy beloved own,
So mean a thing as I!

What! ſhall I be belov'd of God!
'Tis quinteſſence of bliſs:
And ſhall I ſtill cling to a clod,
And ſpurn ſuch grace as this?

Oh! no, my icy heart at laſt,
Begins to thaw and warm,
Laments itſelf for dulneſs paſt,
And gladly would reform.

Lord, let thy love its charms diſplay,
It's kindly pow'r exert:
Take all remaining chill away,
And kindle my whole heart.

LXXVII. *All ye that love the Lord, hate evil.*
Pſal. xcvii. 10. [Common Metre.

YES, ſin, the monſter ſin, muſt be,
By ev'ry one abhor'd,
Who would expreſs reſpect for thee,
Or true affection, Lord.

With enmity profeſt, it ſtands,
And all thy pow'r defies:
Inveighs againſt thy juſt commands,
Thy ſov'reign rights denies.

Nor can its full and boundleſs ſpite
Be ſoften'd or ſubdu'd;
Were it poſſeſt of equal might,
'Twould ruin all that's good.

And can I love thee, Lord, and yet
  Reſentment here refrain?
Or what thou muſt for ever hate,
  With pleaſure entertain?

Oh! no, with conſtant hatred now
  I'll every ſin purſue:
Henceforth perpetual war I vow,
  Nor will the truce renew.

With my offending hand I'll part,
  Pluck out my very eyes:
I'll tear each idol from mine heart,
  Nor ſpare a darling vice.

Thus proofs of loyal love I'll give,
  Reſiſting ſin to blood,
And ever at defiance live,
  With what offends my God.

LXXVIII. *To them that received him, he gave Power to become the Sons of God.* John i. 12.

[Common Metre.

OH! what a fund of hope is here
  For ev'ry ſinful ſoul!
Here's news the drooping heart to cheer,
  And make the wounded whole,

All who in Jeſus Chriſt believe,
  And leave their former road,
From him ſhall certain pow'r receive
  To be the Sons of God.

His Father will allow the name,
  The dear relation own,
And give to each a right to claim
  The treatment of a ſon.

He'll love them with affection dear,
For their ſupply provide:
He of their ſafety will take care,
And be the conſtant guide.

Sometimes, but with a gentle hand,
He'll for their faults chaſtiſe,
To bend their hearts to his command,
And make them truly wiſe.

Below he'll make them meet for bliſs,
And then to heav'n convey,
Where pleaſure in perfection is
And never fades away.

Oh happy ſtate! Lord, I would fain
This bleſſed pow'r receive:
Let me the earneſt wiſh obtain,
And *help me to believe.*

LXXIX. *Want of Love to God lamented.*

[Common Metre.

LORD, what a ſtupid heart is mine,
How heavy here it lies!
Not all the charms of love divine
Will make it ſtir or riſe.

That love by all the heav'nly choir
With conſtant rapture ſung,
Will ſcarce one tuneful thought inſpire,
Or once unlooſe my tongue.

Shame and reproach! what had I, Lord,
My pow'r to love from thee?
My forfeit life haſt thou reſtor'd,
And ſav'd and ranſom'd me.

Haſt thou redeem'd at coſt immenſe,
My wretched ſoul from woe?
My God aton'd for my offence,
His great good-will to ſhow.

And yet this ſtupid heart of mine,
Be void of love to thee?
Unmov'd with all this love of thine,
Surprizing love to me!

This fatal chill, dear God remove,
A better mind inſpire:
Warm my whole ſoul with holy love,
And ſtill maintain the fire.

LXXX. *The Goodneſs of God appearing in the whole Frame of Nature, an Argument to praiſe and love him.*

[Common Metre.

LORD, thou art good: all nature ſhews
Thee full, and free, and kind:
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Nor can it be confin'd.

The whole and ev'ry part proclaims
Unlimited good-will:
It ſhines in ſtars, and flows in ſtreams,
And broods on ev'ry hill.

It ſpreads through all the ſpreading main,
And heav'ns which ſpread more wide:
It drops in ev'ry ſhow'r of rain,
And rolls on ev'ry tide.

This makes the heav'nly people ſing,
And fills their hearts with mirth:
Supplies and comforts ev'ry thing,
That lives and moves on earth.

Still hath it been diffus'd and free,
Thro' ages paſt and gone;
Nor ever can exhauſted be,
But ſtill keeps flowing on.

Still

Still on this all it pours ſupplies,
  Spreads joy thro' ev'ry part:
Lord, let ſuch goodneſs draw mine eyes,
  And captivate my heart.
Let it high admiration raiſe,
  And ſtrong affection move:
Employ my tongue in ſongs of praiſe,
  And fill mine heart with love.

LXXXI. *Love to God teſtified by Reſolutions of Duty and Obedience.* [Common Metre.

YES, Lord, I'll act the loyal part,
  And thy commands obey:
And love ſhall bend my captive heart,
  To thine imperial ſway.
I'll make it now my great concern,
  To know and do thy will:
Thy pleaſure with delight I'll learn,
  And be complying ſtill.
Thy holy word a rule I'll make,
  In ev'ry thing I do:
In all I think, or act, or ſpeak,
  Its orders cloſe purſue.
Nor will I duty more decline,
  Nor any danger dread:
But thro' the pow'r of love divine,
  Bold in this courſe proceed.
I'll face my foe, his force withſtand,
  And tread the tempter down:
And ſtill the work and war attend,
  'Till I obtain the crown.
This will ſincere affection ſhew,
  Love that will bear the teſt.
All elſe is mere pretence I know,
  Diſſembled love at beſt.

LXXXII. *Prepoſterous Love and Indifference.*

[Common Metre.

MY God, I muſt my fault confeſs,
A fool, a wretch, am I:
In cloſe purſuit of happineſs,
From mine own bliſs to fly.

Yet my fond heart, with fierce deſire,
Has vanity purſu'd:
Here I have felt me all on fire,
And laviſh'd ſweat and blood.

But ah! how cold and languid, Lord,
Have mine endeavours been!
To get my heart with graces ſtor'd,
Or purify'd from ſin?

To get my ſpirits clean and dreſt,
For heav'nly ſeats above:
Or have it here on earth poſſeſt,
And warm'd with heav'nly love?

Prepoſt'rous courſe! with heat and zeal,
Mere phantoms to purſue:
And all this while indifferent feel,
Where all my flame is due.

Lord, ſend thy Spirit from above,
And all my ſoul refine:
Set proper bounds to other love,
But heighten what's divine.

LXXXIII. *Devotion to a Redeemer.*

[Common Metre.

JESUS, to thee I yield mine all,
Thou my Redeemer art:
The beſt lov'd object of my ſoul,
And ſov'reign of mine heart.

I can't reſiſt. Thy love conſtrains,
And ſeizes all my ſoul:
Within the mighty paſſion reigns,
Nor will it bear controul.

'Tis love to ſtrong devotion grown,
Affection all divine:
Myſelf no longer is mine own,
Nor any thing that's mine.

For thee, I'll all I have poſſeſs,
For thee and thine employ:
What beſt will my beloved pleaſe,
Will moſt improve my joy.

I have no int'reſt now but thine,
All elſe I freely quit:
My gaudieſt honours I reſign,
And lay them at thy feet.

Delighted now I part with all,
The groſs delights of ſenſe:
Pleaſure that once engroſt my ſoul,
I chaſe with pleaſure thence.

'Tis my ambition now to pleaſe,
My deareſt love and Lord:
This to my mind will conſtant eaſe,
With joy and bliſs afford.

Vouchſafe but to accept my love,
And ſhew it with a ſmile:
Ev'n pain will then a pleaſure prove,
And eaſy all my toil.

LXXXIV. *The common Goodneſs of God to Mankind a Motive to love him.* [Common Metre.

IN ev'ry part of this great all,
Thy bounty, Lord, is ſhewn:
It overflows this earthly ball,
And ſpreads to worlds unknown.

It

It ſhines in brighteſt form above,
Where all the bleſt reſide:
By thee the ſpring of life and love,
With boundleſs bliſs ſupply'd.

Nor can the heav'ns extenſive bounds,
Thy goodneſs, Lord, confine:
Thro' all the world its fame reſounds,
Earth ſhares in love divine.

But above all thy works below,
Thy creature man is bleſt:
He ſtands, thy great good-will to ſhew,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.

O'er all inferior things he reigns,
By thine appointment, Lord:
And land and ſea, and hills and plains,
For him are richly ſtor'd.

With comely form his body's grac'd,
Though for a ſhell deſign'd:
But, Lord! how much is this ſurpaſs'd,
By his indwelling mind!

There have his nobler pow'rs their ſeat,
Which fit him to be bleſt:
To find in God a fund compleat
Of happineſs and reſt.

Surprizing love and goodneſs, Lord,
That claims our higheſt praiſe:
For ever let it be ador'd,
And holy wonder raiſe.

LXXXV. *God to be loved for his condescending Grace and Favours.* [Common Metre.

LORD, at what high a rate doſt thou
My worthleſs paſſion prize?
To what ſurprizing height allow
My humble hopes to riſe? What

What if I love thee, Lord? I owe
Far more than I can pay,
Should all my ſoul in rapture flow,
And melt itſelf away.

But wilt thou with a ſmiling face,
My languid flame approve?
My ſoul with kind endearments bleſs,
And thus requite my love?

Will he who ſits enthron'd on high,
And dwells in dazzling light,
Converſe with ſuch a thing as I,
And make me his delight!

At all times grant me free acceſs,
And to my pray'rs attend!
To me the tendereſt love expreſs,
And ever act the friend!

With bounteous heart and liberal hand,
Will he my wants ſupply:
For my defence ſtill ready ſtand,
To put all dangers by?

Will he ſupport my ſinking ſoul,
When heavy burdens preſs:
My buſy foes and fears controul,
And help in all diſtreſs?

Nor only thus expreſs his love,
Whilſt I continue here:
But lift my hopes to heav'n above,
And perfect friendſhip there.

What fit returns, dear Lord, can I
For ſuch affection make?
Oh! with new pow'rs my ſoul ſupply,
And all its old awake.

Fain would I love thee, Lord, and feed
The dear, the heav'nly fire:
Here my devotion can't exceed,
But ever may aſpire.

LXXXVI. *Herein the Love of God was manifeſted.*
1 John iv. 19. [Common Metre.

YES, here is love, with dear ſurprize!
Oh! let it ſeize my ſoul:
Attract and fix my wandring eyes,
And ev'ry pow'r controul.

Strange ſtoop indeed, that God ſhould dwell
In human form below!
And die to ſave mankind from hell,
And everlaſting woe.

Lord! what is man, that thou ſhould'ſt love
At ſuch a rate as this:
And thus his load of guilt remove,
And lift him up to bliſs?

Would God by his own death redeem
A rebel doom'd to die?
And with his precious blood for him,
Life everlaſting buy?

Man for the deareſt of his friends,
Would hardly yield his breath:
But God his love to foes commends,
By this ſurpriſing death.

'Tis love, 'tis glorious love indeed,
And without parallel:
Great! but how great! doth far exceed
The pow'r of ſpeech to tell.

Oh! let this ſtoop of peerleſs grace,
Mine admiration move:
Engage my heart, excite my praiſe,
And turn me all to love.

LXXXVII. *The Soul chuſing God as its beſt Beloved, and centering in him.* [Common Metre.

GReat ſource of beauty, life and light
Of beings firſt and beſt:
I would to thee direct my flight,
There to be rich and bleſt.

Thy Majeſty my mind will awe,
But give it dear ſurprize:
Whilſt all thy radiant beauties draw,
Engage, and feaſt mine eyes.

Thy love will conſtant life impart,
Thy kindneſs feed my joy:
Thy riches ſate my craving heart,
And fill, but never cloy.

In thee all beauties fully meet,
In thee all fulneſs is:
God to enjoy is joy complete,
The quinteſſence of bliſs.

Oh! bear my riſing ſoul away,
From this inferior clod:
To her thy glorious form diſplay,
And draw her to her God.

LXXXVIII. *God infinitely amiable.* [Common Metre.

GReat God of love! that charming name,
Should all my powers controul;
Should make my beſt affections flame,
And kindle all my ſoul.

In thee conſummate beauties ſhine,
Nor can their luſtre fade:
Thy form indeed is all divine,
Without a ſpot or ſhade.

Tow'rds

Tow'rds thee my riſing thoughts may ſtretch,
And boundleſs charms deſcry:
But far beyond their utmoſt reach
Unnumber'd glories lie.

Nor I, nor angels round the throne
Can love to what's thy due:
Beauties divine, to them unknown,
Paſs all they have in view.

They feel indeed, ſeraphic heat,
Celeſtial ſtrains they ſing,
And in high raptures celebrate
The glories of their King.

But heav'nly minds, great God, in vain
Would graſp this mighty theme,
Tho' more than mortal pow'rs they ſtrain
To meaſure thee SUPREME.

When they have ſtretch'd their wings for flight,
The ſteep aſcent to try:
Struck with the vaſt and boundleſs height,
In wonder loſt they lie.

Yet they for ever wonder on,
And gaze with high delight:
And love the Infinite unknown,
With all their mind and might.

I too would lift my eyes to ſee
What angels can't explore:
With fix'd attention gaze at thee
And wonder and adore.

Oh! draw mine eyes, my heart enflame,
With love fill up my ſoul:
Let this affection reign ſupreme,
And all my pow'rs controul.

LXXXIX. *Redemption from all Iniquity implored.*

[Common Metre.

GRacious Redeemer, I adore
Thy merit and thy might;
Oh! plead thy blood, exert thy pow'r,
And ſnatch me from the pit.

Let not thy precious blood be ſpilt,
Or ſhed for me in vain:
But waſh off all my crimſon guilt,
Nor leave the ſlighteſt ſtain.

And by the Spirit's cleanſing pow'r
Purge out the filth of ſin:
Thine image to my ſoul reſtore,
And make me pure and clean.

From ev'ry ſin redeem me, Lord,
Nor my vile fav'rite ſpare:
Be this above the reſt abhorr'd
With enmity ſincere.

That I each ſinful thought may ſhun,
Each wicked word and deed:
And never more, as I have done,
Let my corruptions lead.

But being freed from ſin, may chuſe
To ſerve my God again:
On earth may heav'nly fruit produce,
And heav'n at length obtain.

XC. *Fellowſhip with God.*

[Common Metre.

WHAT grace is this, my God? may I
Have fellowſhip with thee!
Wilt thou advance a worm ſo high,
Or ſtoop ſo much to me!

A wretch

A wretch, a rebel to thy crown,
Thine enemy I've been:
And wilt thou yet forbear to frown,
Or to revenge my ſin?

Canſt thou forget what I have done
To urge thy vengeance on?
Wrongs offer'd to thy bleeding Son,
And inſults to thy throne?

And after all invite my love,
And court me to be bleſt?
My deareſt friend and patron prove,
My refuge and my reſt?

May I to God have free acceſs,
And boldly venture near;
Seek help in ſeaſons of diſtreſs,
And have thy gracious ear?

May I behold thy ſmiling face,
And hear thy chearing voice?
Taſte all the bleſſings of thy grace,
And in thy love rejoice?

Be at thine houſe a welcome gueſt,
And at thy board ſit down?
Find this the path to endleſs reſt,
And an immortal crown?

Great God! and canſt thou ſtoop ſo low,
Who art enthron'd ſo high!
Such love expreſs, ſuch favour ſhew,
To one ſo vile as I!

What great, what glorious grace is this?
And what good-will to me?
When 'tis my life, my health, my bliſs
To've fellowſhip with thee?

XCI. *Frail Life.* [Common Metre.

LORD, what a feeble frame is ours!
How vain a thing is man!
How frail are all his boaſted pow'rs!
And ſhort, at beſt, his ſpan?

Swift as the feather'd arrow flies,
And cuts the yielding air:
Or as the kindling meteor dies
E're it can well appear;

So paſs our fleeting years away,
And time runs on its race:
In vain we aſk a moment's ſtay,
Nor will it ſlack its pace.

But, Lord, what mighty things depend
On our precarious breath!
And ſoon this dying life will end,
In endleſs life or death.

Oh, make us truly wiſe to learn
How very frail we are,
That we may mind our grand concern,
And for our change prepare:

May think of death, and learn to die
To all inferior things:
Whilſt our glad ſouls ſtill ſoaring fly
Tow'rds life's eternal ſprings.

This courſe will prove us wiſe indeed;
'Tis the high road to bliſs;
To heav'n it will directly lead,
Where boundleſs pleaſure is.

There let our treaſure ever be:
Be this our great deſign,
To dwell for ever, Lord, with thee,
And feaſt on joys divine.

Then

Then we may bid our years roll on,
And time make haſte away;
The ſooner will our ſouls be gone
To endleſs life and day.

XCII. *God's Readineſs to forgive Sin manifeſted by providing a Saviour.* [Common Metre.

LORD, thou art good: To anger ſlow,
But ready to forgive;
And free thy rich compaſſions flow,
The wretched to relieve.

When dreadful juſtice did demand
Our guilty race ſhould die,
And none beſides our friend could ſtand,
And put the ſentence by:

Thou didſt, thy mercy to diſplay,
Devote thy ſon to death:
And he, to waſh our guilt away,
Made his heart's blood the bath.

Strange proof, thou'rt ready to forgive
The vileſt ſinners, Lord,
When thine own ſon, that we might live,
Dy'd by his Father's ſword.

He dy'd that inj'ry to repair
Which we by ſin had done,
To awe our minds with holy fear,
And vindicate thy throne.

And now with honour, Lord, thou may'ſt
The greateſt ſins forgive:
Speak peace to wretches ſore diſtreſt,
And breaking hearts relieve.

When ſuch convincing proofs appear,
I'll doubt this truth no more:
Nor add the guilt of black deſpair
To all my former ſcore.

In

In *Jeſu*'s name, now at thy feet,
A penitent I fall:
Oh! for his ſake my ſins remit,
And heal my bleeding ſoul.

XCIII. *Prayer for Pardon.* [Common Metre.

FOrgiveneſs! 'tis a chearing word;
But who can pardon give?
None but mine injur'd ſov'reign, Lord;
'Tis thy prerogative.

Thou doſt the greateſt wrong receive,
From ev'ry ſin of mine:
And what the inj'ry can forgive,
But grace and pow'r divine?

To thee I therefore turn mine eyes,
This mercy to implore:
In pity hear my mournful cries,
And wipe out all my ſcore.

Forgiving goodneſs, Lord, diſplay;
My burden'd mind relieve:
Take all my crimſon guilt away,
My num'rous ſins forgive.

Thy pard'ning voice will eaſe my ſmart,
Mine anguiſh quite remove:
'Twill heal my bleeding, breaking heart,
And kindle thankful love.

Oh! let me, Lord, this grant obtain,
And hear the chearing voice:
Still all my griefs, remove my pain,
And make my heart rejoice.

None can forgive my ſins but thee;
'Tis thy prerogative:
Yet hear my Saviour's plea for me,
And when thou hear'ſt, forgive.

XCIV. *Forgiving Mercy exciting Love.*

[Common Metre.

TO be forgiv'n! how bleſt the ſtate!
How eaſy, how ſecure!
When God remits our mighty debt,
And charges ſin no more!

No more will angry juſtice frown,
And threaten wrath and hell!
Atoning blood our faults will drown,
And ev'ry curſe repeal.

Sins of enormous ſize and height,
That reach'd as high as heav'n,
Will wholly vaniſh out of ſight,
And freely be forgiv'n.

Lord, this is wondrous love indeed,
'Tis grace all o'er divine:
How loud doth bleeding merit plead?
How bright doth mercy ſhine?

And ſhall ſo vile a wretch as I,
Of this rich grace partake!
Will God paſs my offences by,
For my Redeemer's ſake!

Will he my num'rous faults blot out,
My heinous ſins forgive!
With *Jeſu*'s blood ſolve ev'ry doubt.
And bid the rebel live!

Wake, oh my ſoul, with dear ſurpriſe,
This glorious ſcene ſurvey:
Fix on a pard'ning God thine eyes,
And at the proſpect ſtay.

Gaze on 'till love divine conſtrains,
And ſeizes thee entire,
'Till o'er me all the paſſion reigns:
Look on and feed the fire.

A little love can't ſerve my turn,
Who have much mercy found:
Strong let the flame for ever burn,
And more and more abound.

XCV. *The Inheritance of the Children of God.*

[Common Metre.

THere's an inheritance divine,
Reſerv'd in heav'n above.
For ev'ry child, dear Lord, of thine,
To ſhew their Father's love.

An happy ſtate that bears out all,
Solicitude and ſin;
Where joys continual feaſt the ſoul,
Without a pauſe between.

The ſtock will never waſte away,
Nor will the pleaſure wane:
'Tis pure, without the leaſt allay
Of wearineſs or pain.

Infinite beauty draws the eye,
And raviſhes the heart:
Tranſports of high extatick joy,
Freſh vigour ſtill impart.

Lord, 'tis a bliſsful ſtate indeed
To dwell above with thee:
On thine own fullneſs there to feed,
Thy face unveil'd to ſee.

Oh! let theſe glorious hopes refine,
And elevate my ſoul;
To heav'nly things mine heart incline,
And meaner joys controul.

May faith and hope ſtretch all their wings,
And bear me up on high,
And as I mount, may earthly things
Below unheeded lie.

Yet

Yet whilſt thou giv'ſt me, Lord, my ſhare
Of theſe good things below,
Let me not what is needful ſpare
To make thine int'reſt grow.

XCVI. *Submiſſion to God's fatherly Chaſtiſements.*
[Common Metre.

LORD, what a pleaſure 'tis to ſay,
My father, and my God!
Tho' thou ſhould'ſt take my joys away,
Or make me feel thy rod.

A father with the wiſeſt care,
The tend'reſt love will guide:
'Twill ſpoil the faulty child to ſpare,
And ne'er correct nor chide.

My God, thy wiſdom I adore,
Nor will I doubt thy Love:
Tho' with afflictions long and ſore
Thou ſhould'ſt my faults reprove.

Thy juſt reſentments have been ſlow,
Thy ſtripes have gentle been;
Compar'd with my deſerts, I know,
And with mine heinous ſin.

I needed too to feel the ſmart
Of thy correcting rod:
To fix this wanton wandring heart,
And keep it cloſe to God.

Yet, Lord, in all my griefs and pains,
Thou doſt a father prove;
My ſinking heart thy hands ſuſtains;
And can I doubt thy love?

My good, I know thou doſt intend,
My greateſt good in all:
The errors of my life to mend,
And to refine my ſoul.

Work thou thy will in thine own way,
And tho' I feel thy rod,
With grateful reliſh yet I'll ſay,
My Father, and my God.

XCVII. *Pardoning Mercy improv'd to holy Fear.*
[Common Metre.

'TIS thou, mine injur'd God, alone,
Who can my ſin forgive:
My load will ever make me groan,
If thou wilt not relieve.

But thou art kind and prompt to ſpare,
And pardon ſinners too;
That all thy glorious name may fear,
Who for thy favour ſue.

All glory to thy name be paid,
For their rich mercy, Lord:
That full remiſſion may be had,
And glorious hope reſtor'd.

Grant I may ne'er this grace abuſe,
Or thence a licence take:
Thy rightful empire to refuſe,
Thy righteous laws to break.

Oh! no, mine yielding ſoul poſſeſs
With reverential fear:
Deep on my heart thy laws impreſs,
Form thine own likeneſs there.

Let all the glories God diſplays
In blotting out my ſin,
Eſteem and admiration raiſe,
And kindle love within.

Whilſt I with pleaſure and with care
Maintain the holy frame;
Delight a pardoning God to fear,
And much reſpect his name.

And with the utmoſt caution ſhun
  Whatever will provoke;
But glad my race appointed run,
  And gladly bear his yoke.

XCVIII. *God's Love to his Children ador'd.*

[Common Metre.

THIS is ſurpriſing grace, dear Lord,
  'Tis goodneſs all divine;
A worm, a wretch to be abhorr'd,
  Yet made a child of thine!

Will God ſo near relation own
  To ſuch an one as I?
Vouchſafe to love me as his ſon,
  And lay reſentment by?

Can he ſo vile a thing embrace,
  Or to his arms invite?
Smile on me with a Father's face,
  And make me his delight?

With great good-will my ſoul purſue,
  Concern'd for me appear!
Expreſs paternal pity too,
  And bottle ev'ry tear.

When thro' mere frailty I offend,
  Will he the fault o'erlook;
And wilful ſin, when I amend,
  Blot wholly from his book?

Lord, what an happy change is this!
  A rebel made a ſon!
A wretch, by grace advanc'd to bliſs,
  Who was by ſin undone!

Oh! let this love enkindle mine,
  Set all my ſoul on fire;
Exalt my voice to ſtrains divine,
  And utmoſt praiſe inſpire.

And whilſt with tuneful tongue and heart,
I celebrate this grace,
Let all mine actions bear a part
And my whole life be praiſe.

XCIX. *God's Fatherly Proviſion for his Children.*
[Common Metre.

YES, Lord, thy children may depend,
On thy paternal care:
Thou wilt the Father and the friend
In ev'ry thing appear.

With open hand and lib'ral heart,
Thou wilt their wants ſupply:
To them thy benefits impart,
And no good things deny.

On them at laſt thou wilt beſtow,
Eternal joy and reſt;
And whilſt they ſojourn here below,
Still give them what is beſt.

If worldly wealth may be poſſeſt,
And future joys ſecur'd;
They ſhall with large eſtates be bleſt,
And have their lot enſur'd:

But if a large eſtate and ſtore
Should hazard heavenly bliſs;
Far better were it to be poor,
And want ſuch wealth as this.

My Father knows what's good and fit,
And wiſdom guides his love:
To thine elections I ſubmit,
I'll ev'ry choice approve.

To thy paternal love and care,
With chearful heart I truſt:
Thy tender mercies boundleſs are,
And all thy thoughts are juſt.

I can-

I cannot want whilſt God provides,
What he allots is beſt:
And heav'n, whate'r I want beſides,
Will make me rich at laſt.

C. *Grace of God in binding us to believe, that we may be forgiven.* [Common Metre.

LORD, thou haſt bound us to believe,
If we would be forgiven:
We muſt by faith thy Son receive,
To be made heirs of heav'n.

Juſt, fit, and kind is this demand,
And ſpeaks thy goodneſs, Lord:
When pardon thus may be obtain'd,
And forfeit life reſtor'd.

Sure thou art prompt to pardon ſin,
And quit our guilty ſcore:
Or thy demands had higher been,
And we oblig'd to more.

Mercy itſelf could aſk no leſs,
For ſetting rebels free:
Than with thankſgiving to confeſs,
Their mighty debt to thee.

And to thy Chriſt the honour pay,
Due to his peerleſs love;
Whoſe blood muſt waſh their guilt away,
And thy fierce wrath remove.

'Tis glorious grace, thus, Lord, to give,
My bleeding ſoul relief:
I would with all mine heart believe,
" Help thou mine unbelief.

CL. *God's Fatherly Protection.*

[Common Metre.

MY God, my Father, and my hope,
Great all in all to me:
My ſure protector and my prop,
My portion thou ſhalt be.

If thou art mine, I want no more,
I count the reſt but droſs:
With all thy wealth I can't be poor,
Nor ſuffer real loſs.

But thou thy children wilt defend,
By thine Almighty arm:
And always timely ſuccours ſend,
To cover me from harm.

A conſtant watch my Father keeps,
To guard me ſafe from ill:
He ſlumbers not, he never ſleeps,
His help is ready ſtill.

In vain would foes my ſoul moleſt,
Of ſuch defence prepar'd:
In vain would fears invade my breaſt,
My God will be my guard.

He'll cover me when danger's near,
Defend when foes invade:
I'll therefore baniſh ev'ry fear,
And truſt his pow'rful aid.

Kind is his heart, and quick his eye,
Omnipotent his arm:
He'll ev'ry hidden ſnare eſpy,
And ſhield from ev'ry harm.

I'll to his care myſelf commend,
And ev'ry thing that's mine:
And with true filial truſt depend,
On pow'r and love divine.

CII. *Forgiving Mercy, promoting Repentance.*

[Common Metre.

AND are my ſins, my God, forgiv'n,
And blotted from thy book?
May I again tow'rds injur'd heav'n,
With peace and pleaſure look?

May I behold thy ſmiling face,
And dry up all my fears?
Triumph in free and boundleſs grace,
And huſh my guilty tears?

Surprizing love! Lord, I adore,
What none can comprehend!
But ſhall I now, as heretofore,
So good a God offend?

Oh, no! I own my vile deſert,
Tho' thou haſt gracious been:
At once thy mercy melts my heart,
And aggravates my ſin.

Alas! my God, what have I done,
To wrong ſo much good-will?
Goodneſs itſelf I've ſought to ſhun,
And ruſh'd on all that's ill.

I have provok'd thee to thy face,
And long thy patience try'd:
Have offer'd inſults to thy grace,
And all thy love defy'd.

Flowing compaſſions I have ſpurn'd,
From mine own bliſs have fled:
Diſdainful from my God have turn'd,
By ſenſual taſte miſled.

And yet my gracious God forgives,
Forgets what I have been:
With healing balm my heart relieves,
And blots out all my ſin.

Break, oh my heart, from both mine eyes
Let briny torrents flow:
Melt all my ſoul; thy faults reviſe
With undiſſembled woe.
Mix hearty grief with utmoſt ſhame,
Thine own vile form abhor:
Eternal war with ſin proclaim,
And never love it more.

CIII. *Leſs than the leaſt of God's Mercies.*

[Common Metre.

YES, Lord, all merit I diſclaim,
'Tis void of all pretence:
Rich grace ſhall be my darling theme,
For all I have is thence.
The bleſſings thou doſt ſtill heap on,
Are for thy goodneſs ſake:
Nor can I for a ſingle one,
The leaſt requital make.
The leaſt of all is greater far,
Than I can claim from thee:
But, Lord, how great thy favours are!
And manifold to me!
My debt is vaſt, nor can I hope
To quit this mighty ſcore:
Accept the thanks I offer up,
For I can give no more,
Deep on my heart the ſenſe impreſs,
How mean and poor I am:
That I may ſtill thy grace confeſs,
And all deſert diſclaim.

CIV. *I had fainted, unleſs I had believed to ſee the Goodneſs of God,* &c. Pſal. xxvii 13.

[Common Metre.

MY God, when ſtorms of trouble riſe,
And overwhelm my ſoul,
To thee I'll lift believing eyes,
Thou wilt their rage controul,

Long ſince, with num'rous grief oppreſt,
I 'd ſunk beneath my load:
But that I hop'd (when thus diſtreſt)
For mercy from my God.

Oh! help me firmly to believe,
Thy faithful promiſe, Lord:
Full credit to thy truth to give,
Thy never-failing word.

Faith will diſperſe my gloomy tears,
And cheer my heavy heart:
'Twill ſtop the torrent of my fears,
And living joys impart.

Tho' I all merits muſt diſclaim,
Thy mercies boundleſs are:
And my Redeemer's pow'rful name,
Will huſh each guilty tear.

Nay, faith will bear my ſoul away,
To brighter worlds on high:
To regions of eternal day,
Where all my treaſures lie.

Soon will this gloomy ſcene retire,
And boundleſs joy ſucceed,
Such hopes will vig'rous life inſpire,
And lift my drooping head.

Tho' faint before, now I revive,
Theſe thoughts my ſpirits raiſe:
Joyful I feel myſelf alive,
And triumph in thy grace.

CV.

CV. *It is of the Lord's Mercies that we are not conſumed*, &c. Lam. iii. 2.

[Common Metre.

MY gracious God, to what a ſize,
Do my tranſgreſſions ſwell?
My guilt to heaven for vengeance cries,
And merits death and hell.

Long ſince, if thou hadſt been ſevere,
I muſt have wretched been:
But thou in pity doſt forbear,
Nor puniſh me for ſin.

'Tis from thy rich and glorious grace,
That all my bleſſings flow:
That on thine earth I've yet a place,
And 'ſcape eternal woe.

Deep on my thankful breaſt impreſs,
The ſenſe of love divine:
With my whole heart my God I'd bleſs,
Would my whole ſelf be thine.

Thanks at all ſeaſons let me pay,
Whatever may befal:
And when he gives or takes away,
Yet bleſs the Lord in all.

For all on this ſide endleſs woe,
Is much too good for me;
Lord, what a debt of thanks I owe!
Perpetual thanks to thee!

I have my being, live, and move,
In free and wondrous grace:
Oh! let my ſoul be turn'd to love,
And all my life be praiſe.

CVI. *Prayer for the Spirit's Influence.*

[Common Metre.

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs:
Shed light and ſenſe, ſhed life and love,
On theſe dull ſouls of ours.

Alas! how grov'ling here we lie,
Chain'd down to earthly things:
We ſcarce attempt to riſe or fly,
Scarce lift our feeble wings.

How weak is faith, devotion faint!
How breathleſs all our praiſe?
We rarely ſtrive, we hardly pant,
For everlaſting joys.

Come, Lord, and with a gentle gale
On thine own garden blow:
Make all my ſoul thy influence feel,
Make ev'ry ſpice to flow.

Then my lov'd Saviour may deſcend,
His pleaſant fruit to taſte:
Delicious fragrance forth they'll ſend,
And yield him ſweet repaſt.

CVII. *All things are naked and open to him with whom we have to do.* Heb. iv. 13.

[Common Metre.

NO, 'tis in vain, great God, from thee
Mine actions to diſguiſe:
What can a ſcreen or covering be,
From quick all-piercing eyes?

Should I to ſuch a place retreat,
Where never man had been:
There I my righteous God ſhould meet,
Nor could ſecurely ſin.

Should

Should I beneath the vail of night
To hide mine actions try:
Alike in darkneſs as in light
Thou canſt my faults eſpy.

My ſecret thoughts, the hidden ſprings,
Of ev'ry thing I do:
All acts, intentions, words and things,
Lie open to thy view.

Fix deep this truth upon my breaſt;
How could I dare do ill?
Convinc'd that where I rove and reſt,
God's mine obſerver ſtill.

Lord, 'tis in vain, nor will I more
Thy preſence ſeek to ſhun:
One future act to cover o'er,
Or hide what I have done.

Open to view I'll always ſtand,
And no diſguiſes wear;
But form my life by thy command,
With diligence and care.

To thine all-ſearching eye I'll ſtrive
Each action to approve:
And as thou doſt direction give,
Will think, and ſpeak, and move.

CVII. *Filial Obedience.* [Common Metre.

MY God, my Father, I adore
That dear commanding name:
'Twill my whole ſoul to life reſtore,
And kindle all my flame.

By grace my heart ſtands fully bent
To learn thy holy will:
With fix'd unchangeable intent
Thy pleaſure to fulfil.

Entire

Entire I bow to thy commands,
Thus filial homage pay:
With heart and life and tongue and hands
I'll chearfully obey.

I'll wilfully no more tranſgreſs,
As I too oft have done:
But ev'ry ſinful thought ſuppreſs,
Each ſinful action ſhun.

Each day I live, I'll ſeek with care
My father well to pleaſe,
And in this courſe will perſevere
By thine aſſiſting grace.

Thus will I cloſe relation claim,
And prove myſelf thy ſon;
And whilſt I bear the glorious name,
My father's right will own.

I will, but thou muſt ſtrength impart,
This promiſe to fulfil:
Lord, write thy laws upon my heart,
That I may do thy will.

CIX. *A Thought of Death and Eternity.*

[Common Metre.

DEATH! 'tis an awful ſcene indeed!
'Twill fix the wand'ring mind:
For everlaſting things ſucceed:
They lie but juſt behind.

Soon as our bodies breathe their laſt,
Our ſpirits muſt away,
To pains that never will be paſt,
Or joys that ne'er decay.

Lord, what important things depend
On our precarious breath?
For ſoon this dying life will end
In endleſs life or death.

Oh!

Oh! make me wiſe to know and mind
My true, my chief concern:
Help me the way to life to find,
And ſound religion learn.

Make me attend my future ſtate,
That whilſt I live below,
The things which worldly minds call great,
To me may trifles ſhow.

That all the baits of ſin and ſenſe
I may avoid with care;
But with the utmoſt diligence
May for my change prepare.

Make me to mind eternal things,
That when I come to die,
My ſoul may clap her joyful wings,
And climb her native ſky.

CX. *Death expected and prepared for.*
[Common Metre.

YES, Lord, I know I muſt reſign,
And once yield up my breath:
The mightieſt monarchs ſtrive in vain
To ſhun the ſtroke of death.

'Tis thine appointment, Lord, and I
Confeſs thy meaſures juſt:
'Tis fit rebellious men ſhould die,
And turn again to duſt.

I'll not oppoſe the will divine,
Nor reckon thee ſevere;
But at thy call my life reſign,
And for my change prepare.

Help me the ſecond death to ſhun,
Give true repentance, Lord:
Incline mine heart to kiſs the Son,
And truſt his faithful word.

On

On my dead ſoul thine influence ſhed,
There kindle life divine:
Help me the path of life to tread,
Nor from it once decline.

Then ſhall I calmly meet my death,
The king of terrors brave:
Triumphant yield my parting breath,
And lay me in a grave.

Whilſt my glad ſoul ſhall wing away
To her deſir'd abode;
Where boundleſs bliſs and heav'nly day,
Stream from the face of God.

CXI. *Life uncertain.* [Common Metre.

'TIS but a ſhort uncertain ſpace
Allow'd us here to live:
Death unperceiv'd comes on apace,
And will no warn ng give.

Nor great nor ſmall, nor old nor young,
His fatal dart can fly:
The rich, the poor, the weak, the ſtrong,
Without diſtinction die.

Each day we live may be our laſt,
For any thing we know:
E're the next minute ſhall be paſt,
We our laſt breath may draw.

And ſhall we trifle and delay,
And ſtill keep ſinning on?
Neglect our ſouls from day to day,
'Till life and time are gone?

The preſent moment let us ſeize,
For that alone is ours:
Now, ſet ourſelves our God to pleaſe,
With all our heart and pow'rs.

To day, whilſt *yet 'tis call'd to day*,
Let's hearken to his voice:
Put ev'ry luſt and ſin away,
And make all heav'n rejoice.

CXII. *Death of Sinners.* [Common Metre.

DEath! 'tis to them a diſmal day
Who live eſtrang'd from God:
Reluctant they are ſnatch'd away,
And forc'd to change abode.

A ghaſtly paleneſs now ſucceeds
To all their tempting forms;
And the once pamper'd carcaſs feeds,
And is devour'd by worms.

Into the gloomy grave 'tis thrown,
Whilſt the ſurviving mind
Defenceleſs roves to worlds unknown,
And leaves its bliſs behind.

All the lov'd glory, pomp, and ſtate,
And treaſures here on earth;
All the proud pleaſures of the great,
And ſcenes of meaner mirth.

To all their fond delights they muſt
For ever bid farewel:
And whilſt their fleſh converts to duſt,
Their ſpirits plunge to hell,

Where darkneſs, horror, vengeance reign,
Where *the worm never dies*,
But in perpetual woe and pain
Each hopeleſs ſpirit lies.

Oh! 'tis a dreadful thing to die,
And fix in this abode:
Lord, let me all this danger fly,
And turn me back to God.

CXIII.

CXIII. *Lord's Day.* [Common Metre.

HAIL, glorious day, when from the dead
My bleſt Redeemer roſe,
Bruis'd the old ſerpent on his head,
And vanquiſh'd all his foes.

Hail, holy time of God deſign'd
This triumph to record,
To raiſe and to enlarge my mind,
And magnify my Lord.

God's temple-gates now open ſtand
To give me entrance in:
Whilſt my Redeemer is at hand
To anſwer for my ſin.

There I may hear his ſaving word,
And ſee his ſmiling face,
Join in the triumphs of my Lord,
And praiſe recovering grace.

There may I learn his bleſſed will,
The way to heav'nly reſt:
And by his grace acquire the ſkill
To be forever bleſt.

His kindly influence on my heart
The heav'nly dove will pour,
He'll light, and life, and joy impart,
And teach my mind to ſoar.

He'll kindle up an heav'nly fire,
And make devotion glow:
Teach my affections to aſpire,
And ſcorn the things below.

Sure earneſt this of heav'nly joy!
'Tis glory in the bud:
Here's a rich feaſt that ne'r will cloy,
'Tis all celeſtial food,

Hail,

Hail, glorious day! of days the beſt
And brighteſt here on earth,
Sure pledge of everlaſting reſt,
And everliving mirth.

Delicious day! but quickly done,
Soon are thy pleaſures o'er:
When will my ſabbath be begun,
And never ended more.

CXIV. *The Judgment Day.* [Common Metre.

E'RE long the awful day will come,
When *Jeſus* ſhall appear:
And from his mouth their final doom,
Both good and bad ſhall hear.

He'll come in all his glories dreſt,
And take the judgment ſeat;
Whilſt round him myriads of the bleſt
At humble diſtance wait.

He'll bid the dreadful trumpet ſound,
And ſummon to his bar:
The blaſt will ſhake all heav'n around,
And thunder in the air.

'Twill pierce the earth, and ſtrike the ears
Of all the ſleeping dead:
Each the awak'ning ſummons hears,
And quits his duſty bed.

But ah! what horror and ſurprize
Will riſing ſinners ſeize?
When *Jeſus*, from the glowing ſkies,
Shall ſpeak ſuch words as theſe?

" Accurſed, from my preſence go,
" You hated me and mine:
" Now in eternal fire and woe
" With your old leader join.

But

But ſaints ſhall joyful lift their eyes
And ſee their Saviour ſmile;
He comes to take them to the ſkies
And all their hopes fulfil.

" Come, ye belov'd and bleſt, he ſays,
" And heav'nly realms poſſeſs:
" You lov'd my friends, and choſe my ways,
" And wiſh'd my cauſe ſucceſs.

" Come now, and you with me ſhall reign,
" And in my glories ſhare:
This ſaid, they'll riſe and join his train
Triumphant in the air.

And thence in pomp the judge attend
Up to the world of praiſe.
And in celeſtial ſtrains commend
His juſtice and his grace.

CXV. *Heaven.* [Common Metre.

THERE is a land of living joy
Beyond the utmoſt ſky:
All pure without the leaſt alloy,
All perfect extaſy.

High ſeated on a blazing throne,
Th' eternal God appears:
Puts all his ſmiling glories on,
And awes at once and chears.

The ſlaughter'd Lamb at his right hand,
Aſſumes his royal ſeat:
Whilſt round at proper diſtance ſtand
His miniſters of ſtate.

Angels, arch-angels, ſeraphim,
Bleſt natives of the place,
And men whom *Jeſus* did redeem,
Made denizens by grace.

Each

Each *perſon* there ſhines heav'nly bright,
And God's reſemblance bears;
Each *face* an air of high delight,
And humble rev'rence wears.

Each *heart* with ſtrong devotion glows,
Love ev'ry *breaſt* inſpires,
Whilſt God's own Spirit gently blows,
And fans theſe holy fires.

In ſtrains celeſtial ev'ry tongue,
Will God's high praiſe proclaim:
And all in conſort ſing the ſong
Of *Moſes* and the *Lamb*.

The *Hallelujahs* once begun
No pauſe nor cloſe will know:
But joy and harmony in one
Perpetual tranſport flow.

To theſe high ſtrains their minds they'll bend,
Nor find their tongues remiſs:
Their ſpirits ne'er will tire or ſpend,
In extaſies of bliſs.

A conſtant bloom in ev'ry face,
Shall death and age defy:
And pain and ſin far from the place,
For ever far ſhall fly.

CXVI. *Hell.* [Common Metre.

HELL! 'tis a dreadful ſound to hear,
It ſhakes a pious heart:
Who can the woe and horror bear,
The agony and ſmart?

In frightful gloom the region lies,
Which bars th' acceſs of light:
Whilſt mingling flames, which conſtant riſe
Add horror to the night.

In

In burning and immortal woe,
The wretched weltring lie:
Their pains ſhall never period know,
Their *worm ſhall never die.*

The righteous God, with wrathful breath,
Will ſtill ſupply the fire:
Still they ſhall feel the pangs of death,
But never can expire.

Conſcience enrag'd will gnaw the heart,
With never ceaſing pain:
Whilſt the ſick mind the mortal ſmart
Unfainting muſt ſuſtain.

Far out of reach, but ſtill in ſight,
The heav'nly glory lies:
But raging they, tow'rds bliſs and light,
Lift their deſpairing eyes.

All former dear delights are dead,
Each pleaſing ſcene withdrawn;
Mirth, muſic, joy, and eaſe are fled,
For ever fled and gone.

For ever! who the thought can bear?
Who can for ever dwell,
Sick, pining, raving (and deſpair
Of all relief) in Hell?

Quick, let me, Lord, thy vengeance flee,
And to my Saviour haſte:
Repent of ſin, and turn to thee,
And ne'er this portion taſte.

CXVII. *The Hardineſs of Sinners in being without Fear of Death.* [Common Metre.

HArdy the wretch who death defies,
And yet goes on in ſin:
'Tis this the *King of fears* ſupplies,
With his whole magazine. Whilſt

Whilſt guilt remains the venom ſtays,
Which deadly makes his dart:
With full revenge he rebels ſlays,
And cuts them through the heart.

At once he'll all their bliſs deſtroy,
And make their woe entire;
Extinguiſh ev'ry hope and joy,
And plunge them into fire.

He'll drive them down to ſhades below,
Where wrath and horror reign:
Where in extremity of woe,
They hopeleſs muſt remain.

And yet can wretched mortals dare,
In all their guilt to die?
And ſtill ſin on, too ſtout to fear,
Or from this danger fly?

'Tis folly, frenzy at the height!
When fear might work a cure,
They keep the danger out of ſight,
And make their ruin ſure.

Lord, let not me thus hardy prove,
And thy fierce wrath defy:
But out of hand ſecure thy love,
And to a *Jeſus* fly.

Let me be pardon'd and approv'd,
In thy beloved ſon:
When God's appeas'd, and guilt remov'd,
The ſting of death is gone.

CXVIII. *The ſad death of rich Sinners, and happy Reſurrection of the Saints, from* Pſal. xlix. 6, 7, 8, 9, 14, 15. [Common Metre.

IN vain induſtrious worldlings ſtrive,
And heap up wealth in vain;
Grow pleas'd and proud to find they thrive,
And boaſt of mighty gain.

They

They can't procure one moment's health,
Or buy one gaſp of breath;
Or ſooth their pain with all their wealth,
Or bribe approaching death.

The mind his ſummons muſt obey,
And to the ſtroke ſubmit:
Be ſever'd from the kindred clay,
And all her treaſures quit.

Ev'n kings like other men muſt die,
And turn to common earth;
And level'd in the grave muſt lie,
With thoſe of meaner birth.

Then the cold pavement of a tomb,
Will be their ſofteſt bed;
And diſmal ſhade and frightful gloom,
Their brighteſt ſcene ſucceed.

Death on their guilty ſouls ſhall prey,
The worms their fleſh devour;
Their ſtrength and ſubſtance waſte away,
And own their conqueror's pow'r.

But ſaints ſhall leave their duſty beds,
And in the morning riſe:
Be lift above oppreſſors heads,
And climb their native ſkies.

My Saviour will my life reſtore,
And then break up my grave;
And to his arms, to part no more,
My new-clad ſoul receive.

CXIX. *Saints armed againſt the Fears of Death.*
[Common Metre.

AND why ſhould death the ſaints diſmay?
Lift up your heads ye juſt:
What tho' your fleſh muſt turn to clay,
And moulder into duſt?

God can the ſhattered frame reſtore,
H'ell ev'ry atom keep:
Death as to you has loſt his pow'r,
You will not die but ſleep.

When your Redeemer bled and dy'd,
From guilt he waſh'd you clean;
And death no venom hath beſide,
His deadly ſting is ſin.

Now you may gently lay your heads,
And reſt you in the grave:
E'er long you'll riſe from off thoſe beds,
And thoſe dark manſions leave.

As nightly reſt your ſtrength repairs,
And reſpite gives to pain;
You'll in the grave forget your cares,
And vig'rous riſe again.

Mortal and feeble you lie down,
But you'll immortal riſe;
And deathleſs glories then ſhall crown,
What in diſhonour dies.

And whilſt your bodies ſleeping lie,
Your better parts awake:
Soon as the bands of life untie,
Her chains and fetters break.

Releas'd ſhe joyful ſprings away,
And ſtretches all her wings:
Swift riſes tow'rds celeſtial day,
And life's eternal ſprings.

Angels will lead her on the road,
And guard her up to reſt:
Where in th' enjoyment of your God,
You'll be for ever bleſt.

Triumph, ye ſaints, in grace divine,
Your fears are at an end:
The grave your bodies muſt reſign,
And death appears your friend.

CXX. *Delaying Sinners quickened by the Fears of Death* [Common Metre.

HASTE, ſinners, to a Saviour run,
Each dear lov'd ſin diſclaim;
That you the dread of death may ſhun,
And 'ſcape devouring flame.

Haſte for your lives, make no delay,
You're tott'ring on the brink:
Should juſtice ſnatch your ſouls away
To burning woe you ſink.

And can you ſtop the flying hours?
Or life one day prolong?
Oh! make no boaſt of mortal pow'rs,
However hale and ſtrong.

How ſoon may ſickneſs proſtrate lay
Your boaſted little might?
And death command your ſouls away
To everlaſting night?

And can you bear in all the throws,
Of mortal pain to lie?
Or in full view of future woes,
Yet can you dare to die?

Go call on God whilſt he is nigh,
His favour ſeek to win:
To *Jeſus* for redemption fly,
And part with ev'ry ſin.

When God's your friend, and ſin forgiv'n,
The ſting of death is gone:
'Twill open throw the door of heav'n,
And lift you to a throne.

Oh! to your only refuge haſte,
If fear won't make you move:
Try if you can ſuch goodneſs taſte,
And be drawn in by love.

CXXI. *Delight in Ordinances.*

[Common Metre.

LORD of the ſhining hoſts on high!
How pleaſant 'tis to ſtay!
Where, dreſt in ſmiling Majeſty,
Thou doſt thy charms diſplay!
The moſt delicious hours I ſpend,
Are in thy ſacred courts;
Moſt gladly would I ſtill attend,
There where my God reſorts
There to behold thy ſmiling face,
And feed an am'rous fire:
There to be bleſt with thine embrace,
And thus improve deſire.
To ſee thy treaſures there diſplay'd,
Thy pleaſing glories ſhine;
Meet a kind God, be welcome made,
And feaſt on joys divine!
Sure 'tis the brighteſt ſcene on earth,
Of all my time the beſt?
A ſeaſon 'tis of heavenly mirth,
And pledge of heav'nly reſt.
It yields delight, and dear content,
And much would I prefer,
One day with God thus ſweetly ſpent,
To an whole age elſewhere.
One friendly look, my God, from thee,
One kind forgiving word,
Is more than all the world to me;
'Twill greater joy afford.

Oh!

Oh! let me have my fixt abode,
Near where thou chuſeſt thine;
Dwell much, and much converſe with God,
And taſte of love divine:
'Till dreſt and ready for her flight,
My ſoul ſhall riſe to thee,
And in thy more immediate ſight,
Eternal light ſhall ſee.

CXXII. *Lord's Day.* [Common Metre.

THRICE happy ſaints, who dwell above,
In God's immediate ſight:
They glow with everlaſting love,
And ſhine divinely bright.
In endleſs ſongs and extaſies,
They one long ſabbath keep:
They never ſhut their mouths or eyes.
They never pauſe nor ſleep,
But ah! how lifeleſs here I lie,
How flat are all my lays?
In ſleep more hours by far I die,
Than e'er I liv'd in praiſe.
Frequent the day of God returns,
And ſheds its quick'ning beams:
And yet how ſlow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames?
Accept my faint eſſays to love,
My frailties, Lord, forgive:
I would be like thy ſaints above,
Unlike them as I live,
That is the proper world of praiſe,
Why muſt I ſtill keep thence?
Why, oh my ſoul! ſo loth to riſe,
And to be gone from hence?

Increaſe, O Lord, my faith and hope,
And fit me to aſcend;
Where the aſſembly ne'er breaks up,
The ſabbath ne'er will end.

Where I ſhall breathe in heav'nly air,
With heav'nly luſtre ſhine;
For ever feed on heav'nly fare,
And feel the taſte divine.

Where I in high ſeraphick ſtrains,
Shall all my pow'rs employ;
Delighted range th' ætherial plains,
And take my fill of joy.

Where I ſhall never reſt nor tire,
But ſound immortal lays;
Keep conſort with the heav'nly choir,
And live and breathe in praiſe.

CXXIII. *Morning Hymn.*

[Long Metre, double.

AWake, my ſoul, in grateful ſongs,
Praiſe him who ſtill my life prolongs,
Who his kind acts each day renews,
And with new bleſſings me purſues:
He takes all my concerns in truſt,
He watches o'er my ſleeping duſt;
My waſted pow'rs by night recruits,
And fits them for the day's purſuits.

This night I've paſt from miſchief free,
Becauſe he kept kind watch for me;
And now reviv'd, refreſh'd I riſe,
And lift to heav'n my thankful eyes.
No midnight terrors ſhook my mind,
My dreams were gentle, ſlumbers kind;
And ſleep and dreams, and ſhady night,
Now fly before the ſpreading light.

Thouſands

Thouſands in pain and horror lay,
And wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain for day;
Whilſt I with needful ſleep was bleſt,
Nor did a thought diſturb my reſt,
And many guilty ſouls are gone
To worlds unſeen, and woes unknown;
Whilſt I with equal guilt ſurvive,
And joyful feel myſelf alive.

Come then my ſoul, glad homage pay
To him that form'd the night and day:
He ſlumbers not, he never ſleeps,
But o'er me watch perpetual keeps.
Reviv'd by him, to him devote
Renewed time, and life and thought:
And now thy waken'd pow'rs employ,
In thankful hymns to ſpeak thy joy.

CXXIV. *Night Hymn.*

[Long Metre, double.

LORD, raiſe mine heart, and tune my tongue,
To offer up an ev'ning ſong;
And let my joyful ſacrifice,
To thee like holy incenſe riſe.
Each day with flowing mercy fill'd,
For praiſe will conſtant matter yield;
Tho' I provoke, thou doſt forbear,
To vengeance ſlow, but prompt to ſpare.

Nay, ev'ry day, thou doſt anew
My ſtubborn heart with kindneſs wooe:
Doſt pour continual bleſſings down,
And me with tender mercies crown.
Thou, Lord, throughout this cloſing day,
Haſt been my guide to chuſe my way:
My guard by thine Almighty arm,
To keep me ſafe from ev'ry harm.

My num'rous wants thou haſt ſupply'd,
Made joys to flow on ev'ry ſide:
In *going out* and *coming in*,
My ſhield and leader thou haſt been.
What ſhall I render, Lord, to thee,
For all thy benefits to me?
Or how proportion'd thanks repay,
For all the favours of the day?

Oh! come, awake my drowzy heart,
Stir all my ſoul, and act thy part:
Awake my voice, awake my tongue,
Strain all to form an ev'ning ſong:
Breathe out your thanks in heav'nly ſtrains,
The work will well reward your pains:
'Twill feaſt my ſoul and feed my love,
And God the muſic will approve.

CXXV. *Chriſt's Nativity.*

[Long Metre, double.

BEtimes, on that auſpicious morn,
When the long promis'd Chriſt was born,
From heav'ns high court an angel came,
The glorious tidings to proclaim,
Around him heav'nly ſplendor ſhone:
Glories before to them unknown,
Pour'd on the ſhepherds minds and eyes,
O'erwhelming luſtre and ſurprize.

But ſoon they heard his chearing voice,
" Shepherds, I call you to rejoice,
" I come ſuch bleſſed news to bring,
" 'Twill make all nations ſhout and ſing.
" To *David*'s city haſte away,
" There Chriſt, the Lord, is born to day;
" Laid in a manger there you'll find
" The promis'd Saviour of mankind.

Soon

Soon as this angel made an end,
They ſaw the heav'nly troops deſcend;
In radiant clouds on high they hung,
And thus in ſtrains celeſtial ſung;
" To God on high, all praiſe be giv'n,
" His dazzling glories fill the heav'n:
" And now his rich compaſſions flow,
" In grace and peace on men below.

Shall angels ſing *our* Saviour's name,
With loud applauſe his birth proclaim?
And ſhall not we, with voice and heart,
In their glad muſic bear a part?
" Yes, glory be to God on high,
" Who lays his dreadful vengeance by:
" Beſtows his peace on earth agen,
" And pours ſalvation down on men.

CXXVI. *For the 5th of November.*

[Long Metre, double.

WITH grateful heart and chearful voice,
We'll in the Lord our God rejoice,
Our dwelling place in ages paſt,
And ſtill we hope his love ſhall laſt.
When plots, wrap'd up in thick diſguiſe,
Were out of reach to human eyes;
He did the hidden ſcene diſcloſe,
And break the meaſures of our foes.

When armies back'd licentious might,
And threaten'd every law and right,
He to our help an *Hero* ſent,
The hov'ring miſchief to prevent.
He came, and lawleſs pow'r gave way,
He rul'd with juſt and gentle ſway,
And, ſafe to hand our bleſſings down,
On royal *George* entail'd the crown.

And ſhall we, Lord, prove ſo ingrate,
As to requite this love with hate!
Forget or blur the *Hero*'s name,
Or thy ſalvation once defame!
Oh, no! *whatever others do,*
We'll keep the glorious ſcene in view
And *William*'s name ſtill dear ſhall be,
But all the praiſe reſerv'd for thee.

CXXVII. *For the 1ſt of* Auguſt: *Or, the Acceſſion of King* George. [Long Metre, double.

SING, *Britons*, with triumphant voice,
With ſhouts of Joy in God rejoice:
Each heart be glad, each face look gay,
Mirth well becomes this happy day:
This happieſt day of all *our* year,
Reviv'd our hope, remov'd our fear,
And with indulgent beams look'd on,
To ſee our ſov'reign mount his throne.

At his approach *impoſture* fled,
Black treaſon hung its guilty head:
But truth and right with him ſat down,
They fill his throne, and form his crown.
Secure we dwell beneath his ſhade,
Of lawleſs wrong no more afraid.
Right, Law, Religion he maintains,
And keeps us ſafe from *racks* and chains.

Let all who his juſt cauſe approve,
In loyal ſhouts expreſs their love;
And to our God their tribute pay
Of praiſe, on this *auſpicious day.*
For ever let us magnify
The pow'r and grace of God moſt high,
Who on *his* king vouchſafes to ſmile,
Pleas'd to ſecure and bleſs *our* iſle.

CXXVIII.

CXXVIII. *Providence, and the Duties owing to it.* [Long Metre.

GREAT Lord of earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Thy wealth the needy world ſupplies,
On thee alone the whole depends,
Thy care to ev'ry part extends.

To thee perpetual thanks we owe,
For all our comforts here below:
Our daily bread thy bounty gives,
Our ſtarving ſouls thy grace relieves.

The waſtes of life thy pow'r repairs,
Thy mercy ſtills tempeſtuous cares:
And ſafely guarded by thine arm,
We liv'd ſecure from ſpite and harm.

To thee we now glad homage bring,
In grateful hymns thy praiſes ſing,
Direct to thee our joyful eyes,
And humbly look for freſh ſupplies.

We ſtill are indigent and poor,
Indebted much, yet lacking more:
But thou canſt ſtill vouchſafe ſupplies,
Thy wealth will thee and us ſuffice.

On thee we'll evermore depend,
The rich, the ſure, the faithful friend:
Thy wiſdom ſhall our portion chuſe,
Nor will we once thy choice refuſe.

And ſhou'd thy meaſures ſeem ſevere,
Thy juſt rebukes we'll calmly bear;
Without complaint to thee ſubmit,
Th' unerring judge of what is fit.

Smile on us, Lord, we'll ſing thy praiſe:
Correct, yet we'll commend thy ways;
We'll our own thoughts and wills reſign,
And ſtill approve each choice divine.

CXXIX.

CXXIX. *The Myſteries of Providence.*

[Long Metre.

GREAT ruler of the earth and ſky,
In boundleſs deeps thy counſels lie,
Nor can we trace thy wondrous way,
Thro' awful night or dazzling day.

Sometimes thy ſaints, with ſunſhine bleſt,
Enjoy proſperity and reſt;
And under covert of thy wing,
Securely ſit, and ſmile and ſing.

Sometimes by raging tempeſts toſt,
Well nigh the *ſhatter'd ark* is loſt;
Thy ſervants ſink, and drowning call,
" *Help*, Lord, *or elſe we periſh all.*"

Inſulting champions proudly boaſt
Their proweſs, and defy thine hoſt:
Too ſtout to fear defeat or harm
From them, or thine avenging arm.

Whilſt weaker ſpite, with like intent,
From craft expects the like event:
The deepeſt arts of miſchief tries,
And hopes to 'ſcape all-ſearching eyes.

Thy ſudden ſtrokes have ſham'd the boaſts
Of mighty chiefs, and num'rous hoſts:
And in the very depth of grief,
Deſponding ſaints have met relief.

Miſchief conceal'd by thickeſt night,
Thy piercing eye hath brought to light;
Thy deeper ſkill hath counter-wrought
The ſchemes of deepeſt human thought.

Thy foes have met their overthrow,
When they deſign'd the fatal blow:
Their niceſt arts have miſs'd their ends,
And prov'd the ſafety of my friends.

Great

Great God, whom heav'nly hoſts revere,
Unſearchable thy councils are:
Yet may thy people track thy way,
From gloomy night to joyful day.

CXXX. *The Word of God rightly received.*

[Long Metre.

THY word, O Lord, is light and food,
The fund of truth, and ſource of good:
To fools true wiſdom 'twill impart,
'Twill mend the life and melt the heart.

'Tis there that I thy will muſt learn,
Thence rightly know my great concern:
There thou haſt pointed out my way,
To pardon and perpetual day.

May I receive it, Lord as thine,
Receive it as the word divine.
With firm aſſent, with liſtening ear,
With bending heart, and filial fear.

Make me to know its ſaving might,
Its quick'ning heats, its chearing light:
Make it my ſtubborn heart ſubdue,
And form my ſinful ſoul anew.

Oh! let it richly dwell within,
To keep me from the ſnares of ſin:
Direct me ſtill to chuſe my way,
That I may never go aſtray.

Thus ſhall I be approv'd of God,
And follow ſtill the heav'nly road:
Here like an heir of heav'n ſhall live,
And there a crown of life receive.

CXXXI. *The Soul giving itſelf up to the Conduct and Influence of the Holy Spirit.*

[Long Metre.

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
My ſinful maladies remove:
Be thou my light, be thou my guide,
O'er every thought and ſtep preſide.

The light of truth to me diſplay,
That I may know and chuſe my way:
Plant holy fear within mine heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

Conduct me ſafe, conduct me far
From ev'ry ſin and hurtful ſnare:
Lead me to God, my *final reſt*
In his enjoyment to be bleſt.

Lead me to Chriſt, *the living way*,
Nor let me from his paſtures ſtray:
Lead me to *heav'n*, the ſeat of bliſs,
Where pleaſure in perfection is.

Lead me to *holineſs*, the road
That I muſt take to dwell with God:
Lead to thy *word* that rules muſt give,
And ſure directions how to live.

Lead me to *means of grace*, where I
May own my wants, and ſeek ſupply:
Lead to *thyſelf*, the ſpring from whence
To fetch all quick'ning influence.

Thus I conducted ſtill by thee,
Of God, a child, belov'd ſhall be.
Here to his family pertain,
Hereafter with him ever reign.

CXXXII. *The Redemption of the Soul is precious.*
[Long Metre.

DEAR Saviour, now my worth I know,
And what to thy rich grace I owe:
My ſoul's redeem'd which once was loſt,
And thine heart's blood its ranſom coſt.

Grant, my dear Lord, I never may
Fling this redeemed ſoul away:
Or e'er be brib'd by worldly gain,
So vaſt a damage to ſuſtain.

This lower world, earth, ſea, and air,
With all the various treaſures there,
And all the glorious ſtars on high,
A nobler mind can never buy.

And ſhall I give my ſoul away,
For empty air or heavy clay!
Or to ſecure mere dirt and droſs,
Suſtain irreparable loſs!

Oh! no, the world ſhall bribe in vain,
Its higheſt offers I diſdain:
My ſoul to ſave, I could defy
Its loudeſt threats, and dare to die.

Supported by Almighty grace,
Death's gloomy vale could fearleſs paſs:
And while I feel its influence,
Deſpiſe the baits of ſin and ſenſe.

CXXXIII. Sinai *and* Zion.
[Long Metre.

LET *Sinai* now be nam'd no more,
Where lightnings flaſh, and thunders roar:
And God his dreadful glory ſhows,
Propoſing laws, denouncing woes.

On

On *Zion*'s mount we joyful ſtand,
Beneath *Immanuel*'s kind command;
Where grace, dreſs'd out in all its charms,
Invites us to a Saviour's arms.

Stern is the voice and air of *law*,
And ſtrikes the trembling mind with awe:
It kills with its imperious breath,
And dooms for ev'ry crime to death.

It bids us act, but bids in vain,
Whilſt weak and feeble we remain;
The guilty mind it can't relieve,
Nor one faint hope of pardon give.

But *grace*, with ſofter ſound and air,
Remits our faults, removes our fear:
Can heav'nly ſkill and pow'r impart,
To conquer ſin, and cleanſe the heart.

Lord, let me this rich grace obtain,
Forgive my ſin, and make me clean:
Oh! let me feel the pow'r of love,
And all thy holy laws approve.

CXXXIV. *The Love of God kindling and enflaming Love to him.* [Long Metre double.

VAST ſtoop indeed! God condeſcends
To call polluted worms his friends:
We who his ſov'reign power defy'd,
Are now by grace to him ally'd:
In faith he bids us now draw near,
Nor his conſuming vengeance fear:
He bids us boldly to depend
On him the never-failing friend.

To free converſes he invites,
He in our ſervices delights:
Our paſſion for him he'll approve,
And bleſs us with returns of love:

Nay,

Nay, he himſelf in love begins,
Redeems our ſouls, remits our ſins:
He makes our hearts with paſſion glow,
And ſtill would have the friendſhip grow.

Great God of love, ſhall we refuſe
The freedom thou allow'ſt to uſe?
Shall we this glorious friendſhip ſpurn?
And to old vanities return?
Shall we ſuch proofs of love behold,
With hearts indifferent or cold:
Move heavily towards our reſt,
And ſeem unwilling to be bleſt?

Lord, waken all our lurking fire,
Draw forth our ſouls in ſtrong deſire;
From off our hearts the chill remove,
And kindle ev'ry power to love:
We too by all the proper ways
Would ſeek the heav'nly flame to raiſe,
'Till it ſhall finiſh'd friendſhip prove,
In thine own preſence, Lord, above.

CXXXV. *The Inſtitution of a Goſpel Miniſtry, from* Epheſ. iv. 8, 11, &c. [Long Metre.

WHEN our bleſt Lord went up on high,
He captive led captivity:
And royal bounty did diſplay,
To grace the triumph of the day.

As to his throne in pomp he rode,
On men he offices beſtow'd:
Marks of munificence divine,
In which both might and mercy ſhine.

In order firſt *Apoſtles* came,
The higheſt rank, the nobleſt name:
Next them, 'tho' ſtill of high degree,
Evangeliſts and *Prophets* be.

Uncom-

Uncommon pow'rs on them beſtow'd,
Amaz'd the world, proclaim'd the God:
Made truth with heav'nly luſtre ſhine,
And prov'd the goſpel ſcheme divine.

With like good-will and kind intent,
Of meaner rank he *teachers* ſent,
O'er chriſtian churches to preſide,
And by inſpir'd writings guide:

His ſaints to poliſh and complete,
And fit them for the heav'nly ſtate:
To build by his own pow'rful word,
His church, the body of our Lord.

Lord, we with humble faith adore,
Thy ſov'reign grace, thy ſaving pow'r:
And celebrate our Saviour-God,
For ſuch rich gifts on men beſtow'd.

CXXXVI. *The Condeſcenſion and Love of Chriſt to Sinners, admir'd and prais'd.*

[Long Metre.

LORD, was it not enough for thee,
To give thy life for ſuch as we?
And let thy precious blood be ſpilt,
To take away our crimſon guilt?

And then thy bleeding merits plead,
And for our pardon intercede,
The bowels of our God to move,
And be our advocate above?

But wilt thou ſtill our ſouls purſue,
And court us to be happy too!
Shew us the way to endleſs reſt,
And preſs and urge us to be bleſt!

With conſtant kindneſs court our love,
With gentle ſtripes our faults reprove!
Send miniſters to wooe and warn,
And bid us mind our main concern!

Nay,

Nay, ſhed thy Spirit's influence,
To rouſe our dormant life and ſenſe!
Thus cloſe our flying ſouls purſue,
And oft repuls'd the ſuit renew.

Lord, this is love: with glad ſurprize,
It ſtrikes the mind, and draws the eyes:
Oh! let it ev'ry heart conſtrain,
And ſhew its charms no more in vain.

CXXXVII. *I will come in and ſup with him, and he with me.* Rev. iii. 20. [Long Metre, double.

'TIS an amazing ſtoop in thee,
Dear Lord, to ſup with ſuch as we:
Alas, what off'ring can we bring,
To ſpread a table for our King?
But when we ſee thy table ſtor'd
With all its rich proviſions, Lord,
'Tis more amazing ſtill, that we
Should be allow'd to feaſt with thee.

Yet thou this favour wilt confer,
On all who to thy call give ear:
Who bid farewel to ev'ry ſin,
And ope their hearts to let thee in:
Their humble truſt thou wilt approve,
Accept their ſervice and their love,
Make them thy care and thy delight,
And with thy love wilt theirs requite.

For them thou wilt the merit plead
Of blood, for their redemption ſhed:
In all thy glories be their friend,
And to thy Father them commend:
Thou wilt blot out their guilty ſcore,
Their ſouls to life divine reſtore:
Their kind protection undertake,
And them thy Father's children make.

Nor

Nor ſuch high honour here below,
Wilt thou alone on them beſtow:
But lift them up at laſt to be
For ever glorify'd with thee.
Lord, what rebellious heart can ſtill
Reject thy grace, oppoſe thy will!
By love o'ercome, I proſtrate fall,
And yield thee up mine heart, mine all.

CXXXVIII. *Worldly Wealth well enjoy'd.*

[Long Metre double

I Own it, Lord, what I poſſeſs
Cannot create mine happineſs:
Not all the pomp in which I ſhine,
Nor all the heaps I reckon mine.
Whilſt ſtill with eager wiſh I crave,
(Deſire inſatiate as the grave)
To gather and encreaſe my ſtore,
'Tis a confeſſion, I am poor.

But when, with lib'ral hand and heart,
I to the needy can impart,
And deal about what I poſſeſs,
My brethren to relieve and bleſs:
When I my ſtock for thee employ,
This is the trueſt ſpring of joy:
'Tis happier thus to ſpend my ſtore,
Than to be ſtill collecting more.

Oh! may I feel this truth impreſt,
With all its force upon my breaſt!
Take in its full and pow'rful ſenſe,
And yield to all its influence!
Then I a public good ſhall be,
And well approve myſelf to thee;
Aright employ what I poſſeſs,
And thus enjoy true happineſs.

CXXXIX. *Wrong done to God confeſſed and lamented, and the Soul yielded up to him.*

[Long Metre.

'TIS matchleſs grace in thee to ſue,
Moſt glorious God, for what's thy due;
And wond'rous arrogance in me,
To claim what muſt belong to thee.

Yet have I long thy rights deny'd,
Refus'd thy rule, thy pow'r defy'd;
Have liv'd as if I were mine own,
Lord of myſelf, and Lord alone.

I've treated thee with diſreſpect,
Thine high command with vile neglect;
And all my time and pow'rs apply'd
To gratify my luſt and pride.

But, Lord, I now myſelf abhor,
With bleeding heart this wrong deplore;
Convinc'd, confounded here I ſtand,
But yield me all to thy command.

Myſelf, and ev'ry thing that's mine,
I to thy pleaſure now reſign;
Be thou my God, and let me be
Henceforth peculiar, Lord, to thee.

Accept me in thine only Son,
He can for all my faults atone;
And ſend thy Spirit from above,
To kindle in my heart thy love.

There let him make his fix'd abode,
Secure me wholly for my God:
Thro' my whole ſoul ſpread life divine,
And make me now and ever thine.

CXL. *The Joy in Heaven over a repenting Sinner, promoting Repentance.* [Long Metre.

MY God, will my repentance be
So pleaſing an event to thee?
Will the glad news be told above,
And ſpread thro' all the realms of love?

Will ev'ry bliſsful ſpirit there,
Rejoice ſuch happy news to hear?
And all thy ſaints who dwell below,
Be glad this glorious change to know?

Will none be pleas'd to ſee me ſtill,
A rebel to thy righteous will;
But fiends of fierce and boundleſs ſpite,
And fools who hate and ſhun the light?

And ſhall I, Lord, be fond to pleaſe
Such fools, or raging foes as theſe?
But backward and unwilling prove,
To gratify the God of love?

Forbid it, Lord. No, let my heart
At once with ev'ry idol part:
Bid ev'ry fav'rite luſt be gone,
And place my Saviour on his throne.

Then with the heart of God rejoice,
Each *Seraph* will exalt his voice;
Each ſaint the news with triumph tell,
And none be griev'd but *heirs of hell.*

CXLI. *Riſings of Envy at God's Grace to others check'd and ſuppreſs'd.* [Long Metre.

GRant, Lord, I never may repine
At any gracious act of thine;
Or ſad and ſullen grow to ſee
A ſtraying ſoul brought home to thee.

When

When thou art glad, and ev'ry heart
Should in thy pleaſure bear a part;
With grieved mind and gloomy face,
Shall I reproach thy glorious grace?

Ah! how indecent, Lord, were this?
What, ſhall I grudge my brother's bliſs?
What thou wilt ſave, ſhall I deſtroy?
Or blame my heav'nly Father's joy?

No, God forbid. Lord, I would be
In this, a counterpart to thee:
Thy pleaſure I would ſtill approve,
And, as *thou art*, I would be, *love*.

Oh! make my ſoul throughout divine,
That I in thy delights may join!
And with tranſported heart may ſee,
Each wand'ring wretch brought home to thee.

CXLII. *The convinced Sinner's Prayer for Faith in Chriſt.* [Long Metre.

FOrgive me, Lord, that I have been,
A wretch ſo long enſlav'd to ſin:
So ſtrongly bent to be undone,
And ſlight thy mercy and thy Son.

Oh! chaſe my long and gloomy night:
And bleſs my ſoul with ſaving light:
Make me my true condition know,
How great my guilt, how near my woe.

Let my known danger urge me on,
Impending wrath to fear and ſhun:
Nor let me my great work delay,
But to thy Chriſt make haſte away.

Oh! make me feel how much I need,
This pow'rful friend my cauſe to plead;
His death to clear my guilty ſcore,
His life, that I may ſin no more.

Incline

Incline mine heart *to kiſs the Son,*
And him for Mediator own;
To track his feet, his croſs embrace,
Bow to his ſway, and truſt his grace.

I cannot, Lord, give o'er this ſuit,
Such want as mine is never mute;
Refuſe whate'er thou wilt beſide.
In this I cannot be deny'd.

CXLIII. *Why art thou caſt down, O my Soul, and why art thou diſquieted within me?* Pſal. xlii. 5.
[Long Metre, double.

HUSH up, my ſoul, forbear complaint,
Nor under theſe afflictions faint:
Oh! don't with fretting thought augment
The anguiſh of my diſcontent:
My woes 'tis true now weighty are,
A load which I can hardly bear;
And gath'ring clouds freſh ſtorms portend,
Nor have I hope to ſee their end.

My friends can give me no relief,
But fail my hopes, enflame my grief;
Yet why, my troubled ſoul, ſhould I
Hang down mine head, deſpond and die?
Oh! rouze and ſtretch believing eyes,
Beyond the earth, beyond the ſkies:
Look up to God with chearful hope,
Thine helper, thine almighty prop

He can with eaſe the weight ſuſtain,
Diſperſe the clouds, dry up the rain:
My drooping head his hand can raiſe,
And tune my tongue to ſongs of praiſe:
Nor doubt his love ſo often try'd,
But boldly in his help confide:
He will his ſmiling face diſplay,
And ſcatter all this gloom away.

My

My heavy heart his voice ſhall cheer,
In my defence his pow'r appear;
His light thro' all my ſoul ſhall ſhine,
And I triumph in love divine:
He to my fainting fleſh and heart
Shall ſtrength, and life, and joy impart;
And I with endleſs praiſe proclaim
The deathleſs honours of his name.

CXLIV. *We are not our own, but bought with a Price.* 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20. [Long Metre.

NO, Lord, I freely own to thee,
Mine own I am not, cannot be;
Elſe I ſhall claim what's not my due,
And injure my Redeemer too.

By him the coſtly price was paid,
Which on my guilty head was laid;
Blood for my ranſom to provide,
A willing ſacrifice he dy'd.

Strange coſtly price was this indeed,
For which my captive ſoul was freed:
The curſe remov'd, my guilt diſcharg'd,
And I from all my bonds enlarg'd.

No, Lord, I cannot be mine own,
Since thou haſt paid my ranſom down;
Since thou haſt purchas'd me for God,
With thine own life and precious blood.

Oh! help me, that I never may
Thy right to others give away;
Or yield myſelf the property
Of any other Lord but thee.

But let me be entirely thine,
Myſelf and ev'ry thing that's mine;
And make it my ambition ſtill,
To know and do thy holy will.

CXLV. *Glorify God with your Bodies and Spirits, which are his.* 1 Cor. vi. 20. [Long Metre.

YES, Lord, ſince I am wholly thine,
I'll give thee ev'ry thing that's mine;
My body, ſoul, and ſubſtance too:
'Tis only yielding up thy due.

My mind, and all its pow'rs ſhall be,
Henceforth devoted all to thee:
I'll think and chuſe, reſolve and love,
As thou ſhalt dictate and approve.

For thee my wealth ſhall be enjoy'd,
My time and ſtrength for thee employ'd;
And ev'ry appetite and ſenſe,
Reſtrain'd from giving thee offence.

For thee I'll health and eaſe forego,
I'll pain endure, and welcome woe:
Nor when requir'd will I refuſe
My very life for thee to loſe.

Thus ſtill to act, is to purſue
The end I ſtill ſhould have in view:
And whilſt I live, and when I die,
My gracious God to glorify.

CXLVI. *The Soul renouncing other Objects, and reſolving to love God.* [Long Metre.

YES, I forever will abhor
Each fav'rite luſt I lov'd before.
What God forbids and hates, to me
Deteſtable ſhall always be.

Each rival ſhall its claims reſign,
That, Lord, I wholly may be thine:
Its charms the world ſhall ſhew in vain,
The tempting idol I diſdain.

Oh!

Oh! let thy Spirit, gracious God,
Upon my heart ſhed love abroad;
Whilſt I by proper means ſhall ſtrive,
To keep the holy flame alive.

My ſoul ſhall oft above the ſkies,
On wings of contemplation riſe:
View all the glorious ſcenes above,
And learn from angels how to love.

And oft with fixed eyes ſurvey
The wonders Goſpel ſchemes diſplay;
Thoſe tracks of love divine explore,
And praiſe, and wonder, and adore.

Thus would I, Lord, keep in the fire,
Thus ſtill attempt to raiſe it high'r;
'Till my now languid flame ſhall prove
Conſummate and immortal love.

CXLVII. *Prayer for brotherly Love.*

[Long Metre double.

JESUS, my Saviour, and my King,
Of all I have or hope the ſpring;
Send down thy Spirit from above,
And warm my heart with holy love.
May I from ev'ry act abſtain,
That hurts or gives my neighbour pain;
And ev'ry ſecret wiſh ſuppreſs,
That would abridge his happineſs.

Still may I feel my heart inclin'd,
To act the friend to all my kind;
Still wiſh them ſafety, health and eaſe,
Wealth, fame, eternal life, and peace:
Still let my bowels melt and flow,
When I behold a wretch in woe;
And in his ſorrows bear a part,
With ev'ry one of heavy heart.

But when my neighbour's proſp'rous ſtate,
Shall pleaſure in himſelf create,
Let me too in his triumphs join,
Nor once at his ſucceſs repine:
With hearty and with forward zeal,
May I promote my brother's weal;
Be pleas'd to pleaſe, and give content,
His griefs to eaſe, or to prevent.

And ſhould my neighbour ſpiteful prove,
Still let me vanquiſh ſpite with love;
Slow to reſent, tho' he would grieve,
But apt and ready to forgive:
Let love in all my conduct ſhine,
An image fair, tho' faint of thine.
Thus would I thy diſciple prove,
Great *Prince of peace*, great *King of love*.

CXLVIII. *Seeking Things above.*

[Long Metre double.

MY ſoul, with thy Redeemer riſe,
With him paſs all inferior ſkies;
And follow on to that bleſt place,
Where God unveils his glorious face:
There ſee the infinite unknown,
Blaze on his tall eternal throne;
Whilſt all the ſhining hoſts on high,
Adoring at his footſtool lie.

And lo, enthron'd at his right hand,
Thy Saviour ſits with full command;
Whilſt ev'ry happy ſoul above,
In heavenly ſtrains applauds his love.
Angels and ſaints in conſort join,
And tune their harps to ſongs divine:
Harmonious all they live and ſing,
Without one jarring heart or ſtring.

To

To that bleſt life, my ſoul, aſpire,
And ſoar aloft with ſtrong deſire;
Here chuſe thy lot, here fix thy reſt,
And ſeek for ever to be bleſt:
Still keep the bliſsful world in view,
And cloſe the glorious chaſe purſue;
The way leads up to reſt above,
Through paths of purity and love.

This track purſue with buſy zeal,
Each luſt ſubdue, each foe repel;
Still ſtretch thy wings, and upward riſe,
Eternal glory is the prize:
And as aloft thou'rt gladly born,
Look down on earth with holy ſcorn;
Deſpiſe its gay and tempting things,
Its threats defy, nor dread its ſtings.

Thro' ſnares and dangers here below,
Go cheerful on, and holier grow;
For glorious crowns thy toils attend,
In boundleſs bliſs this courſe will end:
E'er long thou wilt aſcend on high,
Become a tenant of the ſky;
Receive in heav'n thy full reward,
And be for ever with the Lord.

CXLIX. *Filial Dependance on God,*.

[Long Metre double

YES, Lord, I'll ſtill on thee depend,
My Father ſure will prove my friend;
And 'tis a pleaſure to be poor,
And live on thine exhauſtleſs ſtore:
All that is good thou can'ſt ſupply,
And put all threatning evil by;
I'll truſt to thy paternal care,
Nor want, nor harm, nor danger fear:

Should woes on ev'ry ſide invade,
I'll ſhelter ſeek beneath thy ſhade,
And evermore on thee for all
I want, or wiſh, will humbly call:
I'll ſtill refer myſelf to thee,
And with my lot contented be;
And with conſenting heart and voice,
Approve my heav'nly Father's choice.

Yet will I lift believing eyes,
To regions far within the ſkies;
And hope e'er long in thine abode,
To ſee my Saviour and my God.
Lord, through the deſert ſafely guide,
Guard me, and ſee my wants ſupply'd;
Fit me for heav'nly life above,
And then to heav'nly reſt remove.

CL. *Let the Children of* Zion *be glad in their King.* [Long Metre double.

FOR joy let *Zion*'s children ſing,
Their Saviour is their gracious King;
And he who for their ſins was ſlain,
For ever over them ſhall reign:
He'll bear command with gentle ſway,
'Twill be a pleaſure to obey;
His laws, the copy of his heart,
Breathe love and grace in ev'ry part.

He'll help to do what he requires,
For deeds accept ſincere deſires;
Lamented ſins and faults forgive,
And broken contrite hearts relieve:
He'll keep his ſervants ſafe from harm,
Within the circle of his arm,
And them from ev'ry foe defend,
Who to his ſcepter freely bend.

Oh!

Oh! let his ſaints a tribute pay,
Of higheſt thanks of grateful joy;
Triumphant let them ſhout and ſing,
And make their boaſts of ſuch a King:
Let this high joy my heart poſſeſs,
'Twill bear me up in all diſtreſs:
Make all my duty my delight,
And ev'ry gloomy ſcene look bright.

'Twill chriſtian bravery inſpire,
And ſtill keep in the gen'rous fire:
Still prompt me boldly to oppoſe,
The fierceſt of my raging foes;
'Twill raiſe my hope, and bear me thro'
The hardeſt duties I muſt do;
'Twill calm each breaſt wherein it reigns,
And triumph over fears and pains.

CLI. *Giving thanks to God always in all things.*
[Long Metre.

YES, Lord, my joyful thanks to thee,
Shall, like my debts, continual be:
In conſtant ſtreams thy bounty flows,
Nor end, nor intermiſſion knows:

Thy kindneſs all my comforts gives,
My num'rous wants thine hand relieves;
Nor can I ever, Lord, be poor,
Who live on thine exhauſtleſs ſtore.

If what I wiſh thy will denies,
'Tis becauſe thou art good and wiſe:
Afflictions which may make me mourn,
Thou canſt, thou doſt to bleſſings turn.

Deep, Lord, upon my thankful breaſt,
Let all thy favours be impreſt,
That I may never more forget
The ſum, or any ſingle debt.

I would with grateful heart each day,
For thy bequeſts my praiſes pay;
And always well diſpos'd would be,
In all things to give thanks to thee.

CLII. *The Believer's Triumph over Death.*

[Long Metre.

WELL, tho' the ſaints muſt alſo die,
And in the grave their bodies lie;
Their nobler minds ſhall ſtill ſurvive,
And ſafe at heav'nly reſt arrive.

Tho' nature dreads the parting ſtroke,
And death muſt needs the guilty ſhock;
Their Lord, when on the croſs he hung,
Aton'd for ſin and death unſtung.

Now to his ſaints 'tis ſure relief,
The period both of ſin and grief;
The portal to eternal bliſs,
The world where their Redeemer is.

Thither their ſouls releas'd repair,
And feaſt on deathleſs pleaſures there,
Whilſt their dead bodies ſweetly reſt,
And nothing can their peace moleſt.

And glorious they e'er long ſhall riſe,
And meet their minds, and mount the ſkies;
To manſions long ago prepar'd,
And be for ever with the Lord.

Then ſhall they all triumphant ſing,
" Death, where is now thy deadly ſting?
" And grave, no more thy conqueſt boaſt,
" Thy pow'rs ſubdu'd, thine empire loſt.

" Thy boaſted might we now defy,
" We live, and never more ſhall die;
" Live with our ever living Head,
" Who by his pow'r revives the dead.

" Becauſe

" Becauſe he lives, we too ſhall live,
" He'll deathleſs vigour to us give;
" Whilſt we in heav'nly ſtrains proclaim
" His triumphs, and immortal fame.

To him be endleſs praiſes paid,
Who for our ſins atonement made;
Who death by dying did deſtroy,
And bought celeſtial life and joy.

CLIII. *Delight in Ordinances.* Pſal. lxxxii. 1, 10, &c. [Long Metre double.

'TIS the fair dawn of heav'nly day,
To heav'nly bliſs the ſhining way;
When to his temple God deſcends,
And there converſes with his friends:
With beams of ſmiling Majeſty
He awes, and yet invites them nigh;
His glories and his grace diſplays,
And ſhines with bright, but friendly rays.

At his right hand our Saviour ſtands,
With golden cenſers in his hands,
To lift our ſervices on high,
Perfum'd with his own fragrancy.
Whilſt hov'ring o'er the happy place,
His Spirit ſheds his heav'nly grace;
To fix the thoughts; the heart to raiſe,
And tune the ſoul to love and praiſe.

There we can learn the bleſſed ſkill,
To know and do our Maker's will;
And whilſt we hear, and ſing, and pray,
To heav'nly joys are rapt away:
Theſe are the deareſt hours I know,
The ſweeteſt joys of all below;
Here I would chuſe my fixt abode,
And dwell for ever near my God.

One day within his earthly courts,
One bliſsful day where God reſorts;
My heart would cheerfully prefer
To thouſands, to an age elſewhere:
One gracious look, my God, from thee,
One glimpſe of what thy glories be,
Will yield my ſoul more ſolid mirth,
Than all the other joys on earth.

Much rather would I humbly wait,
A porter at thy temple-gate,
Than in the ſtatelieſt palace dwell,
And ſtill remain an heir of hell.
And were the world at my command,
For one dear hour at thy right hand;
The mighty int'reſt I'd reſign,
And count th' advantage richly mine.

CLIV. *His Name is as Ointment poured forth.*
Solomon's Song, i. 3. [Long Metre double.

JESUS! the deareſt, ſweeteſt name,
That ear can hear, or tongue proclaim:
Saviour of Men, and *Chriſt of God*.
What rich perfume it ſheds abroad!

'Tis balſam to the bleeding heart,
'Twill ſtaunch the blood, and eaſe the ſmart;
A cordial to the fainting ſoul,
And makes the wounded ſpirit whole.

It ſtills our paſſions, ſtops our tears,
The mind diſconſolate it cheers:
'Tis ſtrong ſupport, and ſure relief,
In times of greateſt guilt and grief?

And whether ſhould the guilty fly?
Where can they with firm truſt rely?
But on his name, who to obtain
The pardon of their ſin was ſlain?

Or where ſhould ſaints in ſore diſtreſs,
When ſorrows ſwell and dangers preſs;
Where ſhould they lean but on his breaſt,
Their truſty and their kind High-prieſt?

It is a name that luſt will quell,
'Twill raiſe their hopes, their fears diſpel;
'Twill put the bands of hell to flight,
And all their conquer'd legions fright.

'Twill pacify the wrath divine,
God's heart to ſinful worms incline;
'Twill cleanſe their ſouls, ſubdue their ſin,
And open heav'n to let them in.

From worſt of ills 'tis our defence,
And all our bleſſings ſpring from thence:
Sure 'tis the ſweeteſt, deareſt name,
The heart can know, the tongue proclaim.

CLV. *A Thought of Death and Sickneſs.*

[Long Metre.

MY ſoul, the minutes haſte away,
Apace comes on-th' important day;
When in the icy arms of death,
I muſt give up my vital breath.

Look forward to the moving ſcene,
How wilt thou be affected then?
When from on high ſome ſharp diſeaſe,
Reſiſtleſs ſhall my vitals ſeize?

When medicine ſhall be in vain,
To heal the ſtroke, or eaſe the pain?
When nature yields, and art ſhall fail,
And ſtill the malady prevail?

When all the ſprings of life are low,
The ſpirits faint, the pulſes ſlow,
The eyes grow dim, and ſhort the breath,
(Preſages of approaching death)

When

When clammy ſweats thro' ev'ry part,
Shew life's retreating to the heart,
Its laſt reſiſtance there to make,
And then the breathleſs frame forſake?

When all my friends ſtand hopeleſs by
And weeping wait to ſee me die,
But can afford me no relief,
To eaſe their own, or heal my grief?

When worldly glories fade away,
Faſt as I feel my life decay:
Still dwindling 'till they diſappear,
Like vapours ſcatter'd in the air?

When all eternity's in ſight,
The brighteſt day, the blackeſt night?
One ſhock will break the building down,
And let thee into worlds unknown?

Oh! come, my ſoul, the matter weigh,
How wilt thou leave thy kindred clay,
And how the unknown regions try,
And launch into eternity?

By faith the heav'nly realms explore,
Oft try thy wings, and upward ſoar:
Be dead to earth, dwell much on high,
Then calmly live, and bravely die.

CLVI. *Judgment-Day.* [Long Metre.

LO, from on high a brighter day
Shines out, and melts the ſun away:
The ſplendid pomp comes ſwiftly on,
'Tis glory ſtreaming from the throne.

The Judge comes down in all his ſtate,
And dazzling fills the awful ſeat:
Whilſt all the heav'nly people ſtand
In robes of light on either hand.

He

He bids the great arch-angel ſound,
From diſtant worlds the notes rebound :
Earth, air, and hell together ſhake,
And all the dead at once awake.

But with what horror and ſurprize,
Will ſinners open then their eyes?
See all the triumph in the air,
And from their Judge this ſentence hear?

" Accurſed wretches, hence, be gone,
" To worlds of fire, and woes unknown;
" Loſt to all hope, deſcend to hell,
" And with fierce feinds for ever dwell.

" You hated me, neglected mine,
" Nor would be rul'd by laws divine:
" You barr'd the Saviour from your heart;
" For evermore accurs'd, depart.

But ſaints with blooming air will riſe,
And lift their heads and feaſt their eyes,
Rejoice to ſee their Judge appear,
And from his mouth ſuch words to hear.

" Bleſt children of my Father, come,
" Mount to your everlaſting home:
" The kingdom long ago prepar'd,
" To be your portion and reward.

" You lov'd my ſaints, and own'd my cauſe,
" Embrac'd my croſs, obey'd my laws,
" Come now rejoice and reign with me,
" And *where I am, for ever be.*

Lord, let me now accept thy grace,
And life on thine own terms embrace,
That when thou ſhalt to judgment come,
I may among thy ſaints have room.

CLVII.

CLVII. *The new Jeruſalem.* From Rev. xxi. 11—26. Rev. vii. 16, 17. [Long Metre double.

HAIL, heav'nly *Salem*, happy place,
Where God unveils his radiant face:
Where he his throne eternal rears,
And dreſt in light thereon appears:
Magnificent thy ſtructures riſe,
And lift their heads above the ſkies:
And art and elegance divine,
Through all the architecture ſhine.

One pearl entire is ev'ry gate,
At which a band of ſeraphs wait:
Whilſt dazzling light inceſſant ſtreams,
From jaſper walls inlaid with gems:
The pavement (wondrous to behold)
Is all of pure and maſſy gold,
And yet permits the light to paſs
Tranſparent as a ſea of glaſs.

Ten thouſand thrones and manſions there
For happy ſaints prepar'd, appear:
Spacious and rich, auguſt and tall,
With heav'nly ſplendor ſhining all:
Thro' ev'ry ſtreet, in chryſtal tides,
A ſtream of living water glides:
On whoſe fair banks on either hand,
The *trees of life* ſtill blooming ſtand.

High in the midſt of all the place,
The throne of God will glorious blaze:
And ſtreaming from the face divine,
Eſſential light ſhall ever ſhine:
The ſun and moon are needleſs there,
All borrow'd light ſhall diſppear:
Glory divine makes conſtant day,
And drives all night and ſhade away.

No

No temple there ſhall ſtately ſtand,
For faith and means are at an end:
God and the Lamb ſhall ever ſhine,
And ſaints inhabit light divine.
Loud hallelujahs, heav'nly ſtrains,
Shall eccho through the happy plains:
And ſin and pain the place ſhall fly,
And death it ſelf for ever die.

All that can grieve the mind or ſenſe,
Shall always be excluded thence:
Nor thirſt nor hunger, cold nor heat,
Shall once uneaſineſs create.
The Lamb his bleſſed flock ſhall feed
And to immortal fountains lead:
Whilſt God's ſoft hand from ev'ry eye,
Shall wipe the tears, ſhall wipe them dry.

CLVIII. *Heaven.* [Long Metre.

THERE is a land of living joy,
Pure, endleſs bliſs, without alloy
Where God hath fix'd his dwelling-place,
And ſhews unveil'd his ſmileing face.

There on a tall eternal throne,
And dreſt with glories all his own;
He ſheds abroad his brighteſt rays,
And makes all heav'n reflect the blaze.

Millions around the dazling ſeat,
In pleaſing tranſport humbly wait,
Seraphs and ſaints, celeſtial bands,
Proud to perform what he commands.

With eyes made ſtrong to bear the ſight,
They gaze with infinite delight:
Drink in the excellence divine,
And with their Maker's glories ſhine.

Beauty

Beauty ſupreme ſtands full in view,
And charms at once and awes them too:
Here fix'd, their hearts will rove no more,
But wrap'd in bliſsful trance adore.

They'll love and look, and love again,
Still feed deſire, but feel no pain:
Their God the paſſion will approve,
And with his own requite their love.

They live in endleſs extaſies,
Poſſeſt of true eſſential bliſs:
And ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
Breathes rapture in celeſtial ſong.

Through all the bright and happy plains,
Reſound the ſweet the lofty ſtrains:
And tides of pleaſures conſtant roll,
O'er ev'ry raptur'd mind and ſoul.

Each voice and harp performing there,
With ſound harmonious charms the ear:
What pleaſure muſt the ſong inſpire,
When ſwell'd by all the tuneful choir!

The faint rebound, ev'n here below,
Makes my whole ſoul with tranſport glow:
How mighty muſt the rapture be,
To dwell amidſt ſuch harmony?

There ev'ry breath is heavenly praiſe,
There light is God's eſſential blaze:
There love is life, and work is reſt;
Oh! may I there be ever bleſt!

CLIX. *Death-bed Repentance.* [Long Metre.

AND ſhall I ſtill the change delay,
'Till nature waſtes and life decay?
'Till reſtleſs, on the bed of death,
I faint for pain, and pant for breath?

How

How ſhould I then my follies mourn?
Or from beloved ſins return;
When fev'riſh heats in ev'ry vein,
Shall ſcorch my fleſh, and fire my brain?

When no one part from pain is free,
When feeble all my pow'rs ſhall be,
How ſhou'd I this great work attend,
And all my former errors mend?

Or, ſhall I, Lord, thy patience try,
'Till on the brink of death I lie,
And then with confidence look up,
And ſtill for thy ſalvation hope?

Still hope thou'lt make me pure and clean,
And take out ev'ry ſingle ſtain:
Still hope to have my guilt forgiv'n,
And free admiſſion into heav'n?

Preſumptuous thought! how ſhall I dare
To offer up one ſingle prayer!
Who ſtill have with thy Spirit ſtrove,
And ſcorn'd thy laws, and ſpurn'd thy love!

To day, let my hard heart relent,
Now, let me pray, and now repent:
Now, to a pitying *Jeſus* fly
Firſt learn to live, then long to die.

CLX. *A Song of Praiſe to God.*

[Long Metre double.

HOW ſhould a worm attempt to ſing?
Thy Majeſty, eternal King?
Beneath the ſubject angels faint,
Nor can thy glories repreſent.
Great God, all thy perfections far
Above all praiſe exalted are:
Yet angels may the labour try,
Attempt to ſing: and ſo may I.

Oh!

Oh! for a beam of heav'nly light,
To make mine apprehenſions bright!
One ſpark of true celeſtial fire,
My breaſt with rapture to inſpire?
But where ſhall I begin the ſong?
What glory firſt employ my tongue;
When ev'ry excellence divine,
Doth with tranſcendent luſtre ſhine?

Thy *being* never did begin,
From *everlaſting* thou haſt been:
And thou, when time itſelf ſhall die,
Wilt live through all eternity.
The heav'n of heav'ns cannot confine,
Or graſp *immenſity* divine:
Within the hollow of thine hand,
The univerſe may be contain'd.

Thou to thyſelf art fully *known*,
But fully to thyſelf alone:
Nor can the ſearch of any mind,
Beſides thine own, th' Almighty find.
Thy *pow'rful word* built earth and ſkies,
Bid this whole world from nothing riſe:
One word of thine, one wrathful frown,
At once will break the building down.

Unerring *ſkill* conſpicuous ſtands,
In all the labours of thine hands:
But deep conceal'd thy counſels lie,
From ev'ry bold intruding eye:
Whilſt open to thy view, and bare
Hypocriſy and hell appear:
Nor veil, nor darkneſs, nor diſguiſe
Can cover from *all-ſearching* eyes.

In heav'n thy *goodneſs* conſtant ſtreams
In living joys, and bliſsful beams;

And pours in one continual tide
Supplies on all the world beſide.
Thy name and nature both are *clean*,
And free from ev'ry moral ſtain:
Thy jealous eye can't bear to ſee,
And not abhor, iniquity.

Impartial *juſtice* guards thy throne;
Diſpenſing right to ev'ry one:
And tho' thy wrath may fiercely flame,
Thy righteous eye directs its aim:
And yet thy *mercy* plenteous flows,
To pardon and to melt thy foes:
And none ſhall by thy vengeance fall,
Who hearken to a Saviour's call.

Whatever doubts my faith aſſail,
Thy faithful word can never fail:
Thy *truth* for ever ſhall endure,
And all thy promiſes are ſure.
Oh! let me hear that *thou art mine*,
With ſmiling face upon me ſhine;
This will the nobleſt paſſion raiſe,
And tune me all to love and praiſe.

CLXI. *Divine Perfections.* [Long Metre.

THE Lord for ever reigns on high
Enrob'd with light and majeſty;
And ſhines in beams ſo dazzling bright,
That angels ſcarce can bear the ſight.

His radiant robes the God conceal,
In light he dwells *inviſible*:
Yet from his eyes one ſtreaming ray,
Will change thick darkneſs into day.

He from *eternity* hath been,
Nor can have end, nor could begin:

No

No bounds his *being* can confine:
All is *immenſe* that is divine.

At his command this mighty frame,
The univerſe, from nothing came:
And thro' the whole, in great deſigns,
And proper means, his *wiſdom* ſhines

O'er all his works his bounty flows,
His *wealth* and *goodneſs* to diſcloſe:
His *faithful* word we ſhould believe,
He can't miſtake, nor yet deceive.

Holy and rev'rend is his name:
His jealous eyes dart wrath and flame:
His *juſtice* will on ſinners frown,
To vindicate his injur'd crown.

And yet his glorious *grace* relieves
The broken heart, and ſin forgives:
In ſtreams of blood his pity flows,
He ſlays his Son to ſave his foes.

Let me thy favour, Lord, obtain,
Nor let ſuch blood be ſhed in vain:
Say to my ſoul, "Thy ſin's forgiv'n,
And lift my heart and voice to heav'n.

CLXII. *Morning Hymn.* [Long Metre.

COME, now, my ſoul, adore the hand
That rules the ſun, reſtores the light:
Praiſe him who gives his hoſts command,
To watch and guard thee ev'ry night.

When down I lay my weary head,
And limbs fatigu'd, for needful ſleep,
With pleaſure they around my bed
Attend, and guard continual keep.

And ſtill, by thy direction, Lord,
Thro' all the dangers of the day,
They willing ſtand, and well prepar'd,
To keep me ſafe and guide my way.

And, Lord, how many ſecret ſnares
Lie ev'ry where to catch my feet!
In all my mirth, in all my cares,
Temptations I am ſure to meet.

Sometimes thro' frailty and ſurprize,
I take the bait, and heedleſs fall:
Willful too oft I ruſh on vice,
Perceive the hook, but ſwallow all.

Save me, my God, from ev'ry dart
Aim'd at my ſoul, and ſent to ſlay:
Save me from my falſe fickle heart,
Nor let me once myſelf betray.

Thro' this day's duties, dangers, ſnares,
Be thou my guard, be thou my guide,
In all my mirth, in all my cares,
Grant I may never tread aſide.

I dare not truſt mine own falſe heart,
And angels help will be but vain,
Unleſs thou doſt thy grace impart,
Thy needful grace let me obtain.

CLXIII. *Evening Hymn.* [Long Metre.

ACCEPT, my God, my evening ſong,
Like incenſe let it fragrant riſe:
Stir up mine heart, and tune my tongue,
And let the muſick reach the ſkies.

Thou haſt my kind protector been,
Thro' all the dangers of the day:
My *guardian* to defend from ſin,
My *guide* to chuſe me out my way.

The

The flowing ſpring of all my good,
Still pouring bleſſings from on high:
Thine hand hath dealt me out my food,
For ev'ry want a kind ſupply.

Unceaſing, Lord, thy bounty flow'd,
Each moment brought me in freſh aid:
But what returns of love to God,
Have I for all his kindneſs made?

What have I done for him that dy'd,
To ſave my ſoul from endleſs woe?
How much have I his patience try'd,
From whom all my enjoyments flow?

Faſt as my flying minutes paſs,
My faults augment the former ſum:
Forgive the paſt, and by thy grace
Prevent the like for time to come.

Dear Saviour, to thy croſs I'll fly,
And there my guilty head recline,
And my whole ſoul (that ſin may die)
Yield up to influence divine.

Then ſprinkled with atoning blood,
I'll lay me down and take my reſt;
Truſt the protection of my God,
And ſleep as on my ſaviour's breaſt.

CLXIV. *Incarnation.* [Long Metre.

E'RE earth was form'd, heav'n ſtretch'd abroad,
Or time commenced, was *the word:*
With God he was, himſelf *was God*,
By earth and heav'n to be ador'd.

Ev'n nothing heard his pow'rful call,
And ſoon creating breath obey'd:
At his command this mighty all,
And ev'ry thing therein, was made.

He

He by his pow'r the whole ſuſtains,
Guides ev'ry motion with his hand,
O'er all without controul he reigns,
And angels own his high command.

Yet did he freely condeſcend,
Our fleſh and frailties to aſſume:
To men his kindneſs to commend,
He did himſelf a man become.

Our nature thus he made his own,
And we beheld his glorious face,
Like that of *God's begotten Son*,
Shine out with beams of *truth* and *grace*.

Come let us this rich grace adore,
Grace angels cannot comprehend:
Cloſe follow where he leads before,
And truſt our ſouls with ſuch a friend.

CLXV. *Pentecoſt.* [Long Metre.

AT *Pentecoſt*, illuſtrious day!
With one accord th' apoſtles met,
There where their Maſter bid them ſtay,
And for the Father's promiſe wait.

Nor did they ſit in long ſuſpenſe,
From heav'n a ſudden ſound was heard,
Like wind impetuous ruſhing thence,
And cloven tongues of fire appear'd.

The heav'nly blaſt fill'd all the room,
A tongue deſcends on ev'ry head:
And now the *Paraclete* is come,
To make them glad, and help them plead.

With flowing ſpeech in foreign tongues,
God's wond'rous works they now proclaim:
Whilſt of all nations num'rous throngs,
To witneſs to the wonder came.

Surpriz'd

Surpriz'd they heard illiterate *Jews*
The language of each country ſpeak:
The tongue of *Medes*, of *Lybians* uſe,
Arabic, *Perſian*, *Roman*, *Greek*.

Thus did the Holy Ghoſt inſpire,
And fit them chriſtian truths to ſpread,
Fill ev'ry heart with light and fire,
Teach ev'ry tongue to preach and plead.

Thus did he open witneſs bear,
To their authority divine:
Make ſtupid lands attentive hear,
And all their gods and luſts reſign.

Thus tidings of ſalvation run,
Through ev'ry nation far and near,
And ev'ry where beneath the ſun,
The triumphs of the croſs appear.

CLXVI. *Faith*. [Long Metre.

FAITH is the cogent evidence
Of things unſeen to human eyes:
It paſſes all the bounds of ſenſe,
And penetrates the inmoſt ſkies.

Things paſt it ſets in preſent view,
It brings far diſtant proſpects home:
Things done long ſince it can renew,
And long foreſee things yet to come.

With ſtrong perſuaſion, from afar
The heav'nly regions it ſurveys:
Embraces all the bleſſings there,
And here enjoys the promiſes.

The *Patriarchs* by its conduct led,
Were pilgrims only here below:
To all the world's enticements dead,
Its ſwelling ſound and glittering ſhew.

And ſaints beneath its influence,
Whilſt here in fleſh, yet live above:
Fetch down their richeſt cordials thence,
Or ſoar to heav'n on wings of love.

By it their ſteady courſe they ſteer
Thro' ruffling ſtorms, and raging ſeas:
Renew their ſtrength, ſubdue their fear,
And ſtill poſſeſs their ſouls in peace.

By this they paſs the deſart thro'.
Safe and ſerene, tho' oft diſtreſt:
By this the king of fears ſubdue,
And mount triumphant to their reſt.

Devotion. [Long Metre.

YES, Lord, I hope my loyal heart
Can give in proof of love to thee,
I love thine houſe, and where thou art
There would I ever wiſh to be.

With fervent zeal my longing ſoul,
Still thirſts for thee the living God.
And ſooner would renounce her all,
Than be excluded thine abode.

'Tis death to live exil'd from thee,
The fund of life, and ſource of bliſs:
Much rather would I nothing be,
Than have ſo ſad a doom as this.

Without thee all the ſtores on earth,
And all the ſhining worlds on high,
Would but create a greater dearth,
Upbraid, but never ſatisfy.

But to be where thy glories ſhine,
Thy loving-kindneſs is diſplay'd,
Would fill with joy this heart of mine,
My very fleſh would there be glad.

Yes, Lord, the deareſt hours I know,
Are in thy faithful ſervice ſpent:
Of all the joys I taſte below,
Theſe yield moſt exquiſite content.

And, Lord, if here ſuch pleaſures be,
What joys will heav'nly manſions yield?
When *in thy light I light ſhall ſee*,
And my whole ſoul *with God be fill'd!*

Let time roll on its wheels apace,
And bring the dear expected hour,
When I ſhall ſee thee *face to face*,
And from thy preſence part no more.

Charity. [Long Metre.

'TWould be an happy world, indeed
Were ev'ry heart enflam'd with love,
Did all this holy paſſion feed,
And as it prompts ſtill think and move.

'Twould make a little heav'n below,
Diſcord, and wrath, and war would ceaſe;
Bleſſings on ev'ry ſide would flow,
And all the world be huſh'd in peace.

Lord, let thy Spirit gently breathe,
And kindle up this heav'nly fire:
Still all the ſtorms which rage beneath,
And ev'ry heart with love inſpire.

But if theſe hopes too tow'ring are,
Prompt us to ſeek our reſt above;
'Tis conſtant peace and pleaſure there,
The very life of heav'n is love.

CLXVII. *Quit-Rent* [Long Metre.

DEAR Lord, to thee ourſelves we owe,
We owe whatever we poſſeſs:
Our ſubſtance ſhrinks, our treaſures grow,
As thou art pleas'd to frown or bleſs.

And

And what *from* thee we have, *for* thee
Should be expended and employ'd;
Or by us it can never be
With comfort and delight enjoy'd.

If on *ourſelves*, or *ours* we ſpend,
What thou would'ſt have laid out on *thine*;
We make thy kindneſs croſs its end,
And traitors prove in truſts divine.

And as thou doſt our ſtocks enlarge,
Or crown our labours with ſucceſs,
In due proportion, 'tis thy charge,
Our needy brethren we ſhould bleſs.

Lord, open wide our hearts and hands,
As treaſures grow and ſtocks enlarge:
Oh! let us love all thy commands,
And with delight fulfil this charge.

CLXVIII. *Grace and Praiſe.* [Long Metre.

HOW wond'rous, Lord, thy mercies are!
How much do thine our thoughts tranſcend!
Thou'rt ſlow to wrath, but prompt to ſpare,
And pity thoſe who thee offend.

Tho' I have ſcorn'd thy high command,
Have both thy love and laws abhor'd,
Yet ſtill a monument I ſtand
Of rich and long forbearance, Lord.

Thy dreadful wrath tho' I have dar'd,
Thy pow'r omnipotent defy'd,
And ſpurn'd thy grace, yet am I ſpar'd,
And yet with freſh endearments try'd.

Nor is it, Lord, enough for thee,
The vileſt rebel to forbear,
Thy ſmiling face I now can ſee,
The melting voice of pardon hear.

With filial boldneſs I draw nigh,
A *mercy-ſeat* is now thy throne:
No more thy frowns and thunder fly,
At thy right-hand behold thy Son.

He pleads my cauſe who once was ſlain,
And ſhed for ſin his precious blood:
Thro' faith thy favour I obtain,
Made clean in this atoning flood.

Then rouze, my ſoul, each paſſion move,
Strain ev'ry pow'r thy God to praiſe:
To celebrate redeeming love,
Forbearing and forgiving grace.

Oh! let my thoughts with pleaſure dwell,
Dwell long on this delightful theme:
'Till my whole heart its pow'r ſhall feel,
And my glad tongue its praiſe proclaim.

CLXIX. *Love to God.* [Long Metre.

MY God, I hope my loyal heart
Can give true proof of love to thee:
I love thy name and where thou art
'Tis my ambition ſtill to be.

Were I but once of God poſſeſt,
My fated heart would aſk no more:
To earthly minds I'd leave the reſt,
And ſpurn the idols they adore.

What God condemns, my ſoul abhors,
What he commands, I ſtill approve;
His ſov'reign rule my heart adores,
And all his ſaints I dearly love.

Here, in his houſe, delights I find,
That all on earth beſides, ſurpaſs:
Yet ſtill I wiſh, and ſtill my mind
Pants for the viſion of his face.

'Tis

'Tis where in glory dreſt thou art,
Lord, I would ever wiſh to be:
Theſe are the proofs, I hope, my heart
Can give of love unfeign'd to thee.

CLXX. *Love to our Neighbour.* [Long Metre

YES, Lord, this great command is right,
" Our neighbour as our ſelves to love:
'Twill carry kindneſs to the height,
And make this world like that above.

Oh! could we ſee the heav'nly flame
Diffuſe itſelf through all the kind!
Each at the common welfare aim,
And all in this perſuit combin'd!

This were indeed to dwell in love,
And with each breath take pleaſure in:
Thus earth a paradiſe would prove,
Of peace and bliſs the proper ſcene.

Lord, calm the tempeſts here below,
Make war, and wrath, and diſcord ceaſe:
Make withering love to ſprout and grow,
And ev'ry where ſpread joy and peace.

Let all thy churches here become
More like the glorious church above;
Or fetch my longing ſpirit home,
Home to the world of perfect love.

CLXXI. *Snares of Sin.* [Long Metre

DEceitful ſin, with fawning arts,
Our heedleſs ſouls too oft beguiles;
Steals unperceiv'd into our hearts,
And wounds to death with treach'rous ſmiles.

We catch the bait e're we're aware,
The ſpecious poiſon ſwallow down,
Nor once ſuſpect the hidden ſnare,
Nor fear to urge our Maker's frown.

Bewitch'd by her adulterous charms,
In paths of vice we blindly rove:
Avoid our Sov'reign's open arms,
Nor heed his threats, nor ſeek his love.

Oh, fatal error! thus we ſhun
The living ſpring of pure delight:
We fondly ſee to be undone,
And headlong ruſh on endleſs night.

From God exil'd, in vain we ſtray
In queſt of our forſaken bliſs:
At midnight we ſhould ſeek for day,
With leſs fatigue, but like ſucceſs.

Nor do we only heav'n forſake,
And in its ſtead mere ſhades purſue:
We urge our God, his wrath we wake,
With all his ſhafts to peirce us through.

To drive our guilty ſouls to hell,
Where death and deſperation reign,
With devils ever there to dwell,
In all th' extremity of pain.

And ſhall we ſtill keep on this road!
This fatal road! and ne'er return!
Oh, turn us, turn us, mighty God,
Now, not for ever let us mourn.

Our long tranſgreſſions we deplore:
Accept our tears, our ſins forgive:
Save us by thine Almighty pow'r,
Speak thou the word, we yet ſhall live.

CLXXII. *Prayer for* Britain *urg'd.*

[Long Metre.

YE ſaints, to *Britain*'s God addreſs,
With humble faith and fervent cries:
Beſeech him ſtill our land to bleſs,
And guard from all its enemies.

But,

But, ah! can we expect ſuch grace?
Will God continue here to dwell?
When we inſult him to his face,
And loud proclaim a league with hell?

Profound revolters we have been,
Tranſgreſſions ev'ry where abound:
And few deplore the general ſin,
That ſpreads its venom all around.

Some in their crimes profanely bold,
The pow'r of earth and heav'n defy:
Too proud and ſtout to be controul'd,
By human laws, or God on high.

Whilſt thoſe who boaſt a Saviour's name,
By ſolemn leagues to him ally'd,
Give foes occaſion to blaſpheme,
Whilſt from his paths they tread aſide.

Churches abroad in ruins lie,
Long ſince their temples God forſook:
And will he ſtill paſs *Britian* by,
Nor give us one diſpleaſing look?

Oh, no! the ſkies with thunder rend,
And flaming terrors fill the air:
Aſſembling clouds a ſtorm portend,
And God provok'd denounces war.

Rouze, all ye ſaints, and peace implore,
(When God is arm'd 'tis time to pray)
Nor once your earneſt cries give o'er,
'Till he has turn'd his wrath away.

CLXXIII. *Submiſſion.* [Long Metre.

MY gracious Father, and my God,
My great demerit I confeſs:
And tho' I ſmart, will kiſs the rod,
And thee my dear Corrector bleſs.

Thy juſt rebukes I'll humbly bear,
'Tis ſin occaſions all my pain:
Much worſe I ſtill have room to fear,
But have no reaſon to complain.

Lord, ſhew me why thou doſt contend
Lay open all my lurking ſin:
That what's amiſs I may amend,
And holier grow than I have been.

Our fleſhly parents often vent
Rage and revenge, when they chaſtiſe:
When God corrects, 'tis his intent,
To make his children good and wiſe.

Lord, to thy purpoſe bend mine heart,
Let trials my refiners be:
Then, tho' thy rod may make me ſmart,
'Twill yet improve my love to thee.

Thus ſhall I ſee my Father's love,
Thro' all his frowns conſpicuous ſhine:
My pains will real bleſſings prove;
Why ſhould I murmur or repine?

Oh, no! my Father and my God,
My guilt, thy goodneſs I confeſs:
And when my faults ſhall need the rod,
Do as thou wilt, I'll acquieſce.

CLXXIV. *Behold what manner of Love*, &c.
1 John iii. 1. [Long Metre.

WITH great, but glad, ſurprize behold,
What love the Father hath beſtow'd,
That ſinful men ſhould be inroll'd
Among the glorious ſons of God.

This is a nobler title far,
Than thoſe of lords and kings below,
The nobleſt ſeraphim can bear,
Or God on creatures can beſtow.

Nor

Nor is the ſounding name the whole
In this high dignity imply'd:
If we are children, God will all
That's fit and good for us provide.

He'll love us with affection dear,
With tender care from harm defend;
And when corrections needful are,
He'll uſe the rod with gentle hand.

Nay, thus we happy heirs become
Of heav'nly and eternal bliſs:
And ſoon ſhall reach that bleſſed home:
Lord! what a privilege is this!

And am I, Lord, a child of thine,
A worm, a wretch ſo dignify'd!
Strange humbling ſtoop of love divine!
What wonders may be here deſcry'd!

Oh! may this mercy ſeize my ſoul,
From all her bondage ſet her free;
My rebel paſſions all controul,
But ever bind my heart to thee.

CLXXV. WONDERFUL. [Long Metre.

HARK, the beſt news that ever came!
To ſinful men, condemn'd, forlorn!
Aloud celeſtial hoſts proclaim,
"A Saviour Chriſt the Lord is born.

Their Sov'reign throws his beams aſide,
And ſteps from his imperial throne,
In human form the God to hide,
And our frail fleſh to make his own.

On high in dazzling light he ſhines,
Tho' here he lays his ſplendors by,
And here a mortal life begins,
Who ever liv'd, and ne'er can die.

The Babe for help with moans and cries,
To's Virgin-Mother here complains,
Whoſe pow'rful breath built earth and ſkies,
And ſtill the mighty pile ſuſtains.

In ſwaddling clothes he's here confin'd,
Whom yet no limits comprehend:
And hardly can a lodging find,
Tho' monarchs at his footſtool bend.

How many wonders here combine,
To draw and fix believing eyes!
And fill all heav'n with joy divine,
With awful mirth and dear ſurprize?

The angels croud in ſhining bands,
To wait on this auſpicious birth:
And loud proclaim their God's commands,
His praiſe on high, his peace on earth.

Let us too try our utmoſt ſkill,
And loud with thankful hearts reply,
On earth be peace, to men good will,
And higheſt praiſe to God on high.

CLXXVI. *One God.* Long Metre.

ETernal God, Almighty cauſe
Of earth, and ſeas, and worlds unknown,
The world ſubmits to all thy laws,
Depends entire on thee alone.

Thy glorious Being ſingly ſtands,
Of all within itſelf poſſeſt:
Controul'd by none in thy commands,
And in thyſelf completely bleſt.

No rival can thine honour claim,
No higher deity appears:
No equal bears thine awful name,
Nor Fellow-God thy glory ſhares.

To

To thee alone ourſelves we owe,
This homage heav'n and earth ſhould pay:
All other Gods we diſavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their ſway.

On thee we fix our chearful truſt,
To thee with humble hope aſpire,
And quit our idols, earth and duſt,
Born up tow'rds God with full deſire.

Our all to thee we freely yield,
To whom of right our all belongs:
To thee alone we'll temples build,
And conſecrate our hearts and tongues.

In thee alone we'll ſeek for bliſs,
Thou great original of love:
There all our wealth and treaſure is,
And all beſides a blank would prove.

Lord, ſpread thy name through heathen lands,
Their idol deities dethrone,
Reduce the world to thy command,
And reign, as thou art God alone.

CLXXVII. *The Preference.* Long Metre.

VAIN world, thy tempting arts forbear,
Hide all thy falſe and treacherous charms:
Too long I've fed on empty air,
And ſhun'd my Maker's bliſsful arms.

I'll wear thy glittering chains no more,
Thy pageant glories I deſpiſe,
Thy fulſome pleaſures I abhor,
And ſcorn the wealth thy minions prize.

Much nobler objects now in ſight,
Engage mine eyes, mine heart poſſeſs:
My wings are ſtretch'd for heavenly flight,
And God the ſcource of all my bliſs.

When

When he appears, thy luſtre's loſt,
As twinkling ſtars in blazing day:
To him, who charms the heav'nly hoſt,
Devotion bears my Soul away.

In him conſummate beauties ſhine,
No ſpots deform his radiant face:
'Tis life to hear that he is mine,
And heav'n to dwell in his embrace.

On him my hungry eyes ſhall feaſt,
Thro' boundleſs charms ſhall gladly rove:
In him my weary ſoul ſhall reſt,
Ty'd faſt by all the bonds of love.

From him no earthly object more
Shall e'er ſeduce my faithful heart:
Vain world, thy fond attempt give o'er,
With him I'll never, never part.

Shine out, my God, with friendly rays,
Refreſh mine eyes, my heart rejoice:
Tune all my pow'rs to love and praiſe,
My mind, my paſſions, and my voice.

Chaſe all the miſts and gloom away,
That hide thy glories from mine eyes:
Fit me to bear celeſtial day,
And fetch me to my native ſkies.

CLXXVIII. *Glorious Pity and Condeſcenſion.*

[Long Metre.

OH! love, beyond example great!
What ſinners to a *Jeſus* owe!
For them he left his royal ſeat,
To ſuffer and to die below.

He left the bright celeſtial coaſts,
Where he in dazzling glory ſhone,
Whilſt all the bright angelick hoſts
Devoutly waited round his throne.

In

In ſervile form himſelf he dreſt,
The God in human fleſh did hide:
Obſcurely born he liv'd diſtreſt,
And then a ſacred victim dy'd.

Dy'd with his own moſt precious blood,
To waſh away the guilt of ſin,
To quench the dreadful wrath of God,
And grace for rebels to obtain.

And ſtill the kind deſign purſues,
Their love he courts for whom he dy'd:
And oft repuls'd his ſuit renews,
As if he wou'd not be deny'd.

His word his works proclaim aloud,
How much he is inclin'd to ſpare;
And tears on ſtubborn hearts beſtow'd,
Shew what his kind intentions are.

Then pauſe, my ſoul, admire, adore,
'Till thankful ſongs my tongue employ:
Gaze on, till each tranſported pow'r,
Shall feel unutterable joy.

Gaze ſtill in holy wonder loſt,
Thou ſhalt to him thyſelf reſign,
Of ſuch a Saviour make thy boaſt,
The conqueſt thou of grace divine.

CLXXIX. *Filial Reſemblance.* [Long Metre.

LORD, I would be a child of thine,
And my dear Father's image bear,
O make me with thy luſtre ſhine,
And in the God-like nature ſhare.

Deep on my mind the ſenſe impreſs
Of glories wholly, Lord, thine own,
Such as no creature can poſſeſs,
But muſt belong to thee alone.

Let

Let theſe high admirations raiſe,
And ſtrike me with religious awe,
Tune both my heart and tongue to praiſe,
And bend me to thy holy law.

But where I may reſemble thee,
In any excellence divine,
Thy counterpart, Lord, let me be,
And bright with thy refulgence ſhine.

Like God, let me be pure and clean,
Juſt, holy, merciful and true:
And let the image form'd within,
Shine out in all I ſpeak and do.

That men the heav'nly light may ſee,
Which my good works diffuſe abroad:
Confeſs that I am born of thee.
And praiſe my Father and my God.

CLXXX. *Doubts concerning a Providence, vanquiſh'd.* [Long Metre

VILE thought be gone, I'll doubt no more
The ſovereign ſway of Providence:
Angels about the throne adore
A theme too high for human ſenſe.

In awful deeps our God conceals
His great deſigns from mortal eyes,
'Till he by time the ſcheme reveals,
And ſtrikes beholders with ſurprize.

Or ſhould no obvious footſteps ſhew
The track in which he will proceed,
The more I ſearch the leſs I know,
With thicker gloom ſtill overſpread:

Shall worms extend beyond their ſpan?
And cenſure art or acts divine?
Shall God be limited by man?
Or muſt his thoughts conform to mine?

Oh

Oh! frightful pride! my ſoul abhor
This monſtrous ſtretch beyond thy ſize:
Preſcribe to providence no more,
But know thy meaſure and be wiſe.

With humble deference reſign
Thine own fond fancies, and ſubmit
The world's affairs to ſkill divine:
Leave God to act as he thinks fit.

Tho' deep conceal'd his purpoſe lies,
And far remote from human ſight,
Yet all his thoughts and ways are wiſe,
God-like, and true, and good, and right.

CLXXXI. *Honouring God as a Father.*

[Long Metre.

MY Father, and my God, a name
I ſtill muſt honour and revere:
Loud I its glories will proclaim,
And uſe it with religious fear.

The lot thy wiſdom ſhall aſſign,
With filial duty I'll approve:
I'll ſubject life to laws divine,
Thy rule and thy commandments love.

It grieves my ſoul when ſinners bold,
Hate their own ſouls, thy laws trangreſs:
But glads mine heart when I behold
Mankind concern'd their God to pleaſe.

With deep concern and ſerious Thought,
With chearful heart and open hand.
I'll ſeek thy glory to promote,
And for thy ſake myſelf will ſpend.

Thine honour ſhall be dearer far,
Thanmine own dear lov'd life to me
Nor will I ever grudge or ſpare
What I ſhould ſpend for thine or thee.

Thus

Thus would I prove myſelf a child,
And to my Father honour give,
Myſelf entire to him would yield,
And ever to his glory live.

CLXXXII. *Duties owing to ourſelves.*

[Long Metre.

AWAKE, my ſoul, ſhake off the dream,
And know thy real excellence:
Too long I've yielded to the ſtream,
Borne down by appetite and ſenſe.

Awake my thought, rouze ev'ry pow'r,
And right your native ſtrength employ:
Let luſt and paſſion reign no more,
Nor yield to pride's impetuous ſway.

My ſpirit *meek* and *humble* be,
Content and pleased with ev'ry ſtate,
From dire revenge and envy free,
And wild ambition to be great.

Confine thy roving appetites,
From earth *withdraw* thy heart and eyes,
Fix thou on pure divine delights,
And love and live above the ſkies.

On wings of *faith* to heav'n aſcend,
By *hope* anticipate the feaſt:
With all thy might ſtill upward tend,
And leave to ſenſual minds the reſt.

With eager *zeal* purſue the prize,
Redeem thy time, thy helps improve:
This courſe will ſpeak, will make thee wiſe,
And lift thee to the land of love.

But, Lord, I urge mine heart in vain,
Pour thou upon it quick'ning grace:
Then luſt ſhall die, and reaſon reign,
And I with pleaſure run my race.

CLXXXIII. *Ye know not what Spirit ye are of.* Luke ix. 55. [Long Metre.

STrange, groſs miſtake! can God inſpire
A blind, a fierce and murd'ring zeal?
Is this indeed celeſtial fire?
No, 'tis a meteor ſprung from hell.

Heav'n is the land of light and reſt,
'Tis calm, eternal calm above:
There kindneſs reigns in ev'ry breaſt,
Devotion and the deareſt love.

And our bleſs'd Lord from hence came down,
To ſpread compaſſion, peace, and joy:
In his own blood our fault to drown,
To ſave mens lives, not to deſtroy.

No rancour in his boſom boil'd,
Soft was his heart, ſerene his mind,
His air was merciful and mild,
His language courteous ſtill and kind;

And all his holy laws enjoin,
We ſhould by his example move,
Tranſcribe a pattern ſo divine,
And breathe, and live, and walk in love.

His gracious precepts quite diſarm
Fierce anger, foul revenge and ſpite:
Tie up the hands from doing harm,
Make doing good the heart's delight.

The wiſdom he inſpires is kind,
Abhorring cruelty and blood;
Fair copy of its author's mind,
Who went about ſtill doing good.

Zealots, your bold pretence is vain,
Heav'n can't ſuch raging heats inſpire:
There *light* and *love* united reign,
'Tis hell is *darkneſs* mixt with *fire*.

CLXXXIV.

CLXXXIV. *The Properties of Chriſtian Charity.*
From 1 *Cor.* xiii. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
[Long Metre.

LET men of high conceit and zeal,
Their *fervours* and their *faith* proclaim:
If *charity* be wanting ſtill,
The reſt is but a ſounding name.

Knowledge is apt to bloat the mind,
And zeal to ſet the world on fire:
But charity is calm and kind,
And gentle thoughts will ſtill inſpire.

She's meek and patient, ſuff'ring long,
But ſlowly her reſentments riſe:
Soon ſhe forgets the greateſt wrong,
But rage and all revenge defies.

She envies none their better ſtate,
But makes her neighbour's bliſs her own:
Nor vaunts herſelf with mind elate,
But ſtill a modeſt air puts on.

She drives all malice from her breaſt,
To ill ſuſpicions ne'er gives way,
But ever hopes and thinks the beſt;
And, as ſhe thinks, is apt to ſay.

With ſpiteful guſt, ſhe never hears
Detracters blur a neighbour's name,
None whiſper ſcandal in her ears,
Or others, unrebuk'd defame.

Her neighbour's infamy and ill,
To her no entertainment give:
She's pleas'd to ſee him proſper ſtill,
And ſtill, in good repute to live.

Eager ſhe doth not ſeek her own,
But ſlights it oft for other's good:
As *Jeſus* did from heav'n come down,
To die and cleanſe us with his blood.

This

This is the grace that reigns on high,
And brightly will for ever burn:
When *hope* ſhall in enjoyment die,
And *faith* to intuition turn.

CLXXXV. *The Means to overcome the Fears of Death.* [Long Metre.

I Cannot ſhun the ſtroke of death,
Lord, help me to ſurmount the fear:
That when I muſt reſign my breath,
Serene I may my ſummons hear.

'Tis ſin gives venom to the dart,
In me let ev'ry ſin be ſlain:
From ſecret faults, Lord, cleanſe my heart;
From wilful ſins my hands reſtrain.

Grant that I may, with holy zeal,
The ends of living cloſe purſue,
Seek thy whole pleaſure to fulfil,
And honour thee in all I do.

To my Redeemer lift mine eyes,
Once dead, but now enthron'd on high:
Glorious I hope with him to riſe,
Why ſhould I fear with him to die?

Oh! for an heart that ſoars above,
And ſcorns the trifles here below:
An heart well warm'd with holy love,
But dead to ſenſe and outward ſhew

Let all my bliſs and treaſure lie,
Where in *thy light I light ſhall ſee:*
The ſoul may freely dare to die,
That longs to be poſſeſs'd of thee.

Say, *thou art mine*, and chaſe the gloom
Thick hanging o'er the vale of death:
Then ſhall I fearleſs meet my doom,
And as a victor yield my breath.

CLXXXVI. *Death.* [Long Metre.

COME, think, my ſoul, what 'tis to die,
To feel the vital flame decay:
When faint and gaſping I ſhall lie,
And clammy ſweats bedew my clay.

When mortal pains in ev'ry part,
Slow, ſhivering pulſes, lab'ring breath,
And fading eyes, and failing heart,
Shall warn thee of approaching death.

When the whole tott'ring frame ſhall ſhake,
The bonds of union all untie,
When all the ſtrings of life ſhall crack,
Death ſummons, and I muſt comply.

When all eternity's in ſight,
And thou muſt try that unknown ſea,
Launch forth, and bid the world good night,
" How ſtrange a moment will it be?

How wilt thou drop thy kindred clay,
And bid all earthly things farewel?
Wilt thou not wiſh for longer ſtay,
Some longer time in fleſh to dwell?

Wilt thou the deareſt friends reſign,
The beſt lov'd objects here below?
Submit thee to the will divine,
And, when thy Saviour calls thee, go?

Canſt thou without reluctıng dread,
Change worlds, and naked wing away?
Look up to Chriſt thy living head,
And long for everlaſting day?

In dying moments 'twill be ſad,
Still ling'ring in ſuſpenſe to ſtand:
But thou may'ſt gladly be unclad,
In proſpect of the *promis'd land.*

Oh!

Oh! live by faith, and learn to die,
Long to depart and be undreſt:
Then death ſhall lift thee to thy ſky,
To boundleſs bliſs and endleſs reſt.

CLXXXVII. *Judgment.* [Long Metre.

E'RE long the awful day will come,
When Chriſt in Glory ſhall appear,
And all the world their final doom,
From his moſt righteous lips muſt hear.

In God-like ſtate he'll then deſcend,
With glory crown'd, and clad in light:
His heav'nly hoſt will all attend,
With looks and robes divinely bright.

He'll mount his dazzling judgment-ſeat,
And bid the great archangel ſound.
"Wake all ye dead, both ſmall and great,
"Entomb'd in earth, in waters drown'd."

The dreadful blaſt will ſhake the ſky,
The earth and ſeas give up their dead,
Each grave unlock and open fly,
And ev'ry ſleeper lift his head.

The dead reviv'd and all alive,
Before him then ſhall be conven'd:
And, their laſt ſentence to receive,
Both good and bad ſhall there attend.

The volumes ſhall be open thrown,
Where all their deeds are on record,
By his own hand there written down,
Their righteous Judge and ſov'reign Lord.

Juſt as their ſev'ral works have been,
Deciſive ſentence will be giv'n:
They'll be condemn'd who liv'd in ſin,
The righteous welcom'd into heav'n.

Oh!

Oh! may I find my little name,
In God's own *Book of life* ſet down;
My Judge will then, "*Well done*, proclaim,
And with his hands put on my crown.

CLXXXVIII. *Hell.* [Long Metre.

HELL! 'tis a word of dreadful ſound:
It chills the heart, and ſhocks the ear:
It ſpreads a ſickly damp around,
And makes the guilty quake with fear.

Far from the utmoſt verge of day,
In frightful gloom the region lies
Fierce flames amidſt the darkneſs play,
And thick ſulphurous vapours riſe.

The breath of God, his angry breath,
Still fans, and ſtill ſupplies the fire:
There ſinners taſte the ſecond death,
Are dying ſtill, but can't expire.

At utmoſt diſtance from the place
Thro' all the gloom they heav'n eſpy:
But can't the gulph between them paſs,
Nor change abode, nor climb the ſky.

Conſcience, the never dying worm,
With conſtant torture gnaws the heart,
And woe and wrath in ev'ry form,
Enflame the wounds, increaſe the ſmart.

The wretches rave, o'erwhelm'd with woe,
And bite their everlaſting chains:
But with their rage their torments grow;
Reſentment but improves their pains.

Fierce fiends inſulting ſtand around,
Upbraid with guilt, and feed the flames;
From ev'ry quarter groans reſound,
Deſpairing ſhrieks and hideous ſcreams.

Sad

Sad world indeed! what heart can bear,
Hopeleſs in all theſe pangs to lie!
Rack'd with vexation, grief, deſpair,
And *ever dying ne'er to die?*

Lord, that I may theſe horrors ſhun,
Now let me mine offences mourn:
Seek pardon thro' thy bleeding Son,
And to my God repenting turn.

CLXXXIX. *Heaven.* [Long Metre.

HEav'n! 'tis a ſound delights the ear,
Revives and raviſhes the heart,
Oh! may I dwell for ever there,
And in its pleaſures bear a part.

There light, eſſential light and day,
Freſh ſtreaming from the face of God,
For ever drives all night away,
And ſheds delight thro' this abode.

Each happy ſoul, with dear ſurprize,
In his own light his God ſhall ſee:
While boundleſs charms attract his eyes
The viſion will extatick be.

'Twill cheer, delight, exalt, refine,
And all the raptur'd mind transform,
With God's reſemblance make her ſhine,
And with intenſe devotion warm.

She'll feel immortal vigour ſpread
Thro' all her faculties and frame,
Tranſporting joy that ne'er will fade,
And love that will for ever flame.

There, with eternal rapture fir'd,
The glories of her God ſhe'll ſing:
In ſtrains, by heav'nly hoſts admir'd
She'll praiſe her Saviour and her King.

Angels

Angels will liſten to her ſong,
And in the muſic gladly join.
Each heav'nly harp and heav'nly tongue,
Will help applaud the love divine.

Delight and joy ſhall fill the place,
And ſtreams of pleaſure endleſs roll,
Youth ever bloom in ev'ry face,
And rapture overflow each ſoul.

Nor will the high employment tire,
Nor old the ſatisfaction grow:
Enjoyment will improve deſire,
And that no diſappointment know.

The body too will be refin'd,
And like its Saviour's body ſhine:
Fit partner for an heav'nly mind,
Still extaſy'd with joys divine.

Oh, happy world! for ever bright,
With God's own preſence ever bleſt:
True land of infinite delight,
Of peaceful mirth and joyful reſt.

Oh! may I dwell for ever there,
Its glory ſee, its pleaſures taſte:
Quite cloy'd with all th' enjoyments here,
I long for that eternal feaſt.

CXC. *Thy Name is as Ointment poured forth, therefore do the Virgins love thee.* Cant. i. 3.
[Long Metre.

JESUS! a name of ſweeteſt ſound:
How faſt it chains the willing ear?
It ſpreads delicious fragrance round,
At once to gratify and cheer.

By

By it, the heav'nly hoſt above,
And each redeemed ſaint below,
Are kindled into holy love,
And feel their hearts in tranſports flow.

And who that ever felt the pain,
The anguiſh of a wounded heart,
And found all other means in vain,
To heal the wound or eaſe the ſmart:

Who that has known its ſaving might,
To reſcue from the power of ſin,
Can hear this name without delight,
Can hear and feel no flame within?

Sure virgin-ſouls, made white and clean,
By bleeding love and quickning grace,
His willing captives muſt remain,
His name triumphant ever bleſs.

Jeſus! a name of ſweeteſt ſound?
It chains, it charms the captive ear,
And ſpreads balſamic odours round,
The wounded heart to heal and cheer.

CXCI. *We labour whether preſent or abſent, to be accepted of him.* 2 Cor. v. 9. [Long Metre.

E'RE long the knot muſt be unty'd,
My mind undreſt muſt quit her clay,
In fleſh no longer muſt reſide,
But to ſome unknown region ſtray,

Oh! whither will ſhe fly or rove,
When her old houſe ſhall be deſtroy'd?
To what new dwelling then remove,
And how be pleas'd, or how employ'd?

Thanks be to God, her Saviour then
Some better manſion will provide:
She'll mount and join his heav'nly train,
And in his preſence bleſt abide.

When will the happy moment come!
When I ſhall riſe to this abode?
Change earth for my celeſtial home,
And leave my fleſh to be with God.

Oh! how I long to be undreſt,
Or rather, to *be cloth'd upon!*
In my Redeemer's arms to reſt,
And have my heav'nly houſe put on!

Nor will my Saviour long delay,
He will in time my ſoul releaſe,
And fetch me home: And whilſt I ſtay,
I'll ſeek, I'll ſtrive my God to pleaſe.

For this, my prayer to heav'n I'll ſend,
This mark I'll ever keep in view,
With conſtant care my work attend,
And ſpite of dangers cloſe purſue.

May I obtain this happineſs!
My ſoul would hope, would wiſh no more,
But ſtrip and try the unknown ſeas,
Or ſtay content and clad aſhore.

CXCII. *God our Happineſs.* [Particular Metre.

ETernal God, of Beings firſt,
Of all created good the ſpring,
For thee I long, for thee I thirſt,
My Love, my Saviour, and my King:
Thine is a never-failing ſtore,
If God be mine, I aſk no more.

The faireſt world of light on high,
Reflexion makes, but faint of thine,
The glorious tenants of the ſky
In God's own beams tranſported ſhine:
But ſhould'ſt thou wrap thy face in ſhade,
Soon all their life and luſtre fade.

Thy

Thy preſence makes celeſtial day,
And fills each raptur'd ſoul with bliſs:
Night would prevail, were God away,
And ſpirits pine in paradiſe:
In vain would all the angels try
To fill thy room, thy lack ſupply.

And ſure from heav'n we turn our eyes,
In vain, to ſeek for bliſs below:
The tree of life can't root nor riſe,
Nor in this blaſted region grow:
The wealth of this poor barren clod,
Can ne'er make up the want of God.

But, Lord, in thee the thirſty ſoul
Will meet with full with rich ſupplies:
Thy ſmiles will all her fears controul,
Thy beauties feaſt her raviſh'd eyes:
To failing fleſh and fainting hearts,
Thy favour, life and ſtrength imparts.

Oh! let me, Lord, this favour gain,
With ſmiles ſtill ſate yet feed deſire,
In all the loads of life, ſuſtain,
In dying moments, life inſpire,
Guard my departed ſoul to reſt,
Be *ſtill my God*, and I am bleſt.

CXCIII. *Here we have no continuing City, but ſeek one to come.* Heb. xiii. 14. [Particular Metre.

MY ſoul, forbear: on tranſient things
No more thy fond affections place:
Their gain no ſatisfaction brings,
And yet they tire thee in the chaſe.
Reſtrain thine impotent deſires,
From what like dreams and ſmoke expires,

This airy ſcene will ſoon withdraw
Its pomp from thy deluded eyes,
At beſt 'tis ſplendid paint and ſhew;
And, ah! how faſt the viſion flies.
With ſudden gleam it mocks the ſight,
And then gives way to endleſs night.

By daily waſtes our lives decay,
Each pulſe brings forward certain death:
Ten thouſand ills ſnatch life away,
And ſtop at once precarious breath.
And, Lord! in parting hours, how vain
Shall we eſteem the tranſient ſcene.

But faith directs believing eyes,
To realms of laſting joy above:
Where pleaſures ever blooming riſe,
And holy ſpirits feed on love:
Love that will bliſsful life convey,
Briſk and ſerene as heav'nly day.

Thence ſin, and pain, and death, and night,
Far off for ever ſhall retire:
Whilſt from God's face the friendlieſt light
Shall beam, and utmoſt bliſs inſpire.
Nor ſhall the living pleaſure waſte,
But at the height for ever laſt.

Lord, thither bear my mind away,
There faſten mine expecting eyes:
Draw my deſires tow'rds native day,
And lift my hopes above the ſkies.
Then death will my glad ſoul remove
From ſin and woe to realms of love,

CXCIV. *The Inhabitant of* Zion *deſcrib'd*; from Pſal. xv. and other Places. [Particular Metre.

LORD, who ſhall on thine hill reſide,
And find a conſtant welcome there?
Who in thy holy houſe abide,
And its bleſt entertainments ſhare?
'Tis he who is upright and juſt
Whoſe word one may ſecurely truſt.

Who never will his neighbour wrong,
Nor ill reports in haſte receive,
Nor ſpread them with a ſland'ring tongue,
Nor by detraction hurt or grieve.
Who the rich ſinner can deſpiſe,
But ſaints, tho' poor, reſpect and prize.

By whom all falſhood is abhorr'd,
Who never takes God's name in vain:
To his own hurt he'll keep his word,
Nor falſely ſwear for any gain,
Who never will the poor oppreſs,
Nor by their wrong his wealth encreaſe.

Who can't be brib'd by gems or gold,
Againſt the innocent to plead:
Hates to ſee juſtice bought and ſold,
And feeds the hungry ſoul with bread.
Who prays for his malicious foes,
And bleſſings, when they curſe, beſtows.

Who will to all ſuch treatment give,
As he himſelf expects from them,
Yet ſtill to grace a debtor live,
And ev'ry proud pretence diſclaim.
This man, Lord, ſhall thy fav'rite be,
Dwell here, and dwell in heav'n, with thee.

CXCV. *Joy in God for preſent Enjoyments, and future Hopes*; from Pſal. xvi. [Particular Metre.

PReſerve me, Lord, in time of need
To thee, her God, my ſoul ſhall fly:
For tho' I can no merit plead,
I on thy mercy may rely.
And to thy ſaints I'll favour ſhow,
The beſt, the deareſt names I know.

Let heathens to their idols haſte,
And ſeek the pageant's help in vain,
Their bloody offerings I deteſt,
Their names ſhall ne'er my lips profane.
The living God's my help and hope,
He'll feed my joys, and fill my cup.

My lot, by his direction lies
Where he an habitation choſe,
Delightful ſcenes around me riſe
And never-failing plenty flows.
Bleſt be the Lord; he leads me right,
And gives advice in time of night.

With ſteadfaſt faith mine eyes behold
This great protector every where;
No foes, however fierce or bold,
Shall ſhake my heart, while he is near.
In him, my portion, I'll rejoice,
And boaſt of him with heart and voice.

And ſhould my ſtate be here depreſt,
Yet ſtill my better hopes remain:
In faith my dying fleſh ſhall reſt,
The grave ſhall yield it up again.
Its boaſted conqueſts death reſign,
And only ſleeping duſt refine.

Thou

Thou wilt the ſhatter'd frame reſtore,
In glory dreſt my fleſh ſhall riſe,
And meet my mind to part no more,
But mount triumphant to the ſkies:
To God's right hand, where pleaſures flow,
And bliſs no bounds nor end will know.

CXCVI. *The Triumphs and Kingdom of Chriſt, and ſad Condition of his Enemies*; from Pſal. xxi. [Particular Metre.

MEſſiah, Lord, with boundleſs might
Shall vanquiſh all his foes and thine,
Shall joy in God, and with delight
Make grace and ſaving mercy ſhine.
And by thy favour ſhall acquire,
All that he aſks or can deſire.

Nay, thou doſt his requeſts prevent,
And favours, e're he aſks, confer:
He reigns o'er all with thy conſent,
And heav'n and earth his name revere.
He wears an everlaſting crown,
And angels at his feet bow down.

Once ſunk with grief with horrors faint,
He begg'd the dreadful cup might paſs,
But tho' he went without the grant,
He drank it off with great ſucceſs,
And lives for ever tho' he dy'd,
Enthron'd by his great Father's ſide.

All heav'n reſounds his conqu'ring name,
And death and hell his pow'r confeſs,
Whilſt men his bleeding love proclaim,
And raptur'd ſaints their Saviour bleſs.
And now for all his griefs and pains,
He's bleſt, and everlaſting reigns.

Enwrapt in beams and bliſs divine,
His fights, his conqueſts he ſurveys,
Whilſt in his face his triumps ſhine,
And tongues celeſtial ſing his praiſe.
The Father will his offspring own,
And foes in vain would ſhake his throne.

No, Lord, thine hand ſhall reach them all,
Who hate thy rule, and ſpurn thy grace,
By thy juſt vengeance they ſhall fall,
Tho' patience long the ſtroke delays.
The time of recompence will come,
And they in vain avoid their doom.

Then as an ov'n that glows with heat,
Thy wrath ſhall ſwallow all thy foes,
No time their torment ſhall abate,
No friendly ſtroke ſhall end their woes.
Rack'd, tortur'd, hopeleſs they muſt lie,
And *ever dying, never die.*

CXCVII. *The happy Saint, and wretched Sinner*; from Pſal. i. [Particular Metre.

HAppy the man, who never ſtrays
Where impious men in conſult meet;
Who never ſtands in ſinners ways,
Nor can with any patience ſit,
Where with blaſpheming noiſe and pride,
Vile ſcoffers ſanctity deride.

But makes the ſtatutes of the Lord,
His conſtant ſtudy and delight;
By day conſults the heav'nly word,
And thinks it o'er again by night.
This is his ſolace and his ſtay,
His beſt employment night and day.

He

He like a tree by kindly ſtreams,
Where moiſture feeds the ſpreading root,
Shall ſtretch his ever verdant limbs,
And bend with loads of heav'nly fruit.
God will his undertakings bleſs
And crown his wiſhes with ſucceſs.

Not ſo the wicked and unjuſt,
But croſt in ev'ry ſcheme they form,
They ſhall, like chaff or viler duſt,
Be blown away with ev'ry ſtorm.
And all their hopes ſhall ſcatter'd fly,
When the laſt trumpet ſhakes the ſky.

Among the juſt they ſhall not ſtand,
When Chriſt to judge the world ſhall come,
Divided to a different hand,
They'll then receive their dreadful doom,
And be adjudg'd to fire and pain,
When ſaints ſhall with their Saviour reign.

For God with pleaſing look ſurveys
The path in which the righteous tread;
His heart approves their holy ways,
To heav'n and happineſs they lead.
But ſinners chuſe the crooked path,
Which ends in everlaſting death.

CXCVIII. *The bleſſed Man*; from Pſal. cxii.
[Particular Metre.

BLEST is the man who fears the Lord,
And walks with pleaſure in his ways,
Who trembles at his holy word,
Yet gladly his command obeys.
His houſe with bleſſings ſhall abound,
His ſeed be mighty and renown'd.

A gen'rous pity warms his heart,
His kindneſs widely he extends,
The poor in all his wealth have part,
" To ſome he gives, to others lends.
Yet, what his bounty waſtes, repairs
By wiſely ord'ring his affairs.

Nor is that loſt which he beſtows
With lib'ral heart to help the poor,
His hand a future harveſt ſows,
And ſcatters to augment his ſtore.
His bounty ſhall himſelf ſurvive,
And bleſſings on his heirs derive.

When times with diſmal face appear,
With frightful clouds and gloom o'erſpread,
His heart ſhall entertain no fear,
Above the gloom he'll lift his head.
His faith ſhall bear his courage up,
And God approve and crown his hope.

Some friendly beams of cheering light,
Will thro' the darkneſs make their way:
And in affliction's darkeſt night,
Their greateſt luſtre ſaints diſplay.
That heart ill tidings can't ſurprize,
Which with firm truſt on God relies.

When raging waves and tempeſt roar,
And ſinners and their hopes are drown'd,
He'll ſit and ſee it ſafe on ſhore,
With life and with ſalvation crown'd.
On earth renown, and heav'n above,
Shall recompence his faith and love.

CXCIX. *Divine Omniſcience, and Omnipreſence*; from Pſal. cxxxix. [Particular Metre.

IN vain, in my concerns with thee,
To ſhun thy notice, Lord, I try,
I cannot from thy preſence flee,
Nor hide me from thy piercing eye,
Thou know'ſt my ſecret haunts and ways,
My very heart thine eye ſurveys.

My ſecret thoughts, and long before
They are conceiv'd or form'd within,
Thou doſt with utmoſt eaſe explore,
And e're I ſpeak know what I mean.
Aſleep, awake, at home, abroad,
I'm ev'ry where beſet with God.

And ſhould I, Lord, ſo fooliſh prove,
As from thy work and thee to run,
Oh! whither could I range or rove,
Or where thy awful preſence ſhun?
Where could I chuſe a ſafe abode,
When ev'ry place is full of God!

Should I to heav'n direct my flight,
I there ſhould meet thee on thy throne:
Or dive to hell and endleſs night,
There fiends beneath thy vengeance groan.
Where'er I am, how can I dare
Offend my God, when he is there?

If mounted on the wings of day,
Beyond the utmoſt ſeas I fly,
Thou'lt either ſtop me in the way,
Or be much ſooner there than I.
Be where I will thou ſtill art near,
For, Lord, thy place is *ev'ry where.*

Or

Or ſhould I wrap myſelf in night
To ſcreen me from all ſearching eyes,
One glance of thine would make it light,
Would kindle all the dark diſguiſe.
And noon and night in this agree,
That both alike are light to thee.

Be where I will I meet with God,
And open to his notice lie,
Nor can I find out an abode,
Where he is not, or can't eſpy.
Believe my ſoul, and never dare
To ſin, when God is always near.

CC. *Chearful Truſt in God.* From *Pſal.* xxiii. [Particular Metre.

MY Shephard is the Lord of all,
Whilſt he ſupports I cannot fall,
Nor ſhall I want ſince he'll provide:
No beaſts of prey ſhall make me fear,
Whilſt he protects, and ſtill is near;
Nor can I ſtray with ſuch a guide

To meads in conſtant verdure dreſt,
He leads me out to feed and reſt,
Where ſhade defends from burning day:
Where rivers gently rolling by,
The thirſty flocks and fields ſupply,
And with ſoft murmurs glide away.

He, when I ſtray, in love purſues,
The wanton wanderer to reduce.
And fetch me home with friendly force.
Thus, for the honour of his name,
Doth he my vagrant mind reclaim;
My ſpirits, when I faint, reſtores.

Yea,

Yea, when I paſs the vale of death,
I'll fearleſs tread the frightful path,
With gloomy ſhade and horrors fill'd:
Thy preſence there will kindle day,
Thy ſuccours chaſe my fears away,
Thy Spirit living comforts yield.

Before my foes my table's ſpread.
And precious oils perfume my head,
My cup o'erflows with generous wine,
Lord, to thy houſe let me repair,
And whilſt I live, inhabit there,
And celebrate the love divine.

CCI. *Praiſe to God for his Grace to Mankind, diſplay'd in the Goſpel and the Incarnation of his Son.* From Pſal. viii. [Particular Metre.

HOW doth thy name, O Lord, excel!
Thy wond'rous grace mankind can tell,
Whilſt heav'nly hoſts thy glories ſing:
Nor can the vaſt and ſpreading ſky,
Confine the boundleſs Majeſty,
Of *Zion*'s God, and *Zion*'s King.

Ev'n babes thy mighty pow'r proclaim,
Thy haughty foes the ſucklings tame,
And all their hardy legions quell:
Men that were frail and mortal too,
Could with one mighty word ſubdue
The prince and all the pow'rs of hell.

Lord, when I view the heav'ns on high,
The moon and ſtars that deck the ſky,
Strange floating worlds and funds of light:
What's man, or man's polluted race,
To be the objects of thy grace,
And rais'd to ſuch a wond'rous height.

Yet

Yet he, who for a while on earth
Became a man of mortal birth,
Inferior to his angels made,
Is now for ſov'reign rule renown'd,
With glory and with honour crown'd,
And dazzling Majeſty array'd.

Him Lord of all thou didſt ordain,
Thou haſt decreed that he ſhall reign,
Till on his foes his foot ſhall tread:
Whilſt angels own his rightful ſway,
And ſaints on earth glad homage pay,
And triumph in their living Head.

To his command, earth, ſea, and air,
And beaſts, and birds, and fiſhes there
Submit, and ſerve this heav'nly King:
How glorious is the Saviour's name!
May heathen nations hear his fame,
And ev'ry deſart ſhout and ſing.

CCII. *Providence, and its eſpecial Regard to the Servants of God.* From *Pſal.* xxxvi. 5, 6, *&c.*
[Particular Metre.

IN heav'n, O Lord, thy love's diſplay'd,
Thy *goodneſs* thoſe bleſs'd regions made,
And ſtill with life and joy ſupplies:
Thy truth's for ever pure and fair,
Thro' ev'ry cloud 'twill bright appear,
Or o'er them all conſpicuous riſe.

Thine hand the world's affairs commands,
Firm as the hills thy juſtice ſtands,
Nor from its purpoſe ever bends:
In mighty deeps thy judgments lie,
Far from the ken of mortal eye,
To man and beaſt thy care extends.

But

But from thy favour to the juſt,
(To all who thy protection truſt)
Will ſpecial bleſſings always ſpring:
The ſons of men who own thy grace,
Will fly to thee in all diſtreſs,
And to the covert of thy wings.

And ſaints ſhall to thine houſe repair,
And meet a conſtant welcome there,
And with its fatneſs feaſted be;
There thirſty ſouls ſhall be ſupply'd,
With joy that, in one conſtant tide,
Shall freely iſſue forth from thee.

With thee the ſprings of life are found,
Springs which nor bottom have nor bound,
But conſtant vigour will ſupply:
From thee, their ſource, ſhall beams of light,
Break on our minds, and ſcatter night,
And make the miſts and ſhadows fly.

To them that know thee, Lord, be kind,
Let them continual favour find,
Who gladly learn and do thy will:
To all who are in heart upright,
Who in thy holy ways delight,
Each gracious promiſe, Lord, fulfil.

CCIII. *The Lord's Day.* [Particular Metre.

WElcome ſweet day, of days the beſt,
The time of holy mirth and reſt,
When to God's houſe the ſaints repair,
To hear his word and ſee his face,
To learn his will and ſing his grace,
And vent their hearts in praiſe and prayer.

This is employment all divine,
My ſoul the bleſt aſſembly join,

[And

And from the world this day retire:
Go bow before thy Maker's throne,
Thy riſen Saviour's glories own,
And feed thy love, and fan the fire.

Forget the trifles here below,
The ſhining heap, the gaudy ſhow,
All ſenſual mirth and worldly cares:
On wings of ſtrong devotion riſe,
Paſs ev'ry cloud, paſs all the ſkies,
And leave beneath thy feet the ſtars.

To God direct thy ſteady flight,
Great fund of bliſs and ſource of light,
There fix, and there delight thine eyes:
View ev'ry ſhining wonder o'er,
And with tranſported heart adore,
And feaſt on fruits of paradiſe.

This day was by our Lord ordain'd,
That thus his ſervants might be train'd,
For heav'nly work and heav'nly joy:
My ſoul, be this thy day of reſt,
And thus prepare thee to be bleſs'd,
Thus all thy holy hours employ.

Then will the happy day be ſpent
To thine advantage and content,
In joys exceeding all on earth:
'Twill be a pledge of heav'nly joy,
All pure, without the leaſt alloy,
Divine and everlaſting mirth.

CCIV. *Judgment-Day.* [Particular Metre.

LET ev'ry living man give ear:
The trumpet ſounds, the guards appear,
To judge the world the Lord is come:
He ſhines magnificently bright,
Dreſt all in majeſty and light,
And nature trembling waits her doom.

Aloud

Aloud he calls, "*Ye dead, ariſe.*
The ſleeping nations rub their eyes,
And ſtretch their limbs, and lift their heads:
His ſaints the ſummons ſtrait obey,
Their minds reſume their kindred clay,
And joyful leave their duſty beds.

They'll bound from earth and mount the air,
And meet the ſplendid triumph there,
And help make up the pompous train:
To them their judge will gracious ſay,
"*Well done*, your ſervice I'll repay,
"Come and with me for ever reign."

But ſinners will reluctant riſe,
Lay down their heads and cloſe their eyes,
And ſenſeleſs would for ever lie:
The men of greateſt pow'r and pride,
Who ſpurn'd his grace, his wrath defy'd,
His preſence now would gladly fly.

To hills and mountains now they call,
"With all your weight upon us fall,
"Deep bury'd we would never riſe:
"But ſhun the vengeance of the Lamb,
"The ſcorching, the devouring flame,
"That flaſhes dreadful from his eyes."

But ah! in vain they howl and cry,
Before him mountains melt or fly,
All nature trembles at his feet:
They muſt ariſe, they muſt appear,
And from his mouth their ſentence hear,
And thenceforth find their woes complete.

Lord, let not this my portion be,
But quickly bring me home to thee,
That when the wicked quake for fear,
When all thy glories fill the ſky,
The heav'ns drop down, the mountains fly,
My ſoul the glad *Well-done* may hear.

CCV. *Heavenly Bliſs.* [Particular Metre.

COME now, my ſoul, and ſtretch thine eyes,
Look thro' the veil, look thro' the ſkies
See what bleſt ſpirits do above,
Where wrapt in ſplendors here unknown,
Proſtrate they worſhip round the throne,
And glow with everlaſting love.

There God his brighteſt form diſplays,
Makes heav'n with conſtant luſtre blaze,
And ſheds abroad true life and joy:
Whilſt happy ſouls, with high delight,
Their eyes in beatifick ſight,
In bliſsful love their hearts employ.

They gaze till their own faces ſhine,
Themſelves are made throughout divine,
And fair reflect their Maker's form:
Till they are quite entranc'd in bliſs,
Wrapt up in boundleſs extaſies,
And with intenſe devotion warm.

Nor will this heav'nly form decay,
Nor will theſe pleaſures fade away
But ſtill continue at the height:
Their eyes the viſion will improve,
Enjoyment fan the fire of love,
And ne'er abate but raiſe delight.

Immortal life will reign within,
Without immortal bloom be ſeen,
And joys immortal fill the place:
There pleaſure ſhall be ever young,
And rapture dwell on ev'ry tongue,
And triumph ſhine on ev'ry face.

For ever thus to be employ'd,
Enamour'd, extaſy'd, o'erjoy'd,

[Is

Is quinteſſence of bliſs indeed:
There let me have my bleſt abode,
And with the viſion of my God,
Mine eyes, my joys for ever feed.

I'll quit the treaſures here on earth,
This tranſient pomp and and trifling mirth,
And fix my hopes and bliſs on high:
There everlaſting glory grows,
There boundleſs wealth for ever flows,
And pleaſures neither fade nor die.

CCVI. *Doubts vanquiſhed, and the Wiſdom and Juſtice of Providence vindicated.*

[Particular Metre.

SURE thou, O God, art juſt and wiſe,
And thine art pure and jealous eyes,
Nor will our love to thee be vain:
Yet gloomy doubts diſturb my reſt,
I feel them ſtruggling in my breaſt,
Indulge me, Lord, whilſt I complain.

Why do the wicked proſper ſtill,
And impious wretches work their will,
And fraud and falſhood meet ſucceſs?
The baſeſt crimes obtain renown,
Why villains on the righteous frown,
And haughty ſinners ſaints oppreſs?

Bleſt with proſperity and peace,
They baſk in plenty, loll at eaſe,
Free from tormenting pains and care;
They feed each wanton appetite,
Or when it flags with art excite,
And no expences grudge or ſpare.

Whilſt ſaints a different cup muſt taſte,
Are poor, neglected, and diſtreſt,

And

And wear out life in woe and pain:
And when they beg at ſinners doors,
The pamper'd dogs may lick their ſores,
The maſter's ſcraps they can't obtain.

This ſtate of things is common here,
Ah! but another ſtate is near,
Where things will take a diff'rent turn:
For death will be the ſaint's relief,
And put a period to his grief,
When ſinners muſt for ever mourn.

This ſolves the doubt: Lord, thou art wiſe
And juſt, nor doſt thou favour vice,
Nor will religion be in vain;
Tho' proſp'rous ſinners here on earth
May quite diſſolve in ſenſual mirth,
And ſaints may long and much complain.

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK II.

Adapted to the Lord's Supper.

I. *The Love of God in the Inſtitution, exciting proper Graces in the Communicants.*

[Common Metre.

SURPRIZING proof of love divine!
To make this glorious feaſt:
Where we on heav'nly dainties dine,
And heav'nly pleaſures taſte:

Smiling the God of love deſcends
To bleſs his ſacred board:
Gracious he ſits among his friends,
By ev'ry one ador'd.

He

He ſets before them heav'nly food,
And bowls of balmy wine:
Life flows in ſtreams of dying blood,
And health from wounds divine.

The guilty here relief obtain,
The wounded ſpirits eaſe:
Here fainting hearts freſh courage gain,
The troubled mind has peace.

True penitents, no more afraid,
Here may a welcome find:
Mortals may taſte immortal bread,
For endleſs life deſign'd.

Then come, my ſoul, thy pow'rs awake,
The wond'rous ſcene ſurvey:
With hungry appetite partake,
Chaſe ev'ry doubt away.

With kindly grief thy ſins deplore,
In humble hopes aſpire:
With loyal faith feed and adore,
And raiſe ſublime deſire.

With grateful joy thy Saviour bleſs,
His love with love repay:
Thy ſoul refreſh, improve thy grace,
And heav'nward wing thy way.

II. *The Circumſtances of our Saviour's Death, and the Impreſſions they ſhould make on us.*

[Common Metre.

LOOK back, my ſoul, again regard
The wonders of the feaſt:
The ſtrange proviſions here prepar'd,
Thyſelf as ſtrange a gueſt.

Haſt thou not here thy Saviour view'd,
Nail'd to the curſed tree?
In dying pangs, with blood imbru'd,
And ſuffering all for thee?

Whilſt

Whilſt raging *Jews* his pains deride,
And ſtand inſulting round:
A purple flood ſtreams from his ſide,
And ſtains the bluſhing ground.

Nature can ſcarce the ſhock ſuſtain,
The ſun withdraws his light:
The trembling earth, rocks rent in twain,
Confeſs the general fright.

Shall I the ſad event review,
And no commotion feel?
No, here my ſoul thy grief renew,
And kindle holy zeal.

Blame not the blind and raging *Jews*
For this prodigious deed:
Charge on thy ſins the vile abuſe,
That made thy Saviour bleed.

They tore his fleſh, they pierc'd his heart,
The blood of God they ſpilt:
Here ſee and own thy vile deſert,
See here thy bloody guilt.

Look and relent; with hearty grief
Thy crimſon ſins deplore:
For all thy wounds here fetch relief,
But wilful ſin no more.

III. *Juſtice and Mercy reconciled in the Death of Chriſt.* [Common Metre.

WHAT ſtreams of glory all divine,
Here mingle and unite!
Juſtice and mercy here combine
Our wonder to excite.

Juſtice a ſacrifice demands
To expiate for ſin,
Worth all their lives throughout all lands
Who had offenders been.

And

And ready mercy ſoon prepares,
The coſtly ſacrifice:
God our degraded nature wears,
For our offences dies.

The guilty thus avoid their doom,
'Scape hell and endleſs pain:
Whilſt their kind Sov'reign in their room
Conſented to be ſlain.

'Twas awful juſtice that requir'd
A ſacrifice ſo dear:
But mercy more to be admir'd
That did the Lamb prepare.

Oh! come my ſoul, ſtretch'd on the tree,
Thy bleeding Saviour view:
There God by death atones for thee,
There ſtrikes and ſuffers too.

Look on till kindly grief ſhall melt,
My proud rebellious heart:
What pangs has my Redeemer felt,
For mine abhor'd deſert.

Gaze till his love has kindled mine,
And warm'd me all within:
'Till the ſweet force of love divine
Has purg'd out all my ſin.

IV. *Thankſgiving for the Feaſt.*

[Common Metre.

HOW ſhall we equal thanks repay
For ſuch indulgence giv'n!
That here we ſing, and feaſt, and pray,
As joyful heirs of heav'n.

Juſtice appeas'd forbears to frown,
And ſmooths its angry brows:
Whilſt mercy our offences drowns,
And here accepts our vows.

Here

Here boldly we approach our God,
On his proviſions feaſt:
His fleſh we eat, and drink his blood,
Reclining on his breaſt.

Strange food is this, and rich the grace
That ſuch a feaſt prepar'd:
Where ſinners may obtain a place,
And meet with kind regard.

Blood freely flows in living ſtreams,
Freſh from our Saviour's ſide:
Whilſt each believer humbly claims
A ſhare in him who dy'd.

Theſe ſtreams will cleanſe polluted ſouls,
And purge their guilt away:
And (whilſt we drink in ruddy bowls)
Will fill us full of joy.

Oh! deareſt pledge of love divine!
Relief of drooping hearts:
No earthly food, no common wine
Such joy or life imparts.

But if ſuch pleaſures here we taſte,
At this myſterious board;
How full a joy, how rich a feaſt
Will heav'n itſelf afford!

V. *The Price of our Redemption.*

[Common Metre.

LET ſaints with joyful hearts appear,
The holy board around:
See love divine triumphing here,
And *Jeſu*'s praiſe reſound,

The wond'rous price is now in view
For our redemption paid:
When hell and vengeance were our due,
By *Satan*'s arts betray'd.

To him enſlav'd (of beings worſt)
We drag'd the lothſome chain:
Of God deſerted and accurſt,
And doom'd to endleſs pain.

But this rich price our pardon bought,
And ſet the vaſſals free:
Jeſus from heav'n redemption brought,
Our year of *Jubilee*.

No ſparkling gems, nor glitt'ring ore,
Not all the wealth below,
Could e'er our forfeit lives reſtore,
Or buy us off from woe.

Much higher were divine demands,
And *Jeſu*'s blood was ſplit:
His precious blood by impious hands,
To take away our guilt.

This cooling ſtream quench'd wrath divine,
Bought freedom for our ſouls:
Here as the pledge is balmy wine
Set forth in ſacred bowls,

Let faith behold the healing flood,
And at the ſight revive:
Let ſaints applaud atoning blood,
Whence all our hopes derive.

VI. *Hoſanna.* [Common Metre.

HOſanna to king *David*'s Son,
And to king *David*'s Lord:
May he be prais'd by ev'ry one,
By ev'ry one ador'd.

We would with holy tranſport cry
Hoſanna to the Chriſt:
Oh! may the ſhouting reach the ſky,
Hoſanna in the higheſt.

Bleſt

Bleſt he, who comes to take away
The guilt and pow'r of ſin:
Welcome to ev'ry heart to day,
'Tis thine, Lord, enter in.

With thankful hearts and tuneful tongues,
We will the Saviour bleſs:
And with melodious minds and ſongs,
Our joy in him profeſs.

Thou waſt a ſpotleſs victim made,
To quench the wrath divine:
To purge our guilt thy blood was ſhed,
Thus purchas'd we are thine.

We yield, ſubdu'd by mighty love,
Thine are reſiſtleſs charms:
Oh! for the pinions of a dove,
To bear us to thine arms.

Fain would we ſee our Saviour ſhine
With all his glories on,
And in their hallelujahs join,
Who wait about the throne.

Here dully our affections move,
And flat are all our lays:
There every breaſt's replete with love,
And ev'ry breath is praiſe.

VII. *If any Man ſin, we have an Advocate with the Father.* 1 Joh. ii. 1. [Common Metre.

LORD, at thy table we ſit down
Polluted all and vile:
Moſt juſtly might we fear thy frown,
Yet hope to ſee thee ſmile.

With horror now we would review,
Each guilty word and deed:
And to the ſpring thoſe ſtreams purſue,
From whence they did proceed.

We own our laps'd apoſtate ſtate,
That we were ſhap'd in ſin:
Our actual faults exceeding great,
And multiply'd have been.
The terrors of thy law we fear,
And thy revenging arm:
But humbly ſeek protection here,
From ev'ry threatning harm.
We have an advocate on high,
Who bled for ſin and dy'd:
To him we now for refuge fly,
And in his plea confide.
He with ſucceſs muſt ever plead,
And ſmooth thy frowning face;
With thy conſent his blood was ſhed,
To buy a league of peace.
This *Jeſus* here we bleeding ſee,
For our offences ſlain:
By faith we hear him plead with thee,
Who cannot plead in vain.
Tho' therefore, Lord, we here ſit down,
Polluted all and vile:
For *Jeſu*'s ſake forbear to frown,
And meet us with a ſmile.

VIII. *Chriſt precious to Believers.*

[Common Metre.

SInners perverſe, with blinded eyes,
Who feed on air or droſs:
Their glorious Saviour may deſpiſe,
And ſtumble at his croſs.
Thus Jews would ſtill a ſign demand,
Nor own the pow'r divine:
But all the evidence withſtand
That in his works did ſhine.

Proud

Proud *Greeks* by ſcience falſe miſled,
The Goſpel ſcheme deride:
The heav'nly wiſdom there diſplay'd
Abaſes human pride.

The fool who, ſtill bewitch'd to vice,
Will neither fear nor turn:
The hardy wretch who God defies,
May at a Saviour ſpurn:

But he who ſees his Maker frown,
And fears the wrath of God:
Who with the weight of guilt bows down,
And ſinks beneath the load:

Who from purſuing vengeance flies
To *Jeſu*'s open arms:
Will highly his Redeemer prize,
And value all his charms.

His blood will calm the troubled ſoul,
With guilty fears oppreſt:
His grace rebellious luſts controul,
Which warring ſaints infeſt.

The Father will forbear to frown,
When we have kiſt the Son:
And where the heart to him bows down,
There glory is begun.

IX. *The Chriſtian Paſſover.* [Common Metre.

CHas'd by the beams of Goſpel day,
The *Jewiſh* ſhades are gone:
The veil is quite remov'd away,
And all the cloud withdrawn.

For ſhade we have the ſubſtance here,
The real ſacrifice:
Now doth the paſchal Lamb appear
To each believers eyes.

Here we behold the Saviour ſlain,
The very Lamb of God:
See from his heart and ev'ry vein
There flows atoning blood.

This ſprinkled on the guilty mind,
Will ſcreen from ev'ry harm:
'Twill make deſtroying angels kind,
And all their wrath diſarm.

God's own uplifted hand 'twill ſtop,
And ſmooth his angry brow:
'Twill give the dying ſinner hope,
And calm his conſcience too.

Come therefore let us keep the feaſt,
From droſs and ſin refin'd:
Let malice void each chriſtian breaſt,
Nor leave a ſpark behind.

Let all old leven be remov'd,
All guile be put away:
With heart ſincere, and truth approv'd,
Here let us feed and pray.

Let's eat, and life divine derive
From this celeſtial food:
Our fainting graces will revive,
In drinking *Jeſu*'s blood.

X. *Let him kiſs me with the Kiſſes of his Mouth*, &c. Cant. i. 2, 3, 4, 12. [Common Metre.

DEAR *Jeſus*, now thy love diſplay,
And ſeal it with a kiſs:
Come ſnatch my longing ſoul away
From all inferior bliſs.

I ſcorn the worldling's ſhining wealth,
The ſenſual's mirth and wine:
Thy love to my whole ſoul is health,
It's taſte indeed divine,

All

All ſweetneſs centers in thy name,
The very ſound inſpires:
Souls that abhor a vicious flame
Yet feed theſe chaſte deſires.

Then draw me, Lord, with pow'rful charms,
My dull affections move:
We'd fly to our Redeemer's arms,
And take our fill of love.

With raviſhing delight we'll here
In thee, our King, rejoice:
No ſprightly wine the heart can cheer,
Like thy forgiving voice.

Oh! bid us welcome to thy board,
And with thy gueſts ſit down;
Pardon, and peace, and ſmiles afford,
Our guilt and ſorrows drown,

And whilſt the King ſits ſmiling by,
May ev'ry rich perfume,
Each grace with lovely fragrancy,
Spread ſweetneſs through the room.

We would with joyful heart and voice,
Our gracious Monarch meet:
When *Jeſus* ſmiles, and ſaints rejoice,
No ſweetneſs is ſo ſweet.

XI. *The Humility and Honours of our Redeemer.*
Phil. ii. 6 — 12. [Common Metre.

WE'll celebrate the glorious name
Of our *Immanuel:*
Of God the Son who freely came,
In human fleſh to dwell.

He being in the form divine,
Did not eſteem it wrong,
In thoſe high attributes to ſhine,
Which do to God belong.

Yet all this Majeſty he veil'd,
And ſtept from off his throne:
In our vile fleſh the God conceal'd,
And human form put on.

Nay more, a ſubject ſtate he try'd,
And *God his God* obey'd:
Upon the croſs reſign'd he dy'd,
For man a victim made.

Him therefore God hath rais'd on high,
To peerleſs pow'r and ſtate:
Rewarding his humility
With dignity as great,

No head that wears an earthly crown,
No heav'nly throne can claim,
The honour or the high renown,
Due to his awful name.

For ev'ry knee to him muſt bow,
And ſov'reign homage pay:
Heav'n, earth, and ſeas his right allow,
And his commands obey.

Let us with bending hearts confeſs
That *Jeſus Chriſt* is Lord:
And with glad hearts the Father bleſs,
Who thus loſt men reſtor'd.

XII. *Privileges of the Evangelical State.* Heb. xii. 22, 23, 24. [Common Metre.

TO *Zion*'s mount we now are come,
The ſacred ſeat of God,
The hill which he hath made his home,
And choſe for his abode.

The city, where the pomp of love,
Th' eternal King diſplays:
To that *Jeruſalem* above,
Where boundleſs glories blaze.

To

To *ſeraphim* in ſhining bands,
Attending round the throne,
Prompt to perform what he commands,
Who awful ſits thereon.

To ſaints in full aſſembly met,
With radiant glory dreſt:
Near their Redeemer's regal ſeat,
And with his preſence bleſt.

The glorious church of holy ſouls,
Where ev'ry ſon's an heir:
Whoſe names fill up the heav'nly rolls,
All happy burghers there,

To God the Judge, from whom we muſt
Receive our righteous doom,
And to the ſpirits of the juſt,
To full perfection come.

To *Jeſus* who, 'twixt God and us
The friendſhip to renew,
Did in our room become a curſe,
And bear what was our due.

Whoſe blood was ſhed to ſprinkle all
Who to his arms will fly;
For vengeance it will never call,
But for their pardon cry.

XIII. *Angels Song made ours.* [Common Metre.

BLeſt angels intermit their ſongs,
Their *Hallelujahs* ceaſe:
And wing to earth in ſhining throngs,
To ſpread the news of peace.

" Sinners, ſay they, forbear to mourn,
" We happy tidings bring,
" To you a Saviour now is born,
" The long-expected King.

" Then glory to the Lord on high,
" By you and us be giv'n:
" We'll ſpread the muſic thro' the ſky,
" And ſing his praiſe in heav'n.

" Catch you the joyful ſong below,
" And back your praiſes ſend:
" For God will peace on earth beſtow,
" Good-will to men extend."

Yes, God, to our apoſtate race,
Did ſuch affection bear,
He ſent his Son to buy our peace,
Our guilty ſcore to clear.

Him, God our ſacrifice did make,
Who had nor ſpot nor ſtain;
That we, the guilty, for his ſake,
Salvation might obtain.

That none who do in him believe,
For their offence ſhould die:
But pardon here on earth receive,
And endleſs life on high.

Then let us with the angels join,
And learn their heav'nly ſongs;
And to applaud the love divine,
Tune both our hearts and tongues.

XIV. *The Believer's Triumph.* Rom. viii. 32, *&c.*
[Common Metre.

THAT gracious God, who freely gave
His dear and only Son,
By death our guilty ſouls to ſave,
And for our ſin atone:

Will, from the ſame unbounded love,
More favours ſtill beſtow:
Eternal life in heaven above,
And needful grace below.

Who

Who God's elect with crimes ſhould charge,
Whom he hath juſtify'd?
Or thoſe condemn whom to enlarge,
Their great Redeemer dy'd?
Yea, rather roſe, and took his ſeat
At God's right hand on high:
To be their pow'rful Advocate,
Who on his plea rely.
Who ſhall our faithful hearts divide,
From him our deareſt Lord?
Shall we deſert his cauſe, if try'd
With famine, fire or ſword?
No, but by his ſupporting hand,
Who for our ſakes did die,
Ev'n more than conquerors we'll ſtand,
And ev'ry foe defy.
The hopes of life, the fears of death,
The ſharpeſt ſenſe of pain,
And all the pow'rs of hell beneath
Make this attempt in vain.
Nor height, nor depth, nor ought beſide,
Shall e'er untie the bands;
Or from God's love our hearts divide,
Held faſt by *Jeſu*'s hands.

XV. *Diſtinguiſhing Love of God to Sinners.*
Rom. v. 6——12. [Common Metre.

WHEN none aſſiſtance could afford
To loſt mankind beſide,
In ſeaſon long prefix'd, our Lord,
For wretched rebels dy'd.
No love can with this love compare,
No parallel be brought:
'Twill poſe ev'n faith, but paſſeth far
The bounds of human thought.

For

For who his own dear life e'er gave
A juſt man's life to buy?
But few, the beſt-lov'd friend to ſave,
Did ever dare to die.

But God his love to us commends,
In that he ſlew his Son:
To make rebellious foes his friends,
By their own crimes undone.

And if by this atonement, he
Has clear'd our former ſcore,
By him from future wrath ſhall we
Be ſafely kept much more.

For if, when we were foes avow'd,
His death had ſuch ſucceſs,
As to appeaſe an angry God,
And meditate a peace:

Much more, to favour now reſtor'd,
We through his life ſhall live;
To us, our now exalted Lord,
Will life eternal give.

Nay, we can now with joy ſincere,
In God our God be glad:
Thro' *Jeſus Chriſt* our Saviour dear,
Who ſuch atonement made.

XVI. *The Coſt of our Redemption, and Worth of our Souls.* [Common Metre.

AND did our Lord the ranſom give,
And buy us off from hell!
Submit to death, that we might live,
And riſe from whence we fell!

Did he our guilty ſouls redeem
With his own precious blood!
When worlds of gold had worthleſs been,
To purchaſe ſuch a good!

Oh

Oh! glorious proof of love divine,
On worms and duſt beſtow'd:
Here grace doth in full luſtre ſhine,
'Tis kindneſs worthy God.

But who the mighty worth can rate
Of an immortal mind,
Then God was at expence ſo great,
To ranſom loſt mankind?

And ſhall we throw away our ſouls,
Bought at ſuch coſtly price?
Refuſe to live by *Jeſu*'s rules,
And keep the road of vice?

Such vile ingratitude repay,
For his tranſcendent love?
Oh, no! we'll go no more aſtray,
No more rebellious prove.

Here we again our vows renew,
And ſolemn pledges give:
Afreſh his ſtreaming blood we view,
And pardons ſeal'd receive.

Oh! may his bleeding love conſtrain,
And captivate each heart:
Then whilſt we mourn a Saviour ſlain,
With ev'ry ſin we'll part.

XVII. *The Croſs of Chriſt mortifying Sin.*
[Common Metre.

OH! for a ſtrong and ſteady faith!
To count the world but droſs,
To doom each darling ſin to death,
And nail it to the croſs.

My ſin! lo there the murd'rer ſtands,
Stain'd with my Saviour's blood:
This pierc'd his heart, his feet, his hands,
And fix'd him to the wood.

This

This firſt the innocent betray'd,
Then ſeiz'd, and bound, and try'd;
'Twas *this* the furious clamour made,
To have him crucify'd.

With ſpittle *this* profan'd his face,
And crown'd his head with thorn;
Put on in ſport a royal dreſs,
And hail'd him King in ſcorn.

This mock'd at all his miſery,
And triumph'd in his pain;
Inſulted him upon the tree,
And joy'd to ſee him ſlain.

And ſhall not indignation flame,
And fill my loyal breaſt?
May all that love a Saviour's name,
The monſtrous thing deteſt.

Viper, with all thy train be gone,
Thou muſt mine heart reſign:
For ever thou art hateful grown,
My Saviour's foe and mine.

Hence with thy falſe and fawning arts,
Thy promiſes and ſmiles:
Thy words are ſwords, thy ſmiles are darts,
And each that enters kills.

Be gone, or die: it is decreed,
I can no longer bear:
What! ſhall I ſee my Saviour bleed,
Yet his aſſaſſine ſpare!

No, pitileſs I hear thee plead,
This juſtice to prevent:
My Saviour's love demands the deed,
Nor ſhall mine heart relent.

XVIII. *Our Saviour's Sufferings and Conqueſts, laying a Foundation for the Believer's Triumphs.*
[Common Metre.

COME, let us tune each heart and tongue
To praiſe redeeming grace:
And join in one harmonious ſong,
Our Saviour's name to raiſe.

Jeſus, our everliving Lord,
Our merciful High-prieſt,
Invites us to his ſacred board,
There on himſelf to feaſt.

With gracious look, and ſmiling face,
He bids his gueſts draw near
Such ſoft and friendly words he ſays,
'Twill melt the heart to hear.

" For you, he cries, my deareſt friends
" For you I bled and dy'd:
" See here my wounded feet and hands
" My gaping heart and ſide.

" Theſe are the tokens of my love,
" Marks of the pangs I felt,
" Of what I ſuffer'd to remove
" Your dreadful load of guilt.

" When all the pow'rs of hell combin'd,
" Stood frightful in my way,
" For you I freely life reſign'd,
" Or you had been their prey.

" But when I dy'd, that empire fell,
" Its fatal pow'r I broke:
" Down to the deepeſt realms of hell
" They trembling felt the ſhock.

" You that were wretched captives, now
" Are from the bondage freed:
" Here you your liberty avow,
" And praiſe the glorious deed.

" You

" You now may triumph round my board
" And with your God may feaſt,
" Share in the conqueſts of your Lord,
" And heav'nly *Manna* taſte."

Dear Lord, our ſouls with rapture flow,
To hear this charming voice,
Our breaſts with ſtrong devotion glow,
Our glory ſhall rejoice.

Oh! for a ſong of lofty praiſe,
Hoſannah in the high'ſt:
We'll celebrate this wond'rous grace,
Hoſannah to the Chriſt.

With joyful hearts, and tuneful tongues,
Thy conqueſts, Lord, we'll ſing,
Till angels liſten to our ſongs,
And help to praiſe our King.

XIX. *The Inſtitution.* [Long Metre.

THAT very night, that dolefull night,
In which our Lord, our ſoul's delight,
From ſupper to the garden went,
To give his heavy heart ſome vent.

To give it vent in groans and ſighs,
In bloody ſweats and bitter cries:
In which he baſely was betray'd,
And by a kiſs a priſoner made.

That night at ſupper he took bread,
Gave thanks, and breaking it, he ſaid,
" My broken body here you ſee,
" Take, eat it, and remember me."

Thus alſo with a gracious look,
The cup when he had ſupt he took:
" See here the precious blood, he ſaid,
" Which I for your ſalvation ſhed.

Here

" Here I my covenant make good,
" And ſeal it with my reeking blood:
" Here, what your pardon coſt, you ſee,
" Drink all, and drinking, think on me."

Yes, Lord, on ev'ry thankful breaſt,
Thy name ſhall ever be impreſt:
Oft we'll revolve this love of thine,
More cordial far than any wine.

How can we e'er thy croſs forget?
Or our own everlaſting debt?
Oh! never let the thought remove,
But dwell within and kindle love.

Oft will we at this feaſt attend,
And there redeeming love commend:
There ſhew thy love to ſinful men,
Till thou return'ſt to earth again.

XX. *Chriſt dying.* [Long Metre.

LORD, what a ſpectacle is here,
To move my grief, to move my fear?
My dear Redeemer here I ſee,
Pierc'd thro' the heart, nail'd to the tree.

How hard's that unrelenting heart
That hears his cries, beholds his ſmart,
Yet bears no part in all his pain,
Nor grieves to ſee his Saviour ſlain.

All nature ſicken'd when 'twas done,
A fainting horror ſeiz'd the ſun:
Sunk in a ſwoon three hours he lay,
And from the ſight withdrew the day.

The heav'ns a ſable veil put on,
And in hoarſe thunders made their moan:
Whilſt ev'ry wind in mournful ſighs
Breath'd out its ſorrow and ſurprize.

The

The earth convuls'd with terror, ſtood
And bluſh'd to ſee her Maker's blood:
Ev'n ſtubborn ſtones did then relent,
And rocks with pangs of grief were rent.

The ſtrong concuſſion ſhook the dead,
And rouz'd them from their duſty bed:
The temple rent its veil in two,
To ſhew what our hard hearts ſhould do.

Can ſenſeleſs things his torture feel,
The earth be ſhook, the mountains reel,
The dead awake! and ſhall not I
Be mov'd to ſee my Saviour die?

Shall I, like an obdurate *Jew*,
Relentleſs this ſad ſcene review?
Unmov'd his lamentations hear,
Nor breathe a ſigh, nor drop a tear?

No, break my heart, melt both mine eyes,
Eccho my voice to all his cries,
And thus lament a Saviour ſlain,
Lament my ſins that gave him pain.

Thus kindle up revenge within,
Revenge againſt each bloody ſin;
And each offence devote to death
That pierc'd his heart and ſtop'd his breath.

XXI. *Redeeming Love diſplay'd in the Sacrament.*
[Long Metre.

'TWAS love, my ſoul, 'twas love indeed,
That Chriſt for guilty me ſhould bleed!
My Lord ſhould die my life to ſpare,
And wrongs himſelf receiv'd repair.

His laws with bold contempt I broke,
His rights diſown'd, flung off his yoke:
Thus from his favour wilful fell,
And thus became an heir of hell.

To

To ſave me from this frightful doom,
My God was offer'd in my room:
To make atonement for my guilt,
His life was loſt, his blood was ſpilt.

Mine was the crime, but his the ſmart,
The wounded head, the bleeding heart:
Thus did he purge away my ſin,
And open heav'n to let me in.

And here he gives his fleſh for food,
For drink pours out his vital blood:
The food doth life and health impart,
The drink revives and warms the heart.

Here he with overcoming charms,
Wide open throws his gracious arms,
Then takes me gently to his breaſt,
And on his fulneſs bids me feaſt.

Here he diſpels my guilty fears,
Makes glad my heart, wipes off my tears
Diſplays the riches of his grace,
Enflames my love, and claims my praiſe.

Ten thouſand thanks, my ſoul, repay,
That thus my guilt was purg'd away:
To thy Redeemer loyal prove,
And by obedience ſhew thy love.

XXII. *The Bread of Life.* From John vi.
[Long Metre.

LORD, to thy temple we repair,
To taſte the entertainments there:
We humbly wait about thy board,
To ſup with our Redeemer-Lord.

Thy table thou haſt richly ſpread,
Wih heav'nly wine, with heav'nly bread:
Oh, what a waſte of love is here!
How ſtrange and coſtly is the fare!

This

This wine will chear the heavy heart,
To ſouls this bread will life impart;
For *Jeſu*'s fleſh is here our food,
And here we drink our Saviour's blood.

The *Jews* were in the deſart fed
With *Manna*, which was angels bread:
But far the food on which we feed,
The Bread of Life, does theirs exceed.

Their *Manna* was from clouds diſtill'd,
Such bread as ours no clouds can yield:
Theirs was the type, ours is the true,
Of heav'nly growth and ſubſtance too.

The *Jews* who were with *Manna* fed,
Continu'd mortal and are dead:
Our bread will conſtant life ſupply,
And thoſe who eat it never die.

It did indeed come down from heav'n,
'Tis *Jeſu*'s blood for ſinners giv'n:
To purchaſe pardon he was ſlain,
And thro' his death we life obtain.

Tho' he was dead, he ever lives:
To ſinners life divine he gives:
And ſaints, to keep each grace alive,
From him muſt conſtant pow'r derive.

Dead ſaints he will revive again,
With him they ſhall for ever reign:
To us this bread, Lord, ever give,
And faith that we may eat and live.

XXIII. *Chriſt's Sufferings and Succeſſes.*

[Long Metre.

LOOK up, redeemed ſouls, and ſee,
Your Saviour hanging on the tree;
His guſhing blood, his gaping heart,
And in his anguiſh bear a part.

There

There wounded by our ſiins he ſtands,
They ſtab'd his heart, they pierc'd his hands:
And yet the injur'd Saviour dies,
For theſe ſame ſins a ſacrifice.

His painful wounds procure us peace,
His pangs and agonies give eaſe:
The blood which from his heart he pours,
Is rich and healing balm to ours.

For we like ſheep were gone aſtray,
Each took his own deſtructive way:
But God on him our ſuff'rings laid,
His life for our offences paid.

And dumb the ſpotleſs victim ſtood,
Whilſt raging murderers ſhed his blood:
Reſign'd he yielded up his breath,
Nor ſtruggled with approaching death,

But ſince it pleas'd thee Lord, to make
Thy Son an off'ring for our ſake;
Oh! let his blood prolifick breed
A vaſt increaſe of holy ſeed.

Let him with great ſucceſs be bleſt,
His name by ev'ry tongue confeſt:
To his kind arms let ſinners fly,
'Tis he alone can juſtify.

All other things we count as droſs,
Our refuge is our Saviour's croſs:
For our diſcharge let him prevail,
His pow'rful plea can never fail.

Lord, let his blood thy wrath appeaſe,
His pains our wounded ſpirits eaſe,
His ſpirit all our ſouls refine,
And pour upon them life divine.

XXIV.

XXIV. *The Love of God in giving his Son, and Chriſt's Love in dying for us.* [Long Metre.

HEREIN our God his love diſplays,
(Love paſſing far our pow'r to praiſe)
That when we were by ſin undone,
He for our ranſom gave his Son.

His only Son he freely gave,
Our wretched ſouls from wrath to ſave:
On worms that cou'd not profit God,
This dear ſalvation he beſtow'd.

Tho' we for him no paſſion felt,
His pitying heart o'er us did melt:
Tho' we provok'd his wrath by ſin,
He kept the juſt reſentment in.

Nay, that he might ſuch wretches ſpare,
To his own Son he ſeem'd ſevere:
Of him a ſacrifice he made,
And with his blood our ranſom paid.

Strange, coſtly proof *that God is love*,
When thus his tender bowels move:
When he to ſave rebellious foes,
His dear lov'd Son would thus expoſe!

And freely did the Son conſent,
To bear for us ſuch puniſhment:
Our guilt by dying to remove,
Strange, coſtly proof of matchleſs love!

Then let us to our Saviour dear,
(Who thus has made his love appear,
Who from his heart pour'd out a flood,
To waſh away our ſins with blood:

And rais'd us to the greateſt height:
To prieſtly and to royal ſtate:)
The glory and dominion give,
And ſtill to him devoted live.

XXV.

XXV. *Praiſe to the Father and Son for redeeming Grace, and this Inſtitution.* [Long Metre.

OH! for an hymn of lofty praiſe,
To celebrate redeeming grace!
Grace that ſhould ev'ry heart inſpire
With holy love, true heav'nly fire

It tunes the tongues and harps on high,
Spreads joy and muſick thro' the ſky:
How can my heart or tongue refrain,
Tho' I muſt ſing in humble ſtrain?

No, gracious Father, I approve,
Applaud, adore that glorious love,
Which mov'd thee to expoſe thy Son
To death, for ills which I had done.

And thee, bleſs'd Saviour, I adore,
Who didſt my gaſping hopes reſtore:
To ranſom mine, thy life didſt give,
And die, that I might ever live.

When I behold thy wondrous croſs,
I count the world but dung and droſs:
Thy love's engraven on thy ſcars,
It flow'd in blood and drop'd in tears.

Here I behold the healing tide
Spout reeking from thy open'd ſide:
And come to waſh me in the flood,
And cure my wounds with *Jeſu*'s blood.

This ſtream will cleanſe my guilt away,
'Twill life to my dead ſoul convey:
In all my pains ſure eaſe 'twill give,
My mind in all diſtreſs relieve.

'Tis vocal blood, and loudly pleads,
And for my pardon intercedes:
Oh! hear the plea, my God, and ſhine
Upon my ſoul with light divine.

Some

Some tokens of thy love afford,
And send me joyful from thy board:
Sure pledge of heav'nly rest above,
Where I shall live and breathe in love.

XXVI. *The Institution.* [Long Metre.

THAT night in which our Saviour dear,
Did to *Gethsemane* retreat,
To vent his woes and gloomy fear,
In cries and groans and bloody sweat.

That very night, when for our sake,
A willing pris'ner he was made,
The bread he took, and blest, and brake,
And thus to his disciples said:

"My broken body here you see,
"For your transgressions pierc'd and torn,
"Take, eat it, and remember me,
"And all your vile offences mourn."

He also took and blest the wine,
And then with gracious voice he said,
"Take and drink all, the draught's divine,
"'Tis blood for your salvation shed.

"Here you behold the price paid down,
"Remission of your sins to buy,
"And here with blood, ev'n with mine own,
"My testament I ratify.

"Do this till time shall be no more,
"In mem'ry of your dying Lord:
"Review his suff'rings and adore,
"Oft as you meet about his board."

Yes, Lord, we'll ever bear in mind,
Thy healing wounds, thy glorious cross,
Thy blood's more cordial far than wine,
The world compar'd with thee is dross.

First

First may our hands forget their art,
Our lungs to heave, our tongues to move,
E're we forget thy bleeding heart,
And ſcars, the tokens of thy love.

We'll often at this feaſt attend,
Shew forth thy death, thy grace proclaim;
Make humble boaſts of ſuch a friend,
And on our hearts impreſs thy name.

XXVII. *Chriſtian Hopes and Supports.* 1 Pet. i. 3——10. [Long Metre.

TO God, devouteſt thanks we pay,
The Father of our deareſt Lord,
Who, his rich mercy to diſplay,
Hath our expiring hopes reſtor'd.

Thro' Chriſt, who from the dead aroſe,
Our humble hopes to heav'n may riſe,
To heav'n where plenty endleſs flows,
And pleaſure never fades nor dies.

A portion kept in ſtore for all,
Whom by his pow'r their God will guard,
And through their faith prevent their fall,
'Till they obtain their full reward.

Such hopes will drooping ſpirits cheer,
The bending mind they'll prop and raiſe,
Give ſtrength our various loads to bear,
The needful trials of our grace.

For trials muſt our faith refine,
(As fire refines the fading gold)
That with full ſplendor it may ſhine,
When ev'ry eye ſhall Chriſt behold.

That *Jeſus* whom we dearly love,
Whom at the higheſt rate we prize;
Tho' now far off in heav'n above,
Beyond the ken of mortal eyes.

In him, tho' now we ſee him not,
Yet our believing hearts rejoice,
With glorious joy ſurpaſſing thought,
And all the pow'rs of art and voice.

For we from him, e're long expect
The end of all our love and truſt:
Our ſoul's ſalvation he'll effect,
And glorious raiſe our ſleeping duſt.

XXVIII. *Chriſtians made the Sons of God.*
1 Joh. iii. 1, 2, 3. [Long Metre.

COME, Chriſtians, lift believing eyes,
Attent this pleaſing ſcene ſurvey:
See, glory breaks from parting ſkies,
The pleaſing dawn of heav'nly day.

Look up, and ſee your Father dreſt,
In all the forms of love and grace,
Compaſſion printed on his breaſt,
And friendſhip ſmiling in his face.

Look and admire how God can love,
What favour he to us extends!
Our guilt not only to remove,
But call ſuch wretches ſons and friends!

Nor doth it fully yet appear,
How rich and bleſt our ſtate ſhall be,
What farther honours he'll confer,
On duſt and worms ſo vile as we.

But this already is made known,
That when our Lord to earth returns,
We too ſhall put our glory on,
Such ſplendor as himſelf adorns.

For then, with eyes made ſtrong to bear,
Of all his light the glorious blaze,
We ſhall behold our Lord appear,
And quench the ſun with brighter rays.

The

The glory he ſhall then diſplay,
Will thro' our ſouls ſpread life divine;
His full reſemblance 'twill convey,
And make them like their Saviour ſhine.

Oh! let theſe hopes ev'n here below,
Our love and loyalty ſecure:
Make us more like our Saviour grow,
And *pure as he himſelf is pure.*

XXIX. *Goſpel Grace.* Eph. i. 3——8.
[Long Metre.

BLEST be the Father of our Lord,
The God who ever reigns on high,
Who doth by him, to us afford,
Of heav'nly things a rich ſupply.

Purſuant to the purpoſe, he
Had form'd, e're time began its race,
That we an holy ſeed ſhould be,
And blameleſs in his ſight, thro' grace.

For that he fully had deſign'd
Us his adopted ſons to make,
By free reſolves of his own mind,
And for his Son *Chriſt Jeſu*'s ſake.

That praiſe might to his grace redound,
Its luſtre might be ſpread abroad,
By which we have acceptance found,
Thro' the beloved Son of God.

In whom forgiveneſs we obtain,
The purchaſe of his precious blood:
Rich grace that waſh'd the guilty clean,
And drown'd their faults in ſuch a flood!

Him God hath raiſed from the dead,
And ſaints on earth, and ſaints above,
Unite in him their common head,
Ty'd faſt by holy bands of love.

Thro' him we heirs of heav'n are made,
And by his holy Spirit ſeal'd,
Pledge of the life that ne'er ſhall fade,
And glories then to be reveal'd.

Then let's with thankful hearts proclaim
This free, and rich, and wond'rous grace:
We'll celebrate our Saviour's name,
And to his Father offer praiſe.

XXX. *Chriſt's Sufferings.* [Long Metre.

COME all, who now have ſeen the Lord,
And triumph'd in redeeming grace,
Have feaſted at this bleſſed board,
Thro' all his griefs your Saviour trace.

Firſt to the garden let's repair,
And there obſerve his pangs and throws,
His agonies of grief and fear,
Sad bodings of yet greater woes.

He bends beneath his grievous load,
And lifts to heav'n imploring eyes,
Entreats *his Father and his God*,
With moving groans and mighty cries.

Blood iſſues out thro' ev'ry pore,
To ſhew what pangs he felt within,
How vaſt a weight of guilt he bore,
What torture he endur'd for ſin.

Obſerve the villain next appear,
And with a kiſs his Lord betray;
Whilſt the mad rabble, void of fear,
Seize him, and drag him bound away.

Next ſee the innocent arraign'd,
Charg'd deep, yet making no reply:
Whilſt round his raging murd'rers ſtand,
And bawl inceſſant, *Crucify*.

Behold

Behold him mock'd and made a jeſt,
Us'd with the rudeſt ſpite and ſcorn,
In royal robes for ſport he's dreſt,
Hail'd in contempt and crown'd with thorn.

See him unjuſtly doom'd to die,
Conſtrain'd his fatal croſs to bear,
In triumph led to *Calvary*,
And ſlain with ling'ring torments there.

Firſt nail'd to the accurſed wood,
Then lifted up expos'd he ſtands,
Whilſt purple ſtreams of precious blood
Flow from his wounded feet and hands.

The barb'rous crowd that wait beneath,
Are pleas'd with all his woe and pain,
Inſult him in the pangs of death,
And hear him with delight complain.

All this, and more than tongue can tell,
Or heart can think, did he endure,
To ſave our guilty ſouls from hell,
And heav'nly bliſs for us procure.

Strange love, by all theſe ſuff'rings try'd,
Oh! may it ev'ry heart conſtrain,
And make us live to him that dy'd:
Why ſhould ſuch blood be ſhed in vain?

XXXI. *The Privilege of thoſe who dwell with God.* [Long Metre.

THrice happy they, whom God hath choſe,
In his own holy houſe to dwell:
There heav'nly plenty ever flows.
And joys to mighty rivers ſwell.

There, with proviſions all divine,
His table's crown'd, his people fed:
Their Saviour's heart is broach'd for wine.
His fleſh ſerv'd up as living bread.

On ev'ry wounded heart he there,
His blood as healing balſam pours:
Regales his ſaints with heav'nly fare,
And heav'nly bleſſings on them ſhow'rs.

He ſhews his face and calms their fears,
And ſmiles their gloomy doubts away:
Their humble praiſe indulgent hears,
And loves to anſwer when they pray.

Nay, ev'ry heart indeed contrite,
To him a real temple proves:
The humble mind is his delight,
And he inhabits where he loves.

Strange! what, will he who reigns on high
Above the heav'ns, yet dwell with men?
Let ev'ry door wide open fly,
And let the gracious Monarch in.

Make ev'ry bar, dear Lord, give way,
And chuſe my ſpirit for thine home:
Here fix and here delighted ſtay,
Thy rivals all ſhall make thee room.

May I beneath thy ſhadow reſt,
And welcome at thy table dine,
Be with thine heav'nly favour bleſt,
And I can all the world reſign.

XXXII. *Mercy and Juſtice honour'd by Faith and Fear.* [Long Metre.

IF at our Maker's righteous bar,
We ſinners ſhould be ſtrictly try'd,
Each would a criminal appear,
Nor could a man be juſtify'd.

None has that perfect duty paid,
Which his moſt holy laws demand:
None ſo exactly hath obey'd,
As guiltleſs at his bar to ſtand.

From

From his avenging juſtice then,
We to atoning love will fly:
'Tis grace alone can make us clean,
Or ſinners ſave and juſtify.

That flowing, that tranſcendent grace,
By *Jeſus* Chriſt our Lord diſplay'd,
Who to redeem our guilty race,
His own heart's blood a ranſom paid.

In him the proper *Mercy-Seat*,
God now appeas'd in ſmiles appears:
There we with him may humbly treat,
And ſhake off all our guilty fears.

Yet did our Saviour alſo die,
God's dreadful juſtice to diſplay:
His blood alone would ſatisfy,
To purge our crimſon guilt away.

Thus terrible upon his throne,
The juſt the jealous God appears:
Whilſt by the death of his own Son,
He each believing ſinner clears.

Oh! let us therefore humbly fear,
Whilſt yet in faith we venture nigh,
Nor God's conſuming vengeance dare,
Leſt by its ſcorching flames we die.

XXXIII. *The happy change of Circumſtances by the Goſpel*; from Heb. xii. 18——24,
[Particular Metre.

FROM realms of ſin, and ſhades of death,
And diſmal regions of deſpair,
Where plagues diffus'd contagious breath,
And frightful gloom fill'd all the air,
Loud thunders ſhook the trembling ground,
And light'nings dreadful glar'd around.

Where God in majeſty declar'd,
His awful will from flaming ſkies,
No ſoft or friendly voice was heard,
No pitying looks refreſh'd our eyes;
But frowns from heav'n and fears within,
Proclaim'd the vile deſert of ſin.

We now are come to better climes,
Where heav'nly hopes revive our hearts,
Where *Jeſu*'s blood will drown our crimes,
His death atone for our deſerts;
His bonds will our releaſe procure,
His life our endleſs bliſs enſure.

Our God appeas'd, forbears to frown,
With friendly ſmiles invites us near,
Himſelf our tender Father owns,
And calls us now his children dear:
And here, his great good-will to prove,
Invites us to a *feaſt of love*

Here *Jeſu*'s fleſh, the beſt of food,
Does health to hungry ſouls convey:
Salvation flows in ſtreams of blood,
To waſh our crimſon guilt away:
Smiling the God of grace deſcends,
And kindly whiſpers, *Welcome, Friends.*

Then come, my ſoul, admire, adore,
In humble tone thy guilt confeſs,
Look all theſe pleaſing wonders o'er.
In lofty ſtrains thy Saviour bleſs:
And whilſt thou doſt this grace partake,
Keep ev'ry faculty awake.

XXXIV. *A Feaſt for Men, not Angels.*

[Particular Metre.

ONCE more our God, the God of grace,
Has made a friendly viſit here,
Shed balmy dews around the place,
Our ſpirits to revive and cheer:
And with ſoft voice and aſpect mild,
Has ſhewn that he is reconcil'd.

Sinners may now to God draw nigh,
And ſeat them round his royal board,
Since his own Son vouchſaf'd to die,
To recommend them to their Lord:
His frowns no longer them debar
From heav'nly hopes or angels fair.

Nay, holy angels ne'er did taſte,
Such food as he doth here provide,
Such wine as ſtreams for our repaſt,
Freſh from a bleeding Saviour's ſide:
Thoſe happy minds ne'er had above,
Such glorious proofs of tender love.

But worthleſs, guilty men partake
Of this rich entertainment here,
For them God did the banquet make,
For them provide this coſtly cheer:
With heav'nly food their ſouls he feeds,
And guilt removes, and joy ſucceeds.

May vulgar feaſts be nam'd no more,
All dainties elſe unheeded lie:
He that eats here can ne'er be poor,
This feaſt will ev'ry want ſupply:
Infinite wealth is here beſtow'd,
And holy ſouls fill'd full of God.

XXXV. *Chriſt our Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, Sanctification, and Redemption*; from 1 Cor. i. 30.
[Particular Metre.

BE gone, each haughty thought be gone,
We'll glory in the Lord alone,
And make our boaſts of *Jeſu*'s name:
On him we'll cheerfully depend,
Fix all our truſt on ſuch a friend,
All other help but his diſclaim.

Him God the Father *Wiſdom* made
By him is heav'nly light convey'd,
To ſuch benighted minds as ours:
His word important truth contains,
Into our ſouls his ſpirit ſhines,
And quickens all our thinking pow'rs.

He is our *Righteouſneſs* become,
Thro' him we 'ſcape the dreadful doom,
To which we ſtood expos'd before:
Thro' him we grace and favour gain,
He was the ſpotleſs victim ſlain,
To pay off all our guilty ſcore.

He is the ſtock and quick'ning root,
Where we muſt grow to yield our fruit,
Whence we muſt heav'nly life derive:
His grace muſt purify the heart,
His Spirit influence muſt impart,
That ev'ry grace may grow and thrive.

To ſpeak his glories, in a word,
By him our nature is reſtor'd,
He did from wrath our ſouls redeem:
An angry God becomes our friend:
Our grov'ling ſouls to heav'n aſcend,
In hopes of boundleſs bliſs *thro' him*.

To

To him who this proviſion made,
And thus his glorious love diſplay'd,
Whoſe wealth is an exhauſtleſs ſtore:
Thro' *Jeſus* Chriſt be glory giv'n,
By ev'ry ſaint on earth, in heav'n,
In ev'ry age for evermore.

XXXVI. *Our Redeemer's Grace and Honours.*
From Col. i. 12—22. [Particular Metre.

TO God our thankful hearts we'll raiſe,
And ſing our heav'nly Father's praiſe,
Who by his grace doth make us meet
For that inheritance above,
Where ſaints in boundleſs light and love,
About his throne triumphant ſit.

Who from the frightful pow'r of hell,
The diſmal night where ſinners dwell,
Hath now redeem'd and ſet us free:
Our hearts hath by his kindneſs won,
And made us gladly ſerve his Son,
In realms of love and liberty.

We have redemption thro' his blood,
Our guilt by this atoning flood
Is purg'd: This for our ranſom paid:
The unſeen God in him appears,
The very form of God he bears,
And by him ev'ry thing was made.

He ſtretch'd the ſpreading heav'ns on high,
He peopled all the inner ſky,
With *Angels, Seraphs, Cherubim,*
He gave to this inferior earth,
And ev'ry thing therein a birth,
By him 'twas form'd, 'twas made *for* him.

He of his holy church is Head,
The firſt-fruits of the riſing dead.

That

That he in all things might excel:
He by his bloody croſs made peace,
In him, it did the Father pleaſe,
All fulneſs ſhould for ever dwell.

Thro' him an angry God looks mild,
And heav'n and earth are reconcil'd:
We, who by ſin were foes before,
Rejoice to ſee him dying ſmile,
By death his Father reconcil'd:
And to his favour men reſtore.

XXXVII. *The happy Change*; or, *thoſe afar off brought nigh*; from Eph. xiii. *&c.*

[Particular Metre.

GOD, who is ever good and kind,
To acts of mercy much inclin'd,
Whoſe flowing love the world ſupplies,
Much his abounding grace commends,
When his compſſion he extends
To us his hateful enemies.

When guilty and condemn'd we lay,
To death and hell an eaſy prey,
And wholly void of life divine:
He bid our dying hopes revive,
In Chriſt he made our ſouls alive,
And with his own reſemblance ſhine.

Nor do we from the grave alone,
Revive with his reviving Son,
With him on wings of hope we riſe,
With him we mount to worlds of love,
Poſſeſs the ſtarry ſeats above,
And enter into Paradiſe.

Tho' once of faded birth and blood,
Far off as foreigners we ſtood,

Rejecters

Rejecters of his love and laws:
No hopes our gaſping ſouls reviv'd,
Without a God forlorn we liv'd,
Without a Chriſt to plead our cauſe.

Yet now, in *Jeſus* Chriſt our Lord,
We, who were once of God abhor'd,
And far from him deſerted ſtood,
Are by rich grace again brought nigh,
Made part of his own family,
Thro' *Jeſu*'s reconciling blood.

Thro' him, we, by one Spirit, may
To God our gracious Father pray,
And boldly hope that he will hear:
The former war is at an end,
And God appeas'd become our friend,
And we are his delight and care.

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK III.

In particular Measures.

I. *For the Lord's Day.*

HAIL, happy day! the day of holy reſt,
When ſaints aſſemble and on dainties feaſt:
When all in ſmiles the God of grace deſcends,
Opens his ſtores, and entertains his friends.

Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my ſight, and leave my ſoul alone:
Its flatt'ring, fading glories I'd deſpiſe,
And tow'rds immortal beauties turn mine eyes.

My

My ſoul is now with nobler love poſſeſt,
I feel the rapture ſtrive within my breaſt;
My heart all kindles with refin'd deſire,
And boundleſs charms maintain the pleaſing fire.

Fain wou'd I mount and penetrate the ſkies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix mine eyes:
Oh! meet my riſing ſoul, ſtoop from above,
Jeſus, and waft it to thoſe realms of love

E're yet the knot of union be unty'd,
And death the loving partners ſhall divide,
A glimpſe of future glory I would ſee,
And taſte how joyous 'tis to dwell with thee.

But if the wiſh ambitious is and vain,
Downward I'll bend my humble flight again,
And to thy temple with devotion haſte:
O! let me there on heav'nly fatneſs feaſt.

There holy ſouls are with true *Manna* fed,
There eat the living and the quick'ning bread;
There mix their food with moſt delicious wine,
And chear their hearts with cordials all divine.

Yet if I muſt not climb the ſtarry height,
And ſee thee blazing on a throne of light:
If ſtill the veil between us muſt divide,
And from mine eyes my Saviour's glories hide:

Yet here diſplay the wonders of thy grace,
Look thro' the ſkies, and ſhew thy ſmiling face;
Stoop down, bleſt King of Glory, from above,
Shine on my ſoul, and raviſh me with love.

II. *All Creatures call'd upon to praiſe God.* From *Pſal.* cxlviii.

OH! for an hymn of univerſal praiſe,
Its Maker's fame may ev'ry creature raiſe:
Ye lofty heav'ns, begin the ſolemn ſound,
And let it ſpread the wide creation round.

Ye

Ye angel hoſts, who near this dazzling ſeat,
Wrapt in perpetual tranſport humbly wait;
You beſt muſt know the glories of your King,
In ſweeteſt, loftieſt ſtrains his wonders ſing.

Bleſs him, thou ſun, great ruler of the day,
Before whoſe ſplendors thine muſt fade away:
To him the honour's paid, to thee reſtore,
And teach mankind your Maker to adore.

Ye moon and ſtars, who with more feeble light
Break thro' the ſhades and gild the gloom of night,
Far as you can diffuſe your feeble rays,
Tell his great name and propagate his praiſe.

Fair light, the firſt of all created things,
From whom all earthly bliſs and beauty ſprings,
Help the blind world to ſee their Maker ſhine
In light eſſential, fairer far then thine.

Ye dancing ſpheres, that ever tuneful move,
Drawn tow'ards your centers by magnetick love:
Convey his name thro' all the vaſt expanſe,
Whilſt to the muſick of his voice you dance.

Let awful thunders bellowing in the air,
And bluſtering ſtorms his dreadful praiſe declare;
Whilſt gentler winds with balmy breath proclaim
The gracious God, and ſpread his charming name.

Let miſts, and clouds, and meteors all conſpire
In this bleſt work, and help to fill the choir:
Whilſt loud his praiſes foaming billows roar:
And ſeas reſound his name from ſhore to ſhore;

Ye fertile planes, diſplay your gayeſt pride,
Ye valleys, to his honour, low ſubſide,
And at his call, ye mountains, ſtately riſe,
And bear his praiſes to the neighbouring ſkies.

Ye trees of ev'ry kind, ye fruitful vines,
Ye knotty oaks, and tall aſpiring pines:

Or bend your heads, or let your juices flow,
To honour him at whoſe command you grow.

To him let ev'ry beaſt this tribute pay,
He feeds the flocks, he finds the lions prey,
To celebrate his bounty and his pow'r,
Bleat all ye lambs, and all ye lions roar.

Ye birds, who thro' the airy regions wing,
Nature's muſicians you his praiſe muſt ſing:
Ye flies and worms, his various ſkill diſplay,
Tho' you can't ſing, this homage you may pay.

When nature's all in tune, ſhall man refrain,
And have his voice and pow'r to ſing in vain?
Oh, no! let every rank, and ſex, and age,
With all their might in this deſign engage.

Great kings and potentates, ye gods on earth,
And ev'ry man of meaner rank, and birth,
Submit yourſelves to his imperial ſway,
You're bound, and 'tis your honour to obey.

Let youthful voices ſwell th' harmonious choir
Old age their feebler breath in praiſe expire:
Oh! let his love each virgin's heart inflame,
And infants learn to liſp his wondrous name.

But above all, ye ſaints, your breath employ,
To ſound his praiſes, and to tell your joy:
You, the bleſt objects of his love and choice,
His glories ſing with well tun'd heart and voice.

Loud as his thunders let his praiſes ſound,
From heav'n to earth, from world to world rebound.
Let art and nature in the ſong conſpire,
And the whole world become one ſacred choir.

III. *Hymn to the Creator.* From. *Gen* i.

HAIL everlaſting, ſov'reign Excellence,
Of light, and life, and love, abyſs immenſe

Great

Great independent Being, cauſeleſs God,
Thine own circumf'rence, centre and abode:

Long e're old time began its haſty flight,
Or ſun or ſtars diſplay'd their borrow'd light,
Thou didſt within thy boundleſs ſelf poſſeſs,
Immortal joy and plenitude of bliſs.

When time commenc'd, thy goodneſs overflow'
Fill'd all the world, yet empty'd none of God:
Thou'rt by thyſelf, and with a world the ſame,
Still happy, rich, ſufficient and ſupreme.

No ſooner had th' Almighty Maker ſaid,
" Now let a world, a mighty world be made,"
But *nothing* teems, and ſtrait obedient riſe,
Sun, planets, ſtars, earth, ſeas, and ſpreading ſkies.

Eternal gloom had overſpread the face
Of deep, unfathomable empty ſpace:
But at thy call, the kindling ſeeds of light,
Shot thro' the void, and ſoon diſpers'd the night.

Thou bad'ſt the ætherial matter riſe on high,
Expand itſelf, and ſtreach into a ſky:
Soon did the obedient particles aſcend,
And thro' the empty ſpace the ſkies extend.

At thy command the neighbouring fields of air,
Flow'd round the earth, and form'd an atmoſphere:
Where riſing vapours ſtop, and rang'd with ſkill,
In rain, hail, thunders, ſtorms, perform thy will.

The waters, which before o'erflow'd the ball,
Together roll'd obedient to thy call:
Drain'd from the earth and left its ſurface dry,
And ſtill in mighty ſeas collected lie.

Thou ſaid'ſt the word, and ſtrait (a wondrous [birth)
Herbs, flowers and trees adorn'd the naked earth:
With

With vernal bloom and ſummer's plenty crown'd,
E're ſun or ſhow'rs had yet prepar'd the ground.

At thy command the ſcatter'd ſeeds of light,
Did in the ſun their common force unite:
And the pale moon ſhone out with borrow'd ray,
Queen of the night, as he commands the day.

Whilſt ſtars of various ranks hung round the ſky,
The ſpheres began their tuneful dance on high;
And ſtill the tracks of heav'nly ſkill appear,
On all the changing ſeaſons of the year.

Thou ſpak'ſt, the *quick'ning deep* the ſummons [heard,
And animals of various kinds appear'd:
Birds try'd their wings, and upward took their way,
But ſtill the fiſh in her own boſom play.

Obedient to thy will the teeming earth,
To beaſts and worms of ev'ry kind gave birth:
With flocks and herds the plains were cover'd o'er,
And foreſts ſhook to hear the lions roar.

But laſt, to finiſh what thou had'ſt deſign'd,
(Of clay like theirs, but with a nobler mind)
Adam was made, made ſov'reign of the reſt,
And lively with his Maker's form impreſt.

Benignity, and ſkill, and pow'r divine,
In the great whole and ev'ry part did ſhine:
Fair in its Maker's eye creation ſtood,
He view'd it well, and pleas'd, pronounc'd it good.

Let all thy works, O Lord, reſound thy name,
Applaud thy ſkill, thy pow'r and love proclaim:
But above all below, let man exert
In this bleſt work his utmoſt ſtrength and art.

IV.

IV. *Hymn to the* REDEEMER, *in Three Parts.*

PART I.

BLeſt *Jeſus*, whom ſhould ranſom'd ſinners ſing?
But thee their Saviour, Sacrifice and King;
Whom ſhould my verſe or ſongs exalt but thee?
Whom boundleſs love abas'd ſo much for me.

From heav'ns high throne thou did'ſt our fall eſpy,
With tender heart, and with a pitying eye:
And veil the God, and leave a while the throne,
To wear our fleſh, and put our frailties on.

Well might a new-born ſtar proclaim thy birth,
And wond'ring *ſeraphs* tell the news on earth:
Freſh pleaſure muſt their former heav'n improve,
When they beheld this glorious ſtoop of love,

In ſhining bands they leave their native ſky,
And down to earth on this kind errand fly:
In heav'nly ſtrains improv'd their joys rehearſe,
And homely ſhepherds hear the wondrous verſe.

" Shepherds, ſay they, moſt bliſsful news we [bring,
" To day is born your Saviour and your King:
" We bring you news of peace with injur'd heav'n,
" To God on high be utmoſt glory giv'n."

To God be glory, ev'ry vale reſounds,
From ev'ry hill the heav'nly ſong rebounds:
'Tis born aloft, and thro' the ætherial plains,
Unnumber'd tongues and harps repeat the ſtrains.

They ſwell their former harmony, and ſing
In loftier notes the glories of their king:
In louder triumph his rich grace they tell,
And ſound it dreadful to the loweſt hell.

Enrag'd the furies here of man's relief,
Foam with vexation, and grow ſick with grief:

With

With fruitleſs ſpite enflame their former pains,
And gnaſh their teeth, and bite their burning chains.

But thro' the earth the peaceful accents ſpread,
Rejoice the living, and revive the dead:
The deſarts ſing, deſpairing mortals riſe,
And ſhout redemption to the diſtant ſkies.

PART II.

REdemption! how ſignificant a word!
Hell conquer'd, death diſarm'd, and man reſtor'd:
Juſtice appeas'd, the way to heav'n made known,
And ruin'd rebels lifted to a throne.

Oh, God-like act! here's kindneſs at the height!
Exceſs of love, compaſſion infinite!
I'm quite o'erwhelm'd with ſuch a ſcene as this,
Wrapt all in wonder, and entranc'd in bliſs.

Lord, why to man ſhould ſuch rich grace be ſhown,
Who ſpurn'd thy love, and claim'd thy ſov'reign throne?
Could God have any need of ſuch as I,
To prop his empire or his wants ſupply?

How ſhould he need my help, who with a word
Built this great all, of all things ſov'reign Lord?
What could'ſt thou want, of ev'ry thing poſſeſt,
And in thy ſingle ſelf ſupremely bleſt?

Or would thy praiſe have fail'd had man been loſt,
When round thy throne there waits ſo vaſt an hoſt,
And hallelujahs and celeſtial ſongs,
Sound from ten thouſand thouſand harps and tongues.

When with a word thou could'ſt enlarge the choir,
Make myriads more, or lift their voices higher?
Nor could their ſongs improv'd, improve thy bliſs,
'Twas always full, nor will admit increaſe?

Or

Or could ſuperior force extort from thee,
What thou haſt done and felt to ranſom me?
When all things elſe thy pleaſure muſt fulfil,
What pow'r, Almighty Lord, could force thy will?

'Twas neither want nor weakneſs urg'd thee on,
Nor thirſt of praiſe that brought thee from thy [throne:
Thine, my dear God's a ſelf ſufficient ſtate,
Thy pow'r Almighty, and thy bliſs compleat.

PART III.

WHY, Lord, to man didſt thou ſuch favour [ſhow,
Who ſhun'd thine arms, and ſought thine overthrow?
Why, but becauſe thy tender bowels flow'd,
And matchleſs mercy is becoming God.

This made thee leave thy royal ſeat above,
And hide the God, to manifeſt his love:
Made thee in form of ſinful fleſh appear,
Thy creatures rage, thy father's wrath to bear.

A vile and cruel death this made thee die:
Thy precious blood was ſhed my bliſs to buy,
Wrath to appeaſe, and my fierce foes controul,
And from eternal ruin ſave my ſoul.

Amazing ſtoop of Majeſty divine!
Here love does in its utmoſt luſtre ſhine:
Oh! let it raiſe eſteem, enflame deſire,
And my whole ſoul with holy rapture fire.

What heart the potent influence can withſtand,
Or who refuſe to bow to love's command?
I'm conquer'd Lord, and willingly reſign
Myſelf to thee, to be for ever thine.

With ev'ry idol now I'll freely part,
And drive each rival paſſion from my heart:

I'll

I'll doom to death each ſin I lov'd before,
Tho' once I pierc'd, I'll grieve thine heart no more.

I'll bow with glad obedience to thy will,
The hardeſt duties with delight fulfil,
All that is dear I'll for thy ſake reſign,
Nor any hazard in thy cauſe decline.

For thee I'll part with honour, eaſe, eſtate;
My deareſt friends, my very fleſh I'll hate:
My life, my dear lov'd life, lay down for thee,
Whom love has made a ſacrifice for me.

Thus I reſolve; but mine's a fickle heart,
To keep it firm thy mighty grace impart:
Breathe on my ſoul, and holy love inſpire,
Help to perform and what thou wilt require.

V. *Hymn to the Holy Spirit.*

HAIL, holy Spirit bright, immortal dove!
Great ſpring of light, of purity and love,
Proceeding from the Father and the Son,
Diſtinct from both, and yet with both but one.

By thy prolific influence empty ſpace
Grew fruitful, and old *chaos* chang'd its face:
Upon the waſteful deep thou didſt but move,
And life and light ſtrait thro' the fluid ſtrove.

When 'twas foreſeen that man would ſoon rebel,
And yet decreed to ſave the wretch from hell:
Thou didſt in the eternal conſult join,
And freely bear a part in that deſign.

How dim and faded did the apoſtate look,
How chang'd his nature when he God forſook?
How did his glory wane, his life decay,
And all his native beauty fade away?

Before he ſhone with heav'nly luſtre bright,
Bore God's own image and was his delight:

Baſk'd

Bask'd in his ſmiles, and on his love did feaſt,
And ſettled in him as his central reſt.

But ah! what waſte th' invader ſin has made,
His luſtre's loſt, his mind involv'd in ſhade,
His God is gone, the very man is dead,
And in his room the brute erects his head.

Dusky and callous all his mind is grown,
Dark as the grave, and hard as any ſtone:
Inſenſible to things divine become,
Stain'd all with guilt and thick impervious gloom.

But, Lord, from thee one kind and quick'ning ray
Will pierce the gloom, and re-enkindle day:
'Twill waken all the primogenial fire,
Revive the man, and life divine inſpire.

Thy ſecret energy diffus'd within,
Will purify the ſoul, and purge out ſin:
'Twill warm the frozen heart with love divine,
And with its Maker's image make it ſhine.

Oh! ſhed thine influence, and thy pow'r exert,
Clear my dark mind, and thaw my icy heart:
Pour on my drowzy ſoul celeſtial day,
And heav'nly life to all its pow'rs convey.

Say but the pow'rful Word, and 'twill be done,
Soon ſhall I put my Maker's image on,
And ſhine again with his reſemblance bright,
Enjoy his favour and be his delight.

The brute in me ſhall die, and in its ſtead
The man revive, and lift again his head:
God reconcil'd ſhall to my breaſt return,
And all my ſoul with ſtrong devotion burn.

VI. *Heavenly Glory and Happineſs.*

COme now, my ſoul, and ſtretch believing eyes,
To ſee the wonders of the upper ſkies:

There

There day original with high delight,
Pours on the ſoul, nor overwhelms the ſight.

The ſun grows faint, his ſplendors melt away,
Loſt in a blaze of far ſuperior day:
Whilſt God himſelf emits his kindeſt beams,
And from his face perpetual brightneſs ſtreams.

With eager eyes his bleſt attendants gaze,
And whilſt they look with his reſemblance blaze:
Before the throne they bow with holy fear,
And yet with bold confiding love draw near.

Wrapt in his arms, and bleſt with ſmiles divine,
They ſee his face with ſplendid glories ſhine,
(*Inviting* Majeſty and *awful* Grace,)
And graſp conſummate wiſdom in his embrace.

In flames of love each holy ſpirit burns,
And with augmented heat the flame returns:
Freſh fuel ever feeds th' immortal fires,
And ſtill ſupplies, and ſtill excites deſires.

The more each breaſt with heav'nly rapture glows.
Thro' all the ſoul the greater vigour flows:
Thoughts grow intenſe, affections ſtill improve,
Till perfect light is kindled all to love.

'Tis tranſport all within the upper ſkies,
Fix'd thought, and flaming love and feaſted eyes:
Full tides of glory pour upon the ſoul,
And in full ſtreams immortal pleaſures roul.

Delight immenſe each happy breaſt inſpires,
And boundleſs charms keep in the heav'nly fires:
Nor will the pleaſure fade, nor life decay,
'Tis conſtant tranſport and perpetual day.

No tranſient cloud will ever veil the ſight,
There day gives place to no ſucceeding night:
No preſent pain, no fear of future ill,
Will pall the taſte of joys freſh ſprouting ſtill.

No weary moments interrupt the bleſt,
Pleaſure's their exerciſe, and this their reſt:
Paſt all the danger of returning woe,
Their bliſs is perfect and for ever ſo.

For ever! who can graſp th' important ſenſe!
Or ſtretch his thoughts to boundaries immenſe!
Prodigious joys that all our thoughts tranſcend,
And never will abate, nor ever end.

Oh! my dear God, now lift mine heart on high,
In thine abode let all my treaſure lie;
That I at laſt may climb the heav'nly height,
And ever feaſt on infinite delight.

VII. *Seaſonable Salvation, for the 5th of* November. From *Pſal.* cxxiv.

HAD not the Lord, may thankful *Britain* ſay,
Had not the Lord appear'd that diſmal day,
When hell and *Rome* their arts and forces join'd,
At once to ruin church and ſtate combin'd:

Had not the Lord engag'd in our defence,
Repel'd their rage and check'd their inſolence,
Or from their plots remov'd the thick diſguiſe,
And laid their ſchemes all open to our eyes:

Sure they had glutted their revenge and ſpite,
Deſtroy'd our nation, and devour'd us quite:
Their ſwelling rage had overwhelm'd our ſoul,
For none but he could thoſe proud waves controul.

Bleſt be the Lord who then maintain'd our cauſe
And ſnatch'd the prey from their devouring jaws:
He quell'd their fury and rebuk'd their pride,
And made the ſwelling waves at once ſubſide.

Juſt as th' entangled bird eſcapes the ſnare,
Breaks thro' the net and chearful mounts the air:
So we eſcap'd the murd'ring blaſt and ſtroke,
Their hoſts were ſcatter'd, and their ſnares were broke

For,

For ever bleſt be God, the Almighty Lord,
'Twas he alone our gaſping hopes reſtor'd:
Our laws and our religion were his care,
He ſhew'd the danger, and he broke the ſnare.

With humble truſt let's ſtill on him depend,
He's prompt to help, and able to defend:
He built the world, and ſtill ſupports the frame,
Mighty to ſave: *Jehovah* is his name.

VIII. *God prais'd for his Perfections, Providence, and peculiar Regard to his Saints.* From Pſal. xxxvi.

THY goodneſs, Lord, all heav'n with triumph [fills.
The lofty ſkies thy mercy far tranſcends:
From clouds thy bounty fatning dews diſtils,
Beyond the utmoſt clouds thy truth extends.

Conſpicuous as the hills which reach the ſky
Thy juſtice hands, firm as old mountains are:
In awful deeps conceal'd thy judgments lie,
Of man and beaſt thy providence takes care.

But, Lord, thy friendſhip to the good and juſt,
Exceeds thy kind regard to other things:
Their God with ſure dependance they may truſt,
And dwell ſecure beneath thy ſhady wings.

They at thine houſe ſhall conſtant welcome find,
Their ſouls ſhall there be richly ſatisfy'd,
With living pleaſures always entertain'd,
That flow from thee in one continual tide.

The ſprings of joy and life are all with thee,
Thy preſence, Lord, makes everlaſting day:
Nor can thy fulneſs e'er exhauſted be,
Nor thine eſſential ſplendors fade away.

This bliſsful favour, Lord, let me obtain,
Dwell in thine houſe, and on thy fulneſs feaſt,
With friendly luſtre let me ſee thee ſhine,
Drink of thy pleaſures and improve my taſte.

Nor let theſe bleſſings be to me confin'd,
On all thy ſaints let them perpetual flow:
To ev'ry upright heart be ever kind,
Impart thy wealth, and thy ſalvation ſhow.

IX. *The Soul's Choice of God, and firm Dependance on him, founded on our Redeemer's triumphant Death, Reſurrection, and Aſcenſion.* From *Pſal.* xvi. at *ver.* 6.

JEHOVAH is my portion and my choice,
He fills my cup, and all my wants ſupplies,
He guards my perſon, he'll ſecure my joys,
And lift my ſoul to her own native ſkies.

Gracious to me he has a lot aſſign'd.
There where himſelf has fix'd his reſidence:
Where round me flow delights of ev'ry kind,
To feaſt the ſoul and gratify the ſenſe.

I'll bleſs the Lord for his peculiar grace,
His faithful word and all its heav'nly light,
This to my mind his wiſe advice conveys,
By day it leads me, and inſtructs by night.

On him with ſteady truſt I'll fix mine eye,
In ev'ry place, I know he's always near,
Whilſt he protects I'll ev'ry foe defy,
Deſpiſe their threat'nings, and diſdain to fear.

Within my ſoul a living ſpring ſhall riſe,
Dilate my heart, my tuneful tongue employ;
With voice triumphant, with exulting eyes,
I'll ſpread his praiſes and proclaim my joy.

I ſee

I ſee my Saviour gently bow his head,
And on the croſs his life for me reſign:
Dying he conquers, and triumphs when dead,
And in the grave diſplays his pow'r divine.

In vain would death the mighty pris'ner hold,
The grave on him ſhall cloſe its mouth in vain:
Both death and hell will be by him controul'd,
Behold him burſt the bands and riſe again.

Behold him mount victorious to his throne,
And to God's preſence mark the ſhining way,
Where ſtreams run full with pleaſures here unknown,
Joy's at the height, and never will decay.

X. *Praiſe to God for his Love to Mankind, eſpecially in the Incarnation of God the Son, and the Exaltation of the Mediator.* From *Pſal.* viii.

LORD, how illuſtrious is thy ſacred name!
Thro' all the world how glorious is our King!
Thy ſaints below victorious grace proclaim,
Whilſt heav'nly hoſts thy dazzling glories ſing.

When in tumultuous rage the pow'rs of hell,
Againſt thy throne with proud defiance roſe,
By ſucklings breath defeated down they fell,
And tender babes diſpers'd thy daring foes.

When I beheld the vaſt expanſe on high,
That mighty product of Almighty breath,
See moon and ſtars adorn the diſtant ſky,
And ſpread their light to realms ſo far beneath.

What's man, or man's polluted offspring, Lord,
Thus to be favour'd, thus advanc'd by thee?
Strange humbling ſtep! oh, grace to be ador'd!
That in our fleſh *God manifeſt ſhould be.*

Yet did our God our feeble flesh put on,
And to his angels was inferior made,
That man with him might fill the sov'reign throne,
And with immortal splendors be array'd.

Him thou hast constituted Lord and Christ,
His boundless empire thro' the world extends:
The heav'nly courtiers serve this *royal Priest*,
And at his footstool ev'ry creature bends.

The bleating flocks, the lowing herds obey,
And hungry beasts which in the forests roar,
The birds of heav'n, and monsters thro' the sea
Move at his nod, and in their way adore.

With loud applause we'll this rich grace proclaim,
This matchless stoop of the eternal King!
"Oh! how illustrious is his holy name!"
May heav'n and earth in joyful consort sing.

XI. *The true God our only Refuge, with a Reproof of Idolaters.* From *Psal.* cxxxv.

OH! praise the Lord, ye saints, extol his name,
With tuneful heart and with melodious voice:
Ye priests, ye people, his great deeds proclaim,
Display his glories, and improve your joys.

Sure 'tis the noblest work to sing his praise,
'Tis what becomes the people of his love:
The special objects of his saving grace,
Should in the blest employment still improve.

He bids, and soon th' obedient vapours rise,
The light'nings kindle and the thunders roar,
Outrageous tempests sweep the dusky skies,
And rain pours down from his aerial store.

His dreadful pow'r thro' *Egypt* he display'd,
His tokens sent on king and people too;
Thro' *Canaan*'s pow'rful nations terror spread,
Subdu'd the people and their princes slew.

In

In vain muſt any earthly pow'r withſtand,
When the Almighty for his *Iſrael* fought:
To his own flock he gave the conquer'd land,
Whom from the houſe of bondage he had brought.

And ſtill his pow'r and goodneſs are the ſame,
His people ſtill are his delight and care:
Britain, rejoice in his Almighty Name,
Whilſt he's our God we never ſhould deſpair.

But the vain gods which heathen lands adore,
Are lifeleſs ſhapes, of metal form'd or wood:
Men melt the monſter out of glittering oar,
Or out of timber hew the ſtupid god.

Vain is the ſhew of mouth, and eyes, and ears,
In vain the maker gives it feet and hands,
The pageant neither ſpeaks, nor ſees, nor hears,
Nor breathes, nor moves, but ever ſenſeleſs ſtands.

'Tis hard to ſay which are the greater fools,
The gods or they who this blind homage pay,
Who form them firſt with their own hands and tools,
And then fall down to what they made, and pray.

Britons, do you ſuch helpleſs gods deſpiſe,
But make the living God your help and hope:
His pow'rful word produc'd the earth and ſkies,
And ſhould you ſink, his hand can bear you up.

XII. *The Happineſs of Evangelical Times, and the Glory of the Church under the Goſpel.*

PART I. *From ſeveral Scriptures.*

HARK, a kind voice! the liſt'ning deſert hears
"Prepare the way, the heav'nly envoy cries
"*Immanuel* comes: God in our fleſh appears:"
Immanuel comes, each echoing hill replies.

He comes, by ancient prophets long foretold,
Riſe up, ye vales, and ſink, ye mountains, down;
The *Saviour* joyful, let all fleſh behold,
And huſh their fears when God forbears to frown.

On ſightleſs eyes he'll pour reviving day,
The muſick of his voice the deaf ſhall hear,
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame ſhall leap for joy,
And faded looks change to a blooming air.

His flock he'll like a careful ſhepherd feed,
They'll know his Voice, he'll call their ſeveral [*Names,*
His ſheep to wholſome air and paſture lead,
And in his boſom bear the tender lambs.

The world ſhall hear no plaintive murmurs more,
He'll wipe the tears from ev'ry mournful face:
Their fatal feuds the nations ſhall give o'er,
And war's tumultuous din be huſh'd in peace.

Warriours their ſwords ſhall into plough-ſhares [beat,
To pruning hooks convert their uſeleſs ſpears;
In the ſame paſtures wolves and lambs ſhall eat,
And cows ſecurely graze with rav'ning bears.

The ſporting infant (in his peaceful reign)
With aſps and baſiliſks ſhall harmleſs play,
Unhurt dance o'er the cockatrice's den,
And ſafe his little hands on vipers lay.

PART II. *From* Iſai. lx.

RISE, *Salem*, city of the heav'nly King,
Diſplay thy riſing glories in the air,
Gentiles will in thy light rejoice, and bring
New ſons and daughters to thee from afar.

Riſe,

Riſe, and behold thy progeny increaſe,
How faſt, how num'rous thy deſcendants grow:
From lands remote, and from the utmoſt ſeas,
To thee behold converted nations flow.

See mighty crouds thy temple gates attend,
And heathen princes at thine altars lie:
See eaſt and weſt their conſtant tribute ſend,
And gladly thee with all their wealth ſupply.

See foreigners thy broken walls repair,
And pow'rful kings to ſerve thee take delight:
Whilſt, ſafe from danger, and ſecure from fear,
Thou ne'r ſhalt ſhut thy gates by day nor night.

Behold thy proud oppreſſors couch and bow,
And aſk for mercy proſtrate at thy feet:
Thoſe who deſpis'd thee once ſhall honour now,
And thee their parent and their guardian greet.

No more ſhall foreign force lay waſte thy land,
Inteſtine feuds no more embroil thy ſtate:
Girt with divine ſalvation thou ſhalt ſtand,
And *joy and praiſe* inſcribe on ev'ry gate.

On thee thy God ſhall pour his glory down,
And thou with true celeſtial brightneſs blaze:
The ſun no more ſhall make thy day; the moon
No more ſhine out by night with borrow'd rays.

Full tides of light on thee ſhall conſtant flow,
And with unclouded luſtre ever ſhine:
Thy glories neither ebb nor end ſhall know,
"But God's own everlaſting day be thine."

XIII. *The Inhabitant of* Zion: *From* Pſal. xv. *&c.*

LORD, who's the happy man that may aſcend
Thy holy hill, and find a welcome there?
Who in thine houſe thy worſhip may attend,
Behold thy beauties, and thy bleſſings ſhare?

Who ſhall at laſt to heav'nly manſions riſe,
And with thy glories feaſt his raviſh'd eyes?

'Tis one well exercis'd in pious deeds,
Whoſe heart's ſincere, his actions ever juſt,
Who ſteadily in God's own path proceeds,
Whoſe conſtant truth one may ſecurely truſt:
Who hates with treacherous heart and fair pretence,
To cheat and make a prey of innocence.

Who to his neighbour never offers wrong,
And, conſcious of no ill, ſtill thinks the beſt,
Who hates the venom of a ſland'ring tongue,
Which known will ſpread, and unknown crimes ſuggeſt.
Who'll ne'er by leſſ'ning real worth, defame,
Nor real faults with ſpiteful joy proclaim.

Who vice and villainy ſincerely hates,
However dreſt or guarded they appear:
With high reſpect who true religion treats,
And the poor ſaint will to a prince prefer:
Who to his oaths have ever firmly ſtood,
And to his hurt, yet makes his promiſe good.

Who to the great will never baſely bend,
Or honour by unlawful means obtain:
By thriving fraud will not his fortune mend,
Nor by oppreſſive might increaſe his gain:
No bribes will buy, no force his vote extort,
To ſcreen the villain, or the guiltleſs hurt.

Who loves his worſt and moſt malicious foes,
And injuries with benefits repays;
For bitter curſes, bleſſings ſtill beſtows,
And for his cruel perſecutors prays:
Who will with flowing heart the poor relieve,
And what himſelf expects to others give.

Who after all builds all his hopes on grace,
(Nor boaſts his deeds) this is the welcome gueſt,
Who to God's houſe ſhall ſtill have free acceſs,
And ſee his face, and on his fatneſs feaſt:
There dwell a while ſecure, and then remove
To fix for ever in the court above.

XIV. *The Saints Difficulties about the Proſperity of the Wicked remov'd:* From *Pſal.* lxxiii.

VAniſh ye doubts; a thouſand proofs appear
That to his *Iſrael* God will ſtill be kind,
To all that love him with an heart ſincere:
Tho' once with ſtagg'ring faith and anxious mind,
I long was pos'd, long held in ſad ſuſpenſe
About the unequal ſteps of providence.

With envy gnaw'd, and pin'd with diſcontent,
I ſaw ungodly fools grow rich and great:
From common cares, and wants, and woes exempt,
Their bodies healthy, and ſecure their ſtate;
Saw them with haughty look and ſcornful air,
The ſpoils of lawleſs pow'r triumphant wear.

They humour ev'ry brutal appetite,
At vaſt expence the clam'rous wanton feed,
Or when it flags, with coſtly art excite,
Yet ſtill their growing ſtores their hopes exceed:
Throughout the earth their tongues at random fly,
And with blaſpheming talk invade the ſky.

Thus ſinners fare, whilſt God's beſt ſaints com-
[plain,
With num'rous wants, and woes, and wrongs op-
[preſt,
" Sure I have waſh'd my heart and hands in vain,
" In vain my faith and truſt in God profeſt:

" Is

" Is there a God indeed? Or can he know?
" Or doth he heed at all the things below?"
I check'd the doubt leſt I ſhould ſaints offend:
But it reviv'd and baffled all my skill;
'Till in thine houſe I ſaw their wretched end,
Foreſaw the pangs they muſt for ever feel:
What laſting woes will follow fading mirth,
What pains ſucceed their pleaſures here on earth.

As dreams, with airy joys delude the mind,
So vaniſhes their cheating bliſs away,
But leaves an everlaſting ſting behind.
What brutal folly did my doubts betray!
Thanks to my God, I now have ſcap'd the ſnare,
He ſolv'd my doubts, and ſav'd me from deſpair.

XV. *The Saint's Reſignation to God, and Triumph in him*: From *Pſal.* lxxiii. 24, 25, 26.

NO, my good God, I'll never more repine;
Lead where thou wilt, I'll not diſlike the way:
To thy ſuperior wiſdom I reſign,
I'll truſt thy conduct, and thy laws obey:
Thou wilt inſtruct and guide me whilſt I live,
And to thy glory, when I die, receive.

My ſoul releas'd ſhall paſs inferior skies,
And mount, aſpiring ſtill, to thine abode,
With arms extended, with unclouded eyes,
To ſee thy glories, and embrace her God:
See boundleſs beauty ſmiling in thy face,
And graſp conſummate bliſs in thine embrace.

And 'tis thy bliſsful preſence, Lord, alone,
Makes heav'n the happy ſeat of joy and light;
Should once thy ſmiles and ſplendors be withdrawn
All would be wrapt in dark and diſmal night:

Thy

Thy preſence any where makes heav'nly day,
But heav'n itſelf's eclips'd if *God's away.*

For him I'd quit the brighteſt things on high,
And turn from tempting *Seraphs* with a frown;
For him deſpiſe all that's below the sky,
And tread the earth with all its glories down:
Be ſtript of all, yet more than all poſſeſs,
If with his love my longing ſoul he'll bleſs.

He, when the joys of time ſhall all retire,
Will to my ſoul more taſteful joys convey,
More brisk and vigorous life he'll then inſpire,
When heart ſhall fail and fleſhly life decay:
With blooming hopes I then ſhall meet my death,
And with triumphant calm reſign my breath.

My ſoul her dying partner ſhall ſurvive,
Shake off her load and ſtretch to heav'nly bliſs,
There in eternal extaſy to live,
Where God, her everlaſting portion is:
My bliſs will be complete of him poſſeſt,
Who would not die to be for ever bleſt?

XVI. *God the Thunderer, the Refuge of his Saints.*
From *Pſal.* xxix.

YE mighty monarchs, who on earth below,
With borrow'd glories ſhine and grandeur ſwell,
Pay to your God the tribute which you owe,
Whoſe might and glory your's ſo far excel:
Go, worſhip at his feet with humble fear,
And do him homage for the crowns you wear.

Whene'er he ſpeaks with awful voice on high,
Clouds burſt and empty out their liquid ſtore,
Earth ſhakes, a ſolemn murmur fills the sky,
And frighted ſeas in hoarſe confuſion roar:

His

His thund'ring voice with loud majeſtick ſound,
Aſſerts the God, and ſpreads his dread around.

In vain would ſtately cedars ſtand the ſhock.
The woods with which old *Libanus* is crown'd,
Muſt bow their heads, or by its force be broke,
Torn from their roots and laid along the ground:
Like calves they'll skip, and like the hunted deer,
The tall and mighty mountains bound for fear.

Thro' cleaving clouds it drives a glaring light,
And forward ſtill impels the forked flame;
The waſte and lonely deſarts catch the fright,
And quake to hear th' Almighty tell his name:
Ev'n hungry lions quit the trembling prey,
And to their ſafeſt coverts haſte away.

The fruitful hinds convulſive terrors feel,
And caſt their young unform'd with fruitleſs pains;
The haunts of beaſts demoliſh'd woods reveal,
And ſhiver'd oaks lie ſtrew'd upon the plains;
But in his temple milder glories ſhine,
There ev'ry tongue proclaims the grace divine.

The Lord on high commands each floating cloud,
Controuls the deep and ſwelling floods below:
Obſequeous meteors kindle at his nod,
And lightnings blaze, and bluſtring tempeſts blow:
He reigns for ever with reſiſtleſs ſway,
And winds and waves his ſov'reign will obey.

Happy the objects of his love and care,
Omnipotence will be their guard and ſhield;
In vain their foes breathe rage and bloody war,
And with their num'rous forces take the field:
He'll break their pow'r and their fierce rage diſarm,
And ſave his people from th' intended harm.

XVII. *God our Happineſs.*

HAIL, ſov'reign beauty! infinite abyſs
Of light, and life, and love, and excellence:
Exhauſtleſs ſpring of being and of bliſs,
Of all that's good ſole treaſury immenſe:
Light of my eyes, of all my joys the ſoul,
Lord of my heart, my portion, and my all.

The grandeur and the pomp of courts and kings
To poor and grov'ling ſpirits I reſign;
Unenvy'd they may take theſe gaudy things,
And graſp the cheating joy, *if thou art mine:*
Oh, elevating thought! bliſs at the height!
This is indeed to be ſublime and great.

Worldlings for ſhining dirt may daily drudge,
And without end augment their glitt'ring ſtore
Their growing treaſures I ſhall never grudge,
Were the whole world their own they'd ſtill be poor
'Midſt all their wealth their ſouls ſtill ſtarve and pine,
But I am rich and bleſt *if thou art mine.*

Wantons may gratify their brutal taſte,
And ev'ry ſenſe with their coarſe pleaſures cloy;
Let them on ſuch groſs entertainments feaſt,
Whilſt I, my God, with higher guſt enjoy:
My pleaſure's noble, lively and refin'd,
Improves the taſte, and elevates the mind.

Without thee heav'n itſelf wou'd joyleſs prove;
Thou art the life of all the pleaſures there,
Divided from thee nothing's worth my love,
The world itſelf would one great void appear:
The whole creation can't a joy excite,
If God withdraws and wraps my ſoul in night.

But;

But, Lord, when all my other comforts fail,
When o'er my breaſt tempeſtuous paſſions roll,
When my heart ſinks, and foes and fears prevail,
And gloomy griefs quite overſpread my ſoul:
One look from thee, my God, one friendly ray,
Will ſtill the tempeſt, and recal the day.

What joy will thine immediate viſion yield,
When in thy light I always *light ſhall ſee?*
When with her God my ſoul ſhall ſtill be fill'd,
How bliſsful will the ſatisfaction be?
My joy will then be laſting and complete,
Still flowing, yet for ever at the height.

XVIII. *God the Lord of all, and Saints the Perſons who dwell with him.* From *Pſal.* xxiv.

EArth is the Lord's, and all that earth contains,
Each lofty hill, and all the ſpreading plains,
The ſpacious ſeas, and all the rolling floods,
The fertile valleys, and the ſhady woods,
His are the cattle on a thouſand mountains,
His all mankind, his all the ſtreams and fountains.

He on the yielding fluid made it ſtand,
Balanc'd the ſeas, and fix'd the ſolid land;
In vain the troubled waters foam and ſwell,
Their threatning ſurges he'll with ſand repel:
Firm he has made it ſtand on this foundation,
For man and beaſt a proper habitation.

But there's a brighter world by far on high,
Beyond the limits of the utmoſt ſky,
Where God unveil'd his radiant face diſplays,
And makes all heav'n with his reflexion blaze:
Ten thouſand thouſand ſpirits ſerve before him,
And with delightful reverence adore him.

There

There pleaſure rolls in one perpetual tide,
There plenty flows, and there the bleſt reſide,
There in high rapture all their hours employ,
And in loud *hallelujahs* tell their joy:
What happy man this bliſsful world ſhall enter,
And there in God with boundleſs pleaſure center?

'Tis one who keeps his heart with utmoſt care,
Nor ſuffers any ſin to harbour there:
Whoſe hands from all injurious acts abſtain,
Whoſe ſoul can earthly vanities diſdain:
Who's true, conſiſtent, plain and open hearted,
And from his word and oath has never ſtarted.

True to his God, and faithful to his truſt,
To all mankind benevolent and juſt:
Who hates all ill, and keeps his conſcience clean,
Nor ſtains his heart and hands with wilful ſin:
This is the man who in God's habitation
Shall ſee his face, and joy in his ſalvation.

He ſhall at laſt the heav'nly hills aſcend,
And near the throne with high delight attend,
See God in all his glories ever ſhine,
And feaſt for ever on the love divine:
Thrice Happy ſtate! all others far excelling!
Oh, may I there have mine eternal dwelling!

XIX. *Praiſe to God for Creation, Providence, Redemption and Grace.* From *Pſal.* cxxxvi.

PRAISE ye the Lord, the univerſal King,
His truth, his pow'r, and his ſalvation ſing,
Him God of gods, him Lord of lords proclaim,
Let it be known he ever reigns ſupreme:
To ſpread his glories let mankind endeavour,
Whoſe truth and goodneſs are the ſame for ever.

What

What mighty deeds have by his pow'r been done,
Wonders to be perform'd by him alone!
He by his wiſdom ſpread abroad the ſky,
And hung out all the ſtarry lamps on high:
His pow'rs the ſame, his mercy faileth never,
Oh! let his praiſe be glorious made for ever.

He bid the ſeas drain from the ſolid land,
And made the earth above the waters ſtand;
He form'd the ſun to bleſs the day with light,
The moon to clear the duſky face of night:
And ſtill when ſun, and moon, and ſtars are faded,
Bright will his glories ſhine and ne'er be ſhaded,

Egypt's firſt-born he in a night ſtruck dead,
And *Iſrael* from the houſe of bondage freed:
He, the *Red-ſea* did for their ſake divide,
And led them ſafely thro' the parting tide:
For never-failing kindneſs he's renown'd,
Oh! let him be with endleſs praiſes crown'd,

But *Pharaoh* and his army periſh'd there,
He thro' the deſart led his flock with care:
Famous and mighty kings fell by his hand,
And *Iſrael* ſhar'd by lot their conquer'd land:
And ſtill his mighty arm will prove victorious,
His promiſe ſure, his mercy rich and glorious.

He ſaw the diſmal ſtate the world was in,
In guilt involv'd, and tainted all with ſin,
And his own Son for our redemption ſent,
Our foes to conquer, and our woes prevent:
Oh! boundleſs pity, grace to be adored!
That this way ſinners hopes ſhould be reſtored.

He for his people needful food provides,
Guards all their bleſſings, all their ſteps he guides,
Thro' ſnares and dangers ſafely leads them on,
To endleſs bliſs and his own heav'nly throne:
May praiſe perpetual to the God of heaven,
For his eternal grace and truth, be given.

XX. *The Appeal.* From *John* xxi. 17. *Lord, thou knoweſt all things: Thou knoweſt that I love thee.*

WHY muſt the queſtion, Lord, be put again,
Art thou in doubt? or can I dare to feign?
Can I from thee my ſecret ſenſe conceal?
Or, what thou didſt not know before, reveal?
Thou who know'ſt all things, know'ſt I truly love thee,
And ſet no other object up above thee.

For thee, dear Lord, I freely can forego
All earthly joys, and welcome want and woe:
For thee the world's reproaches I can bear,
And with delight their ſpiteful ſcoffs can hear:
Fools may mock on, and ridicule my paſſion,
I'm bleſt if favour'd with thine approbation.

If this and all the heav'nly worlds were mine
For thy enjoyment I would all reſign:
Worldlings for me might ſeize the mighty ſtore;
If thou art mine I never can be poor:
Thou art my never-failing ſpring of pleaſure,
Life of my ſoul, a boundleſs fund of treaſure.

To be exil'd, my deareſt Lord, from thee,
Is death itſelf, or worſe than death to me:
When thou doſt frown or wrap thy face in ſhade,
Diſtreſs and horror my whole ſoul invade:
'Till thou return I ſhall for ever languiſh,
Thy friendly look alone can eaſe my anguiſh.

I love thee ſo, my ſoul's impatient grown,
Tir'd of the world, and eager to be gone:
How doth ſhe ſtrive tow'rds her eternal reſt?
And long in thine own preſence to be bleſt?
She'd kiſs the friendly dart that ſhould releaſe her,
And of her guilt and griefs for ever eaſe her.

Oh!

Oh! with what ſatisfaction would ſhe riſe!
And ſtretch away beyond the utmoſt ſkies:
She'd leave her heav'nly convoy on the road,
And leap a thouſand worlds to be with God:
Fearleſs thro' unknown tracks ſhe'd ſingly venture,
By force of love drawn to her proper center.

Her center, where alone ſhe'll be at reſt,
Wrapt in thine arms, and of thyſelf poſſeſt:
For heav'nly light ſtreams from thy lovely face,
And heav'nly bliſs is graſp'd in thine embrace:
But all the glory's gone if thou art miſſing,
All heav'n beſides is hardly worth poſſeſſing.

XXI. *The Vanity of worldly Enjoyments.*

WHAT are the gaudy glories of the great,
Poſſeſſions, empire, treaſures, pomp and ſtate?
What ſparkling gems, or heaps of glitt'ring oar,
Which ſenſual minds ſo covet and adore?
When I poſſeſs them, will they ſatisfy me?
Or, want whate'er I will, can they ſupply me?

When ſenſe of ſin ſhall cut me to the heart,
Can they remove my pain or eaſe my ſmart?
Can they appeaſe my God, remiſſion buy?
Redeem my ſoul, or juſtice ſatisfy?
Can they atonement make for mine offences?
'Tis *Jeſu*'s blood alone the guilty cleanſes.

Can they purge off the pois'nous guilt of ſin?
Renew my heart, or make me clean within?
Can they with life divine my ſoul inſpire,
Suppreſs each luſt, and kindle holy fire?
With God's reſemblance fair can they impreſs me,
Or with his free and friendly converſe bleſs me?

When age comes on, and ſharp diſtempers ſeize,
Can they recal my youth, heal my diſeaſe?

When

When I muſt ſtruggle with the pangs of death,
Can they relieve me or retain my breath?
But they muſt vaniſh and be loſt for ever,
When death my body and my ſoul ſhall ſever.

When at the bar of God I muſt appear,
And from his lips my final ſentence hear,
Can they my guilty ſoul to him commend,
Or bribe my righteous Judge to be my friend?
Or, ſhould he in that dreadful day reject me,
Can they againſt his juſt revenge protect me?

Can they ſecure me from eternal woe!
Or ſoften fiends, and make them pity ſhew?
Can they put out or damp the flames of hell?
Or ſettle me where all the bleſſed dwell?
Should the whole world be for the favour given,
Would it prevail and let me into heaven?

Go, wretched worlding, theſe poor trifles prize,
In vain they ſpread their charms before mine eyes:
My greateſt want they can't at all relieve,
Nor what I chiefly covet can they give:
Let all who value ſuch poſſeſſions take 'em.
With pleaſure I, for God and heav'n, forſake 'em.

XXII. *The Sinners Portion, and the Saints Trials and Hope:* From *Pſal.* xvii. 13, 14, 15.

MY God, by various methods thou doſt prove
Thy ſervant's faith and patience, truth and [love
Sometimes they ſmart by thine own chaſtning rod,
And for their ſins meet the rebukes of God:
Sometimes their perſecuting foes diſtreſs them,
And pow'rful tyrants cruelly oppreſs them.

Theſe are thy ſword, thine inſtruments of death,
To puniſh ſin, and execute thy wrath:

Men

Men of the world, whoſe portion's all below,
They ſeek no other bliſs, no other know:
Here they abound in wealth, and ſwim in pleaſure,
And to their num'rous heirs tranſmit their treaſure.

And let them ſtill for me their wealth increaſe,
Let them the world and all its ſtores poſſeſs:
I'll ne'er at their felicity repine,
Envy their ſtate, or wiſh their portion mine:
The world's well loſt if God and heav'n are gained,
Mine is ſubſtantial bliſs, theirs only feigned.

'Tis my ambition now my God to pleaſe,
My utmoſt wiſh at laſt to ſee thy face:
May I hereafter reach the heav'nly ſhore,
Stand near thy throne and at thy feet adore,
And with thy bliſsful viſion be delighted,
I'm now content to be abus'd and ſlighted.

Oh! when will this long dream of life be done,
My ſoul awake and clap her pinions on?
Leave off her fleſh, and lay down ev'ry load,
And joyful ſtretch away to thine abode,
There to behold thy glory in perfection,
And ſhine for ever bright with thy reflexion!

How dear, how joyous will the pleaſure be,
Thyſelf in thine own native light to ſee!
To dwell amidſt the beamings of thy face,
Drink in thy form, and with thy likeneſs blaze!
With never-failing wealth this will ſupply me,
And with extatick bliſs ſtill ſatisfy me.

XXIII. *He was wounded for our Tranſgreſſions, with his Stripes we are healed.* Iſai. liii. 5.

For the SACRAMENT.

DEEP in our thankful breaſts let us record,
The wond'rous ſtory of our dying Lord:

As

As here his death and paſſion we review,
Our love and wonder let the ſcene renew:

The *Lord of glory* leaves his ſhining throne,
Veils for a while the light in which he ſhone:
The *glorious God* in human form appears,
And all the marks of ſervile meanneſs wears.

The *King of kings* by all heav'ns hoſt rever'd,
Is by the mob with rude profaneneſs jeer'd:
And he whoſe head celeſtial jems adorn,
Submits to wear a crown of rugged thorn.

The *holy, harmleſs, undefiled one,*
With heavy loads of guilt is made to groan:
The *Prince of life* by various torments dies,
For guilty men a willing ſacrifice.

Thus did he ſhew his love to human race,
And at this dear expence procure them peace:
To make *us* free, *he* was a pris'ner made,
By a baſe traitor with a kiſs betray'd.

Our wounds and mortal maladies to cure,
He did himſelf the ſharpeſt pangs endure;
To give us eaſe he various tortures try'd,
And to procure us endleſs life he dy'd.

Thus he prevail'd, and thus victorious fell,
Thus triumph'd over death, and conquer'd hell;
And now enthron'd, his vict'ries he purſues,
And rebel hearts by royal love ſubdues.

Here let us pauſe a while, and here adore,
In vain we ſeek ſuch wonders to explore:
Oh! let our ſouls his dying virtue prove,
And yield themſelves the conqueſt of his love.

THE END.

The Gloria Patri, *&c. fitted to the ſeveral Meaſures of the foregoing Hymns, for the ſake of thoſe who ſhall think it proper to annex it to any of them in ſinging.*

For Common Metre.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit too,
Whom heav'n and earth adore,
Be glory paid, as is moſt due,
Now and for ever more.

For all Eight rhyming in Couplets.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three and one,
Be praiſe and adoration giv'n,
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

For all Eight rhyming alternately.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Be everlaſting glory giv'n,
By ſaints on earth, and all the hoſt
Of glorious worſhippers in heav'n.

For all Ten rhyming in Couplets.

To Father, Son, and Spirit ever bleſt,
Eternal praiſe and worſhip be addreſt:
This ſtill was due in ages heretofore,
Is now, and will when time ſhall be no more.

For

For all Ten rhyming alternately.

To God the Father, Son, and Spirit too,
By heav'n and earth be adoration paid;
From the beginning this was always due,
And ſtill will be when time itſelf ſhall fade.

For all Ten in ſix Lines rhyming in Couplets.

To God the Father, who has all things made,
To God the Son, who ſinners ranſom paid,
To God the Holy Ghoſt, who ſouls inſpires
With life divine, and kindle pure deſires:
Be everlaſting praiſe and glory given,
By all the family in earth and heaven.

For all Ten in Six Lines, rhyming alternately.

To Father, Son, and Spirit ever bleſt,
The holy undivided Trinity,
Be praiſe and adoration ſtill addreſt,
By ſaints on earth, and angel hoſts on high:
This ſtill was due ſince time its race begun,
And will be ſo when time itſelf is done.

A TABLE

Directing to find any Hymn by the Title or Subject of it.

N. B. *The large Figures direct to the* Book, *the small to the* Hymn.

A

ADVOCATE, *if we sin, we have one with the Father.* II. 7.
Account *future, a Thought of it.* I. 44.
All *things made for God.* I. 39. *Naked and open to him with whom we have to do.* I. 107.
Angels, *their Song made ours.* II. 13.
Appeal, *to him who knows all things as to the Sincerity of Love.* III. 20.
Atonement, *we have receiv'd it.* I. 32.

B

Behold *what manner of Love the Father hath bestowed on us,* &c. I. 174.

Believers,

Belivers, *Chriſt precious to them,* II. 8. *and makes them Sons of God.* I. 78. *Their Triumph,* II. 14. *over Death,* I. 152 *founded on their Saviour's Sufferings and Conqueſts.* II. 18.
Bread, *of Life.* II. 22.
Bleſſed, *Man.* I. 198.

C

Charity, *pag.* 169. *Properties of it.* I. 184.
Children, *of God, ſhould obey him;* I. 108. *ſhould be in dependance on him;* I. 149. *ſhould be like him;* I. 179. *ſhould ſubmit to his corrections.* I. 96, 173.
—— *of* Zion, *rejoice in their King.* I. 150.
Chriſt, *his Call to Sinners.* I. 63 *His Condeſcenſion and Grace.* I. 136. *his Croſs mortifying ſin.* II. 17. *His Incarnation.* I. 164. *His Name as Ointment poured forth.* I. 154, 190 *His Nativity.* I. 125. *His Sufferings and Succeſſes.* II. 23. *His Triumphs and Kingdom, and woful State of his Enemies.* I. 196. *His Love in dying for us.* II. 24.
——*dying.* II. 20. *Juſtice and Mercy reconciled by it.* II. 3.
——*a light to the* Gentiles. I. 35. *Makes as many as receive him Sons of God.* I. 78. *Our Obligations to him make us Debtors to his Servants.* I. 43.
——*receiving and walking in him* I. 25.
Chriſtian *Profeſſion, Inconſiſtency of Sin with it.* I. 62.
Chriſtian *Church, the Glory of it.* III. 2. 2d Part.
City, *no continuing one here.* I. 193.

D

Day *of Grace thankfully improv'd.* I. 20. *New-years Day.* I. 24. *Of Judgment.* I. 114, 157. *Lord's Day.* I. 113, 122, 203. III. 1. *To* Day *hear his Voice, and harden not your Hearts.* I. 19,
Dead *to Sin, alive to God thro' Chriſt.* I. 38.
Death, I. 186. *and its Conſequences,* I. 46. *expected and prepard for.* I. 110. *Of Sinners.* I. 112. *Of rich Sinners miſerable.* I. 118. *Means to overcome the Fears of it.* I. 185. *Saints armed againſt the Fear of it* I. 119. *A Thought of it, and Sickneſs,* I. 155. *and Eternity.* I. 109.
Delight, *in Ordinances.* I. 121, 153.
Devotion, *pag.* 168. *to a Redeemer.* I. 83.
Divine *Condeſcenſion admired.* I. 21. *Grace and Patience ſubduing the ſinful Heart.* I. 22. *Omniſcience and Omnipreſence,* I. 199. *Perfections.* I. 161.
Duties *of thoſe who have devoted themſelves to God in Chriſt,* I. 29. *owing to God,* I. 47. *owing to Men,* I. 48. *owing to ourſelves.* I. 182. *Of Miniſters.* I. 52.
Dying *in the Lord, the Happineſs of it.* I. 70.

E

The Election. I. 4.
Envy, *the Riſings of it at God's Grace to others, ſuppreſſed.* I 141. — *at the Proſperity of the Wicked, cured.* I. 75.
Evils *of Life, beſt Remedy againſt them.* I. 40.

F

Faith, I. 166. *falſe and true.* I. 31.

Fellowſhip *with God.* I. 90.
Filial, *Dependance on God.* I. 149. *Obedience to him,* I. 108. *Reſemblance of him.* I. 179.
Forgiving *Mercy, promoting holy Fear,* I. 97. *and Love,* I. 94. *and Repentance.* I. 102.

G

Gentiles, *Chriſt a Light to them.* I. 35.
Giving *Thanks always for all things.* I. 151.
Glorious *Pity and Condeſcenſion.* I. 178.
God, *his Favour to be preferred to the World.* I. 6. *His Goodneſs an Argument why he ſhould be loved.* I. 80. *His common Goodneſs to Mankind ſuch an argument.* I. 84. *His Love to his Children magnified* I. 98, *His Readineſs to forgive Sin manifeſted by providing a Saviour.* I. 92. *His Sovereign Dominion owned and ſubmitted to.* I. 51, 60.
——*His Houſe, who welcome at it.* I. 73.
——*His Children, provided for by him,* I. 99. *and protected.* I. 101. *Their Inheritance.* I. 95.
——*to be glorified with our Bodies and Spirits.* I. 145. *To be loved for his condeſcending Grace and Goodneſs.* I. 85. *To be ſubmitted to when he corrects.* I. 96.
——*infinitely amiable.* I. 88. *Our Happineſs* I. 192. III. 17. *The Refuge of his People.* III. 11.
——*ſo loved the World as to give his only-begotten Son,* &c. I. 49.
——*true way to pleaſe him.* I. 36.
——*one God.* I. 176.
——*the Thunderer, the Refuge of his Saints,* III. 16.
Goſpel *Invitation.* I. 65. *Grace.* II. 29.
Grace, *of God in binding us to believe that we may be forgiven,* I. 100. *and Praiſe,* I. 168. *Its Power above the Law,* I. 61.

H

Happineſs *of Evangelical Times.* III. 12.
Hardineſs *of Sinners in being without Fear of Death.* I. 117.
Happy *Change.* II. 33, 37.
Heaven, I. 115, 158, 189. *its Glory and Happineſs.* III. 6. *Joy in it on a Sinner's Converſion.* I. 71. *Service of it imitated.* I. 54.
——*Whom have I in* Heaven *but thee?* I. 75.
Heavenly *Bliſs.* I. 205.
Heart, *ſinful, overcome by divine Forbearance and Grace.* I. 53.
Hell. I. 116, 188.
Honouring *God as a Father.* I. 181.
Hoſanna. II. 6.
Hymn *to the Creator.* III. *For Evening.* I. 2, 124, 168. *For K.* George's *Acceſſion.* I. 127. *To the Holy Spirit.* III. 5. *For Morning.* I. 1, 123, 163. *For the 5th of* November. I. 126. *To the Redeemer.* III. 4. *in three Parts.*

I

I am my Beloved's. I. 68. *Had fainted unleſs I had believed.* I. 104 *Will ſup with him, and he with me.* I. 138.
Idolaters *reproved.* III. 11.
Inhabitant *of the City of God deſcribed.* I. 72, 194. III. 13.
Inheritance *of God's Children.* I. 95.
Inſtitution *of a Goſpel Miniſtry.* I. 135. *Of the Lord's Supper.* II. 19, 26.
Jeruſalem, *New.* I. 157.
Joy *in God for preſent Enjoyments, and future Hopes.* I. 195.——*in Heaven upon a Sinner's Repentance promoting Repentance.* I. 140.
Juſtice *and Mercy, honour'd by Faith and Fear.* II. 32.

Judgment,

Judgment, I. 177. *future, a reſtraint on Youth.* I. 64.

K

Let him kiſs *me with the* Kiſſes *of his Mouth,* II. 10.

L

Life, *frail.* I. 91. *uncertain.* I. 111.
Living *and dying to the Lord.* I. 66.
Labouring, *whether preſent or abſent to be accepted of Chriſt.* I. 191.
Love, *and Indifference prepoſterous.* I. 82. — *of God, wherein manifeſted.* I. 86. —— *to Sinners diſtinguiſhing.* II. 15. —— *kindling and enflaming Love to him.* I. 134.
——*To God.* I. 169. — *Lack of it lamented.* I. 79.
——*Should put us upon hating Evil.* I. 77. *Muſt be manifeſted by Reſolutions of Duty and Obedience.* I. 81.
——*To our Neighbour.* I. 170.
Lovers *of Chriſt ſhall be belov'd of God.* I. 76.

M

Mercies *of God, leſs than the leaſt of them.* I. 103. *Owing to them we are not conſumed.* I. 105.

O

Own, *not our own, but bought with a Price.* I. 144.

P

Patience *under divine Rebukes.* I. 41.
Paſſover, *the Chriſtian's.* II. 9.
Peace, *Pleaſure and Safety,* I. 8.
Pentecoſt. I. 165.
Praiſe *to God for Creation, Providence, Redemption and Grace.* III. 19. —— *For his Love to Mankind in the Incarnation and Glory of Chriſt.* I. 201.

I. 201. *In the Incarnation of his Son, and the Exaltation of Christ, God-Man.* III. 10.

Prayer, *for* Britain *urged.* I. 172.——*For* British *Church and Nation.* I. 54. ——*For brotherly Love.* I. 147.——*For Pardon of Sin.* I. 93.

The Preference. I. 177.

Priesthood, *the* Jewish *and* Christian *compar'd.* I. 33.

Privileges *of the Evangelical State.* II. 12. *Of them who dwell with God.* II. 31.

Prodigal *wandering from his Father's House.* I. 55. —— *Making Reflections on his Condition.* p. 56. *Humbling himself, and making Confession,* p. 56. *Resolving to return.* I. 57.—— *His Praise and Admiration upon being taken again into the Family.* I. 66. —— *Penitent, and his forgiving Father.* I. 67.

Providence, *and the Duties owing to it.* I. 128. *Doubts concerning it vanquish'd.* I. 180, 206. III. 14. *Special Regard of it to the Servants of God.* I. 202.

——*Mysterious.* I. 129.

——*And its peculiar Concern for the Saints, Matter of Praise to God.* III. 8.

Q

Quit-Rent. I. 167.

R

Redeemer, *his condescending Grace conquering the Sinner's Heart.* I. 27.——*His Humiliation and Honours.* II. 11. —— *His Name obliges to depart from Iniquity.* I. 26. —— *His Offices.* I. 74. ——*His Grace and Honour.* II. 36.

Redeeming *Grace display'd in the Ordinance of the Lord's Supper.* II. 21. *Praise to God for this Display.* II. 25.

Re-

Redemption *from all Iniquity implored.* I. 89.
——*of the Soul precious.* I. 132. — *The Price of ours.* II. 5. *Coſt of it and the Worth of our Souls.* II. 17.
Reſignation *to God, and Triumph in him.* III. 15.
The Renunciation. I. 5.

S

Saints, *their Trials and Hopes, and the Sinner's Portion.* III. 22. *Their happy Reſurrection, and ſad Death of Sinners.* I. 118.
Salvation, *ſeaſonable for the 5th of* Novemb. III. 7.
Satisfaction *and Security.* I. 7.
Saviour, *Circumſtances of his Death, and the Impreſſion they ſhould make upon us.* II. 2.
Seeking *Things above:* I. 148.
Sinai *and* Zion. I. 133.
Sinner, *applying by Faith to a Saviour.* I. 18. *Complying with the Goſpel-Call.* I. 16. *Suing for Mercy.* I. 15. *Yielding at the Conſideration of Divine Grace and Patience.* I. 50.
——*His Confeſſion.* I. 14.—*Confeſſion and Prayer.* I. 13. *His Converſion makes Joy in Earth and Heaven.* I. 71.
——*His Diſtreſs.* I. 10. *His Hopes.* I. 12. *His Reflection on his loſt Condition.* I. 23. *His Self-abaſement.* I. 11. *His Self-reflection.* I. 9. *His Reſolves.* I. 17.
Sinner *convinc'd; his Prayer for Faith in Chriſt.* I. 142.
——*Converted, rejoicing with God.* I. 30.
Sinner *delaying, quickened.* I. 42. *By the Fears of Death.* I. 120.
Sinner *loſt, his Hopes.* I. 24. *His Purpoſes about his future Conduct.* I. 28.
Snares *of Sin.* I. 171.

Soul, *its Choice of God, and Dependance on him, founded on our Redeemer's triumphant Death*, &c. III. 9. — *Chuſing God for its beſt Beloved, and centering in him.* I. 87. — *Giving itſelf up to the Influence and Conduct of the Holy Spirit.* I. 131. ——— *Renouncing other Objects, and reſolving to love God.* I. 146.
Song *of Praiſe to God.* I. 160.
Submiſſion. I. 173. —— *To God's fatherly Chaſtiſements.* I. 96.
Sufferings *of Chriſt.* II. 30.

T

Temple *of God in Man.* I. 37.
Truſt *in God cheerful.* I. 200.

V

Vanity *of worldly Enjoyments.* III. 21.

W

Why *art thou caſt down, Oh my Soul*, &c. I. 143.
Who *ſhall dwell with God.* III. 18.
Wicked, *no Peace to them.* I. 45.
WONDERFUL. I. 175.
Word *of God rightly receiv'd.* I. 130.
Worldly *Wealth well enjoy'd.* I. 138.
Wrong, *to God, confeſſed and lamented.* I. 139.

Z

Zeal, *blind and furious, rebuked.* I. 183.

FINIS.

BOOKS Printed for S. Crowder *and Co. at the* Looking-glaſs, London-bridge.

THE Neweſt Manual of Private Devotions. In Three Parts. —— Part I. Containing devotions ſuited to moſt perſons and caſes, particularly morning and evening prayers for private perſons, and for a family for every day in the week. To which are added, ſome ſelect prayers for the uſe of clergymen, taken from the manuſcript of a late eminent and pious divine.—Part II. Offices for the ſick, and prayers in various circumſtances of affliction, for a woman with child, for humiliation; with exhortations againſt the fear of death, and directions how to prepare ourſelves to die well.———Part III. The neweſt week's preparation for the worthy receiving the Lord's Supper; conſiſting of ſuitable prayers, forms of ſelf-examination, and confeſſion of ſins; with meditations to live well after receiving the holy ſacrament, and a companion to the Lord's Table. By LEONARD HOWARD, D.D.

The Neweſt Week's Preparation for the worthy receiving of the Lord's Supper; conſiſting of ſuitable prayers, forms of ſelf-examination, and confeſſion of ſins, with meditations to live well, after receiving the holy ſacrament; and a companion to the Lord's Table. By LEONARD HOWARD, DD.

The Practice of Piety, directing a Chriſtian how to walk, that he may pleaſe God. "Piety hath "the promiſe". 1 Tim. 4th and 8th.

Religious Courtſhip; being hiſtorical diſcourſes on the neceſſity of marrying religious huſbands and wives only, as alſo of huſbands and wives being of the ſame opinion in religion with one another; with an appendix of taking none but religious ſervants, and a propoſal for the better managing of ſervants.

Bibliotheca Technologica; or, A Philological Library of Literary Arts and Sciences, viz. 1. Theology: or, the firſt principles of natural religion. 2. Ethics or morality; the doctrine of moral virtues. 3. Chriſtianity: or, the ſubſtance of the Chriſtian religion. 4. Judaiſm: or, the religion and ſtate of the Jews. 5. Mahometiſm: or, the life, religion, and polity of Mahomet. 6. Gentiliſm: or, the deities and religion of the heathens. 7. Mythology: or, an explanation of fabulous hiſtories. 8. Grammar and language, particularly of the Engliſh tongue. 9. Rhetorick and oratory: or, the art of ſpeaking eloquently. 10. Logick: or, the art of reaſoning and perſuaſion. 11. Ontology: or, the ſcience of being abſtractedly conſidered. 12. Poetry: or the art of making verſes and poems. 13. Criticiſm: or the art of judging well of men and things. 14. Geography: or, a deſcription of the world. 15. Chronology: or, the doctrine of time. 16. Hiſtory; with the original of nations and kingdoms. 17. Phiſiology: or, the ſcience of natural philoſophy. 18. Botany: or, the doctrine of plants and vegetables. 19. Anatomy: or, a deſcription of the parts of a human body. 20. Pharmacy: or, the art of making medicines. 21. Medicine: or, the theory of phyſick and diſeaſe. 22. Polity and oeconomics: or, the doctrine of ſociety and government. 23. Juriſprudence: or, the knowledge of law in right. 24. Heraldry: or, the art of blazoning coat-armour. 25. Miſcellanies: an account of the mathematical arts and ſciences. By BENJAMIN MARTIN.

N. B. This book being highly neceſſary for the uſe of ſchools, great allowance is made to maſters of academies, &c. who ſell them again.